THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustra… lin
Founded A.D. 1…

Volume 198, Number 23

DECEMBER 5, 1925

5cts. THE COPY

S. R. Taylor
Dedham Mass
37-53

Merrie Christmas

Serve this
DELICIOUS ASPARAGUS
Often

Always fitting- always welcome- so easy to have /

As a vegetable or salad—for simple lunch or faultless dinner—it never fails to please. But until you have tried it under the DEL MONTE label, you have yet to learn how good asparagus can really be.

Every bit of it is thoroughbred stock—cut at the moment of perfection and canned at once before its fibre can toughen or its delicate flavor vanish.

Serve asparagus often. But serve it under this dependable brand. Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE—and make sure you get the quality you want.

Remember this When Ordering

DEL MONTE Asparagus is packed and graded according to the thickness or circumference of spears or stalks—and each size is shown on the label—Giant, Colossal and Mammoth, where extra large spears are wanted; Large, Medium and Small, where a greater number of portions are necessary.

Architect to building owner, *"This roof is off your mind till 1945 at least—the 20-year bond guarantees that."*

This advertisement is addressed

to men interested in new buildings

WE DON'T know just what type of building holds your interest at this time. That doesn't much matter. Whatever it is—factory, apartment house, office building—there's one thing which is reasonably certain:

You want a roof for this building that will absolutely do away with damage and trouble from leaks—a roof that will *not*, a few years after it is laid, begin to call for expensive repairs and maintenance.

If that is the roof you want, consider these facts:

When your building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof, you (the owner) receive a Surety Bond issued by a nationally known bonding company. This bond guarantees you against any expense for repairs or maintenance for 20 years—*until the year 1945.*

And we can well afford to give this Surety Bond—

For building records show that great numbers of Barrett Roofs of this type, laid 30 to 40 years ago, are still giving dependable, weathertight protection—*without repairs or maintenance.*

To secure full information regarding Barrett Specification Roofs dictate a brief note to The Built-Up Roof Department of The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City.

* * *

Sometimes, of course, a 20- or 30- or 40-year roof on flat-roof structures is not needed.

In that case it is well to know this:

Three-quarters of a century's experience—the experience of leading architects, engineers and contractors—has proved that it pays to see that any built-up roof is a pitch and felt roof,—and that both pitch and felt bear the Barrett Label.

Barrett
ROOFINGS

—and this column,

to men mostly concerned with factory building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for certain prominent manufacturers.

From time to time, at the request of these firms, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all their buildings and rendered detailed reports to the concerns in question.

As a rule the Barrett Inspector works with the master mechanic or maintenance supervisor of the plant concerned. In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in maintenance costs—have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock and buildings which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of manufacturers. (The chances are it would prove valuable to your company.) *Any recommendations made will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs of our plants?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when such repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of our production being interrupted by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these—and many more—questions, The Barrett Company with its 66 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available to owners of buildings with roof areas of fifty squares (5,000 square feet) or more.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector St., New York

Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

Name of Firm.....

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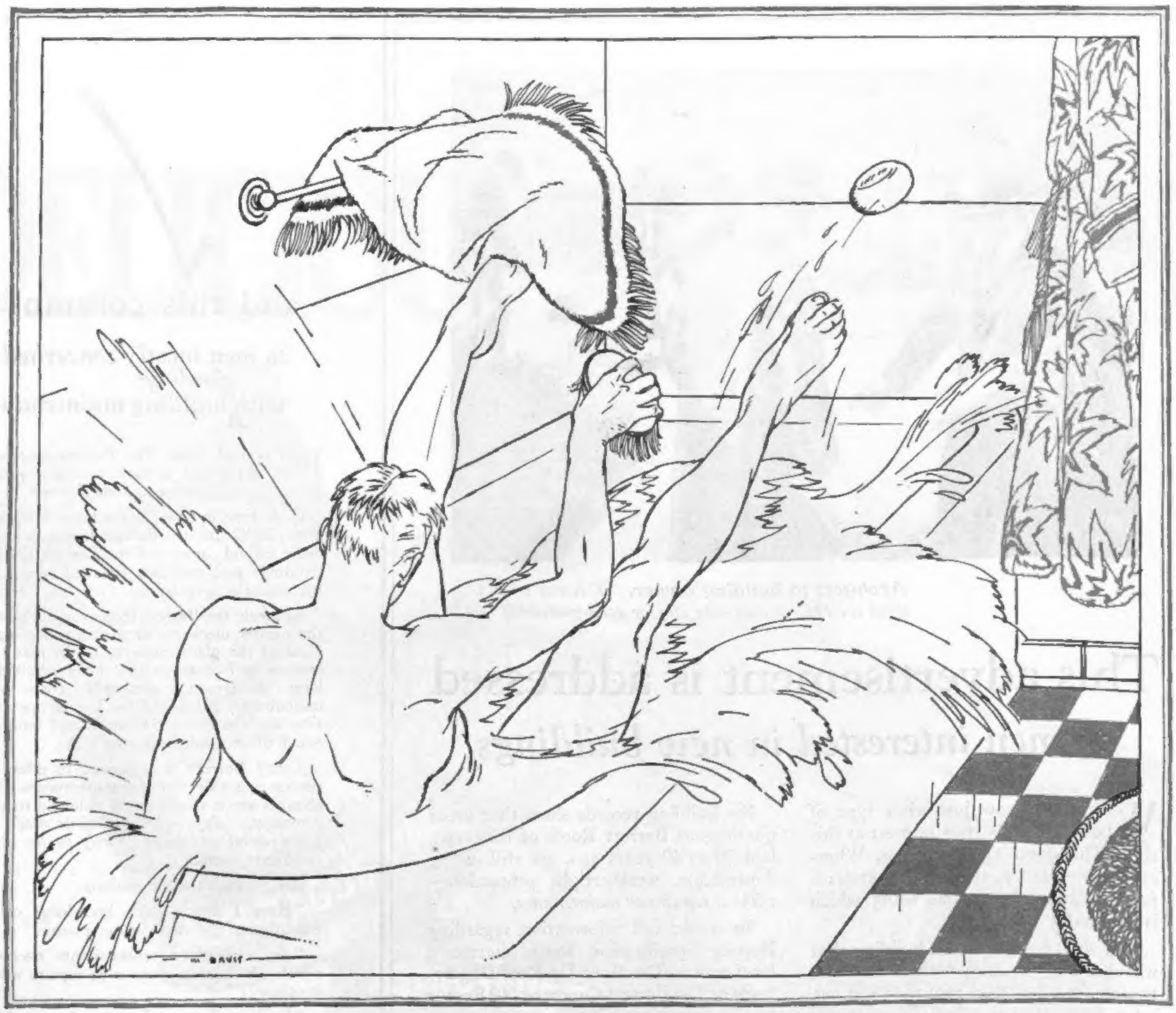

Portrait of a gentleman breaking a bad habit

Until the very moment of our picture the subject thereof was a confirmed user of old-fashioned sinking soaps.

He quaintly ignored the dangers lurking in the cake on the slippery tub-bottom. There was no one present to cry, "Watch your step!"

You see the painfully upsetting result.

WHILE the necessary curative measures were working their healing effects, the gentleman saw a new light.

They bathed him with Ivory, as is the almost universal medical practice.

For the first time he learned the joy of lavish lather.

He noticed the lily-white cake jauntily *afloat* and constantly, gloriously visible in the bedside basin.

And he went forth preaching the gospel of Ivory—permanently cured of the catch-as-catch-can soap habit.

Fortunately for you it is not necessary to step on a sinker cake in order to learn that Ivory is the grandest soap a man can use—it floats—it has every other attribute a fine soap ought to have—it is almost as easy to get as air and water.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% Pure - It Floats

Guest IVORY *is a favorite in homes and hospitals because it is made to fit the hands, the face and the traveling soap-box. Only 5 cents for a' that.*

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 16, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 5, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 23

WITH OR WITHOUT

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

THE Devlins were having a row. Nothing extraordinary. Merely one of those periodic outbursts, those lava flows, as it were, by which volcanoes and marriages from time to time relieve an inner tension, an accumulation of ash.

In the first year of her married life, Sally Devlin had taken such phenomena seriously. She had wept during and after the process, had been party to reconciliations of great length and infinite emotional content, and had thereafter written in a daybook which she was so indiscreet as to keep: "If life is like this!"

In the seventh year of her marriage, upon such warlike occasion, she merely observed, "Oh, Lord—again!" and brought up reënforcements when the tide of battle seemed turning. Sometimes she came out victor, sometimes the palm went to Harris, her husband. In either case, a day or so usually saw row and cause both swept aside by an influx of other interests. If things said in heat left scars—still, scars neatly clothed aren't conspicuous. And Harris had a way with him, a likable way. He'd say to Sally, after the most devastating discussion, "Sorry?"—his nice eyes crinkling, his nice mouth widening to a smile. And Sally, weakly eager for companionship, would nine times out of ten reply, "I am, if you are!"

Perhaps he wasn't. For the most part he never said so. But the formula served to end hostilities—until the next time. And Sally hated hostilities. She had the desire of a little cat to be petted and made much of. She hated a scene, although, if driven to it, she staged a good one. She was usually willing to trade struggle with honor for peace without it. Not an unusual woman, Sally. Not an unusual man, Harris. Not an unusual marriage in fact.

And as has been said, upon a fine windy evening in October, the Devlins were having a row—one of their keenest. It began, it broke ground, with the bills. Rarely were the monthly bills attended to in the Devlins' not-extraordinary household without outcry and protest of one sort or another. Upon this occasion, Sally had indulged in a frock which she considered a necessity and Harris, aghast at the price, pronounced luxury iniquitous.

Sally Ached to Cry Out to Him, "What are You Thinking? Is Your Thought the Same as Mine? Drop That Mask From Your Face and Tell Me!"

"If I paid that much for a suit!" said he, scowling above his check book and shaking ink upon the clean blotter which Sally had only that morning inserted in the Dutch silver desk set.

"You don't have to," said Sally smartly. "You can get a very decent suit for less. I can't. It's absolutely impossible to get a respectable evening gown under ——"

She named the sum that she had to all appearances most regretfully expended.

"That's the bunk!" said Harris rudely. "You go to the wrong shops—that's all."

Sally said sweetly, "The five-and-ten-cent people don't keep evening gowns yet, dear. When they do, I know you'd like me to go there."

"I'm not close—and you know it!" said Harris, flushing darkly.

He was, a little—many good men are—and like any other secret sin, he denounced it most vehemently.

"No?" asked Sally. Not another word.

"Besides," said Harris, tacking cleverly, "do you mind telling me what the dickens you want with so much evening stuff, anyhow? Seems to me there was that lace business only a few months ago."

"And I've got one or two lovely things left over from my trousseau—only seven years old."

They glowered at each other and drew breath.

"We go out a devil of a lot too much, anyhow," said Harris pointedly.

"Isn't it odd?" said Sally. "When we have such a good time at home together!"

Harris, in the language of the squared circle, packed a mean wallop, but Sally's footwork was apt to be shiftier. They had fought so much together that each had the other's measure, knew just when to clinch and when to rush. Sally, by nature of her sex, could take more punishment, but Harris, from seven years of burden bearing had developed a slightly longer reach. He tore up the check he had just written and dropped it in the waste basket, his eyes narrowed, his mouth hard. "That can go over till next month."

"Oh, Harris, I can't bear to owe money!"

"Think of that when you run up a bill."

Sally Had Been Quite Sure She Was Going to be Happy. So Had Harris. They Had Kissed Each Other, Half Shameless, Half Shy, Before the Neat Gray Beard and the Gold-Rimmed Spectacles

"I had to have it for the Daneels' party. I hadn't a rag to wear."

"Why did we have to go to the Daneels' party?" inquired Harris, and almost smiled at the aptness of his score. "It was a flop of the worst kind. Too much to eat, too much to drink, lot of stupid men, lot of flabby women. I hate that all-night-dancing stuff, and you know it. I can't do my work with any amount of intelligence if I don't get to bed at a decent hour."

"That doesn't include poker, does it?" asked Sally sharply.

"I don't stay up all night at poker."

"Two and three o'clock—I don't know what you call it. If you ever won, I wouldn't mind so much." An unfailing cut.

Harris flung back bitterly, "I've had rotten luck lately."

"Well, what do you expect? You know the old saying, don't you?—'lucky in love ——'"

"You've got a sharp tongue, all right!" said Harris, his smile gone crooked.

"I need it with you," said Sally.

Tears were in her eyes. She set her teeth. She turned away and walked to the window which gave upon the lake, stood there, staring out blindly. Dark and wide and chill, the lake was, rimmed with blinking yellow lights.

A wind came off it that carried a shiver, even in October. Its waters made a faintly mournful sound, not so much a whisper as a prolonged sighing. Of course, of a sunny morning, with a clear sky and a light breeze stirring, it could be quite a different lake. All blue silk and lacy foam. All glint and chuckle. Also, under a full moon, it could run to seduction. White fire and a path of silver, stretching away over the edge of the world—one never knew where that path led, till one came to the end of it. Which didn't, after all, take many years nor much travel. One could stay on one's doorstep and see that path of silver roll up like a scroll, fade out and vanish.

"What are you looking at?" asked Harris impatiently.

"Nothing," said Sally.

"Then would you mind putting down that window? It blows these darned bills all over the place."

She lowered the window and went back to her chair beside the fireplace. Not a real fire, just gas logs; fat gnarled sausages pricked with hundreds of tiny holes for the unreal blue flame. A real fire would have been heavenly—and far too expensive.

"Twenty-three, twenty-five, thirty-seven, forty-three, forty-six, fifty-four—please don't drum on the arm of your chair!—fifty-four, fifty-nine, sixty-three ——"

Harris was adding them up now, checking four columns of figures with a fountain pen in one hand and the other thrust through his hair. That meant another explosion when he came to the total. Rarely the total didn't mean an explosion—beginning most likely, "Well, we haven't saved a cent this month!" And usually they hadn't. But Sally always felt they did rather nicely to keep out of debt. She hadn't always, in the far-off days, before she married Harris and left desolate an office whose most promising young copy writer she had been, managed to keep out of debt. That explained her hatred of owing money. Having all one's bills paid made one feel so safe. Only, she sometimes thought, the things with which one paid for having one's bills paid made safety a doubtful bargain.

Independence, freedom of thought and action—why blink calling the thing by its name?—self-respect. It wasn't self-respecting to feel oneself wince and shiver while someone added up figures, knowing that when the figures came to an end there would be, inevitably, a disturbance. Even if wincing and shivering meant only that one hated raised voices and the cut and thrust of conjugal repartee.

"Eighty-nine, ninety-four, ninety-seven, a hundred and five," muttered Harris, clenched his fingers in his hair and drew a long sigh of exasperation.

The door behind Sally clicked and creaked—welcome as the flutter of an angel's wing.

"Mis' Devlin," said a flutelike soprano, "Ah lak' speak ter you a minit, 'f you don' min'."

It was Vivian, the slim mulatto girl who did the Devlins' cooking, made the Devlins' beds and swept the Devlins' floors. In brief, the Devlins' butler, chef and parlor maid rolled into one. A creature of large coffee-brown eyes, meticulously straightened hair, thin long-fingered hands, a wistful impertinent grin.

"What is it, Vivian?" asked Sally kindly.

Vivian replied, tucking a strand of hair into place behind one ear with a fastidious gesture, "Mis' Devlin, Ah cain' stay after dis week. Ah's gwine ter git married." Concise and impossible of misinterpretation.

Sally paled and stammered. She sank, limp, in her chair.

She ejaculated feebly, "Oh, Vivian, are you going to be married this time? Are you sure?"

It was a gesture Vivian had made before and abandoned uncompleted.

"Yas'm," said Vivian languidly.

"You know you thought in August ——"

"Yas'm. Ah's mistaken den."

"Couldn't you be mistaken now? Don't be in too much of a hurry."

Vivian smiled slowly. She wriggled her shoulders, she lowered her lashes, infinite satisfaction informed her drawling speech.

"Dis time, Ah dun met a man Ah laks."

"I see," said Sally hopelessly. "Well, Vivian, I suppose then ——"

From Harris, hunched over the desk, came suddenly a low and bitter groan.

"How do you expect me to add, with all that talk going on behind me?"

"Harris," said Sally desperately, "Vivian says she's leaving."

Harris threw back over his shoulder, without turning, "What's the matter now, Vivian? Aren't we paying you enough?"

"Oh, Harris, it's not that!"

"Ah dun met a man ——" began Vivian once more, unruffled.

"Well, you've met a man before, haven't you?"

"Harris, please!"

"—— 'at Ah laks," continued Vivian imperturbably.

Harris returned to his bills.

"Then for heaven's sake, go ahead and marry him!"

"For heaven's sake, don't!" said Sally swiftly. Color flared across her face. Her voice shook. "You're much better off as you are, Vivian. You're free, you're independent, you're happy."

"Ah cain' be happy bah mahself." Vivian rolled plaintive eyes, confessing a tender weakness, glorying in it, even. "Ain' no use talkin'—Ah laks er man erroun'."

"You'll pay for it," said Sally. "Let me tell you it's an expensive hobby."

"He wuks in er gar-rage," murmured Vivian. "Makes good money—sho' is free wif it too."

"Is this discussion going to keep up all night?" demanded the outraged accountant. "If so, I'll take my stuff into the bedroom."

"Ah's th'oo," said Vivian airily. "Jes' wan' let you know, Mis' Devlin, so you kin look out fer somebody else en' er this week."

"Very well, Vivian," said Sally coldly.

She got up and went once more to the window, stood once more looking out at the lights edging the lake. She heard the door shut upon Vivian's unhurried exit, heard Harris scrabbling papers together, whistling between his teeth, always a sign with him of acute annoyance. Sally did not turn.

He said presently, "All this fuss about losing a cook! When a clerk leaves in the office, we get another one in his place and that's the end of it."

"Yes, but you don't have to make beds and sweep floors and cook three meals a day until you get him," said Sally. She added, a chill statement of fact, without emotional bias, "I'm no good at housework. It bores me. It tires your body without using your head."

"You've got nothing else to do that I know of," said Harris.

"Just it!" said Sally. "Suppose you had nothing to do but a job you disliked."

"If you couldn't stand housework, you shouldn't have married."

"I wonder!" said Sally. "Is it really so simple as that?"

II

THE lights along the lake blurred and ran together as a hair on a pen blurs a word in the writing. Sally blinked and tightened her fingers about the tassel of the window shade. An ivory toy at the end of a silken cord. A pretty shade in a pretty room. Rather more than just pretty—an interesting room, a room which reflected Sally's personality as a mirror gives back a face; yet with an overtone of Harris, as a mirror may be shadowed by a wall.

There were two deep chairs before the gas logs covered in mouse-gray velours, a long table with books and magazines, flowers, lamps, a picture or so. The lamps were shaded in some soft smoky tissue, gray over orange—Sally had done it herself—and the pictures were amusingly unrelated; an etching of Whistler's, one of the Venetian lot, a flower piece over the mantel, roses, jasmine and lilies suavely commingled—Sally had picked that up at a sale somewhere—and in the corner above the desk, a pencil sketch of Sally herself; a charming thing showing Sally's

brown hair wind-blown about the delicate oval of her face, her mutinous questioning eyes, her sensitive mouth.

Reck Doone was the name in the corner of the sketch, with a penciled date, seven years old.

Reck Doone—he had worked in the office with Sally, doing the drawings for which her copy was written. Twenty-six he had been, to Sally's twenty-two, and at first it had seemed to them both that they had the world by the tail. Then the tail gave way, or the world gathered speed; more likely, it was merely that Harris came along, and in the typhoon that followed Reck and Sally lost each other. The scene shifted. The tempo quickened. Fantasy became romance. Romance became reality. Sally married Harris Devlin and Reck stayed on in the office over his drawing board, making clever stereotyped decorations for copy not so clever as Sally's had been. His stuff would always be good up to a certain point. Beyond that he lacked impetus which, glancing sometimes, faintly remorseful, at the image his fingers had made of her, Sally knew she might have supplied.

Reck—short for Reckless. One of life's little ironies. At twenty-six, ruffled blond hair, laughing gray eyes, gallant full lips, Reck had not seemed an inappropriate name for him. At thirty-three, with an early dust of gray above the ears, with heavy tired lines about his mouth, with the laugh not quite so ready nor so gay—anything but reckless.

Sally, standing at the window, fidgeting with the shade cord, heard Harris get to his feet and shove back the chair he had been sitting in.

"Why don't you get a decent picture of yourself and put this thing of Doone's out of sight?" he inquired irritably. "You know I don't care for it."

"Of course," said Sally, instantly on the defensive, "that's a good reason for shoving anything out of sight. Still, considering the fact that that was one of my wedding presents, and that it's an exceedingly nice bit of work——"

"Doesn't look any more like you than it does like my stenographer."

"I dare say you have a much better idea of what your stenographer looks like than you have of me."

"That's a low line!"

"You asked for it, didn't you? Besides, it's true. You don't know anything about me. You've got a sort of picture of me in your mind, something you built up to begin with, and whether I change or not it stays the same. You never take the trouble to notice if I'm different, if I've grown out of some things or into others. I'm just the woman you married."

"Darned if you are!" said Harris grimly. He added, depositing check book and bills upon the table with exasperated emphasis, "I hate all this rotten introspection, and you know it! You talk like a Freudian hang-over. Why can't you be simple and straightforward and sincere, as you were when I met you?"

"If I hadn't been so simple and all the rest of it, I shouldn't be here now," said Sally disdainfully.

She was a little ashamed of herself for that. But the retort came too pat to be omitted. Harris' mouth straightened. He looked at her curiously.

Sally ached to cry out to him, "What are you thinking? Is your thought the same as mine? Drop that mask from your face and tell me!"

That, she realized, would have been melodrama unforgivable. She sat down in one of the deep gray chairs and picked up a magazine with fingers that trembled slightly. Behind the shield of a rustling newspaper, Harris sat down in the other. On the mantelshelf a small French clock ticked comfortably.

Harris sighed gustily and crossed his legs. Above the crisp headlined sheets his dark hair showed, and his dark intent eyes under level brows. He was really a rather good-looking man, Sally reflected with amazing detachment, if only one hadn't to see quite so much of him. As a lover, he might have been forever charming. He had, indubitably, a way with him. She saw other women answer to it—harmlessly, of course. She had answered to it herself before relentless intimacy dulled its edge and flattened its appeal for her. He had a way of looking at one, diffidence under daring, the small boy not quite dead within the man, that had its magic, if one hadn't had to live with it and combat the same small boy in phases less delightful—in the matter of unreasonable tempers, overbearing prejudices. As a lover, Harris might have held his audience of one indefinitely. As a husband, he was, no question, wearing thin.

Something deep in Sally's consciousness cried, like a child frightened of the dark, "I want to get away from him!"

She sat tense and flipped the pages of her unread magazine until the echo died. That cry had struggled up in her before. She knew no way to silence it but by ignoring it. After all, what ground, what excuse, would she have for getting away? Suppose she screwed her courage to the sticking point, ever. What reason could she offer?

Harris filled his part of the matrimonial bargain, technically, well enough. He supported Sally decently, and a trifle more. He had no affairs with other women that she knew of. He didn't drink to excess. He gambled, in spite of her fuss about poker, very lightly. A once-a-month session, perhaps, or less. He wasn't cruel to her—no crueler, that is, than she could be to him.

There wasn't a reason in the world for her to leave him except that, so far as Sally could see, there wasn't a reason in the world for her to stay with him. Which didn't, unfortunately, constitute grounds for divorce. So she sat and looked at the top of his head and thought, behind a calm, pale little face with a slight smile on its lips:

"I want to get away from him!"

Was he thinking the same thing of her? She didn't know. She no longer knew anything about him except the color of his tie, the button off his underwear, the cut on his chin where the razor had slipped when she opened the door too abruptly.

Even on their peaceful days, as numerous perhaps as the peaceful days of most of their married acquaintances, she didn't know anything about him, except that he liked his beef rare and his coffee strong; that he couldn't bear cats and was fond of dogs; that if the newspaper didn't come in the morning it drove him wild, and that he had a tendency to indigestion. He no longer spoke to the creature behind Sally's face. That creature no longer answered him.

(Continued on Page 78)

"Jim Boyden, Again!" Observed Harris With Deep-Seated Irritation. "I Told Him Once I Couldn't Make It This Evening"

FLORIDA FEVER

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Foreign Cars Filled With Tourists Passing Through Lake City, Florida

A GREAT deal of violent mental activity is devoted, in this period of superenlightenment and ultra-civilization, to thinking up difficult explanations for simple matters.

When a few stocks on the New York Stock Exchange quietly decline in price, countless experts rush into print for the purpose of telling the credulous public that the decline was caused by (a) the speech of Foreign Minister Vlnka of Ptomania on the caviar shortage, (b) the installation of new plumbing in the White House, (c) the drought in Georgia, (d) the coal situation, (e) the oil situation, (f) the political situation, and (g) the general situation.

The real explanation of the decline lies in the fact that nobody wanted to buy the stocks at a higher price.

The same passion for explanation is applied to the peculiar dance steps affected by the younger generation, the use of the word "buddy" among the enlisted personnel of the late American Army, the excessive stupidity of politicians who insist on advancing private tax-reduction schemes, the increase in cigarette smoking among matrons, the defeat of all prominent football teams, and every other subject capable of arousing interest in the minds of more than five persons. Most of the explanations differ from one another and are necessarily wrong.

Clear as Mud

SOME of the most powerful and persistent explaining that has been produced during this great explanation era has been occasioned by the feverish rush to Florida of a sizable percentage of the population of the United States.

The United States, it might be remarked in passing, has been more or less united on a number of questions during the past century or so; but it has seldom, if ever, achieved anything in the way of unity that compares with its united determination to participate in the benefits of Florida while the participating is good.

Some very intricate explanations have been offered by the nation's leading explainers in order that the world may understand the exact psychology that underlies this strange mass movement to the tropics. Into these explanations enter such matters as the anthracite-coal situation, the inheritance-tax situation, the farming situation in the Northwest, the secondhand-car situation, the postwar situation, the general financial situation and various other situations whose discussion usually causes the roof of the mouth to be afflicted with a dry, cottony feeling.

These explanations do not, for some peculiar reason, explain the fact that in Europe, as well as in America, there is a persistent and ever-growing winter movement from the north to the south—from the snow and gloom and chill of England, Germany, Northern France, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, on the part of those who can afford to travel, to the sunshine and color and warmth of the French and Italian Rivieras, Sicily, the Adriatic shores, the islands of the Mediterranean and the north coast of Africa. They do not explain the fact that the winter movement from the north to the south of Europe has so increased in the past decade that the prices of property in European winter resorts have tripled and quadrupled in that time.

PHOTOS. BY JACK SPOTTSWOOD

Cars From California on the Old Spanish Trail Leading Into Lake City, Florida

Migrants

NOR do they explain the constantly growing seasonal movements to the Atlantic and the Pacific Seaboard in the United States—movements that have resulted in the past few years, for example, in a tremendous increase in the value of all shore property from Northern Maine to Southern Georgia, which promise, within another decade or so, to build up along the entire Atlantic Coast an unbroken chain of so-called pleasure resorts.

Explanations concerning the Florida migration are numerous and fluent; but while each expert explainer is busily and bitterly attempting to force his own explanation on all his brother explainers, the Florida migrants ignore them completely, unobtrusively but firmly step on the starters of their automobiles in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Indiana, Arizona, Maine, California, New York and forty other states and briskly set off to the southward on the long trek for the land of palms, fish, perpetually sunburned necks and wild and tame subdivisions.

If they do not care to use automobiles for migration purposes, they clamber with equal unobtrusiveness and firmness into a sleeping-car berth or insert themselves into any available steamship that is bound for Florida waters.

If by any mischance they lack funds to make the trip in one of the conventional ways, and also lack friends who will permit them to wedge themselves among seven suitcases, two children and a dog on the back seat of a Florida-bound automobile, they secrete themselves aboard freight trains or blithely enter the ranks of the so-called ankle tourists whose minds are so inflamed by Florida fever that they are willing to essay a 1500-mile walk with an outfit consisting of a pocket comb, a toothbrush, another pair

of socks, another shirt and $2.17 in money.

Long ago, in the comparatively calm and sleepy days of 1923 and 1924, there were pleasant towns and cities along the great trunk road from Virginia to Florida in which one could, at any hour of the day, wander from one side of the street to the other in dignified and contemplative silence. Even on a Saturday afternoon, when the colored folk rolled in from the surrounding countryside to indulge in airy persiflage and to purchase the following week's supply of five-cent jewelry or otherwise satisfy their simple needs, one could pause for casual conversation with friends in the middle of the broad macadam roads with which so many of these pleasant towns and cities are blessed, secure in the knowledge that traffic, if any, would obligingly circle around him with true Southern courtesy.

But with the simultaneous arrival of 1925 and the great Florida rush, peace departed from these pleasant trunkline towns. Southern gentlemen of the old school who wished to cross the streets of their native towns between the hours of eight in the morning and eight in the evening were obliged to do so in a series of swift gazelle-like leaps. In no other way could they escape the mad rush of the motorists from Maine, Ohio, New York and all the rest of the offensively energetic Northern states, who seemed determined to keep important appointments in Miami, St. Petersburg or Jacksonville at the earliest possible moment.

PHOTO, BY JACK SPOTTSWOOD

Autos Entering Lake City, Florida

Travelers in the Great Trek

TOWNS whose activities since the beginning of things had been interrupted by no noises more nerve shattering than the musical trills and the raucous squawks of mocking birds, and the occasional whoops of vegetable peddlers, were subjected to the constant tootling and racketing of the endless procession of automobiles.

Nor did slumber, like a poultice, come to heal the blows of sound, for the Florida fever burned so hotly in the veins of some of the migrants that they roared and banged their way to the southward all through the one-time silent watches of the night.

All through the spring and summer and early autumn of 1925 — months when motor travel to Florida might have been expected to dwindle to an unnoticeable trickle — cars poured out of side streets and back roads onto the state roads in every part of the country, and roared along the state roads to the main traveled highways that lead to the southeastern corner of the United States.

Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, the main road between Southern Florida and Washington, where the many highways of the northernmost states converge into the Florida road, presented during the hours of daylight the appearance of an articulated serpent 1500 miles in length; an endless serpent whose joints, composed entirely of automobiles, slipped easily over the ground in some spots and labored more violently in others, but on the whole managed to wriggle forward at a rate of about thirty miles an hour.

In this ever-flowing stream one could find every known brand of automobile and every imaginable human combination. Trucks and limousines and coupés and little tin cars purred and wheezed and roared and clanked and boomed along the road, democratically and tenaciously clinging to their places in the 1500-mile procession.

There were cars fresh from the factory, and cars that were sufficiently soiled and dented and crumpled to have participated in the Battle of Shiloh. Some bore the neatly packed luggage of the fussy and hotel-dwelling tourist, while others bulged with tents and bedding and canvas-covered bundles attached to every protuberance with straps, ropes and bits of twine.

Of those who traveled in the great trek, the majority seemed to be made up of young men between the ages of twenty-five and forty. Also, however, there were young women traveling alone, couples traveling with dogs or with cats or with parrots in cages, couples traveling alone with expensive luggage, couples traveling with half a dozen children and next to no luggage, elderly men traveling alone, mothers traveling with two or three children climbing over the steering wheel and making faces out of the rear windows at those behind them, elderly ladies driving closed machines in solitary grandeur, fourteen or fifteen year old boys crammed into wheezing, panting wrecks of automobiles and intimidating all adjacent sections of the procession by their erratic steering, ladies in frills and furbelows, ladies in flannel shirts and broad-beamed knickerbockers, men in caps and torn sweaters, men in derbies and stiff collars and chamois gloves, men in sombreros, decent-looking people, wild-looking people, worried-looking people, and people who looked hard enough to lunch on ten-penny-nail sandwiches and hollow-tile pie.

The Rush of the Slack Season

IF ONE pulled up by the roadside to fill up with gas or a barbecue sandwich or one of the many gas-forming soft drinks that have, in a manner of speaking, beautified the roads of the nation with their advertising signs of late, from ten to twenty automobiles would zip by him in no time at all.

In addition to the great automobile rush, every Florida-bound train out of the North was filled with eager travelers; and when the ordinarily slack days of spring arrived and the weary railroad men prepared to ease up on their winter's activities and pull off a few passenger trains, they awoke with some annoyance to the fact that the expected slackness had been unavoidably detained. Instead of pulling off passenger trains, they added several extra sections to those already running, turned on their electric fans, and with a number of low, throaty curses proceeded to work about twice as hard at the business of shunting Northerners into the state of Florida during the summer months as they had ever worked at the same calling during the winter.

By way of making conversation, it might be interjected at this juncture that there

(Continued on Page 207)

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Tourists Going South for the Winter

THE LAST OF THE HOOPWELLS

"Personally, if You Get Me, I've Figured in Two Divorces and One Breach of Promise, With Three Offers to Elope"

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

FOR a considerable period after the Jackson Southgates returned to town in the autumn, observant persons became aware of a peculiar change in Jackson Southgate's poise. It was the more noticeable because poise was one of Mr. Southgate's most obvious characteristics. Until he and the united members of his household returned from their summer, the Southgate poise had been a marvelous mental construction, as impregnable, in its way, as Gibraltar or the façade of a brand-new national bank, and as irritating as radio static or, as some said, the devil. Recollections of the strong, manly and intrusive personality which once could shake a garden party or clear a clubhouse lounge served only to make it the clearer that something insidious had occurred between the middle of June and the end of September—something perhaps slight but deep, like the unfortunate wound inflicted by a needle which someone has left inadvertently in a soft upholstered chair.

Mr. Southgate was quite as robust as ever, with a well-groomed buoyancy that still defied successfully latter middle age. His voice boomed forth as musically and boisterously as was its wont; the annoyingly tranquil ruddiness of Mr. Southgate's smooth features showed scarcely a line—nothing to betray a lack of satisfaction in himself or in the world. Yet there was something different about him none the less, an occasional tightening at the corners of his eyes, an infinitesimal hesitation in his speech, as though some puzzling thought delayed the action of his mind.

Down in the servants' sitting room, that seismographic place which first records the shocks of masters in the more care-laden atmosphere of drawing-rooms and conservatories, there was a vague awareness of an unusual condition which took the form of words. Inadvertently yet inevitably, MacKeefe, whose life, first as boots boy, then as second man and then as a butler, had been spent almost exclusively among cross currents of polite humanity, allowed his broad and benevolent curiosity to flower into a frank question.

"Mr. Flynn," he said, thus showing at once his love of amenities and his condescension, for it was the Southgates' latest chauffeur to whom he was speaking, "have you been noticing now anything odd, as one might say, about the master?"

It was after the day's tumult had ended and the last bell had rung for whisky and cigars. MacKeefe had removed his coat, even allowing his shirt to bulge informally, in a manner inviting confidence. Harry Flynn, younger and more limber, had busied himself in breaking down all the conventions of his professional appearance. He had unbuttoned his Norfolk jacket until it flopped drowsily; he had pushed his visored cap far back on his narrow sandy head, and was busy rolling a pair of dice across the table with one hand, while he sniffed suspiciously at one of Mr. Southgate's whisky bottles, clasping it now and then with his other hand to hold it before the light. Such actions, such carelessness of dress and deportment, were things which MacKeefe could never understand, because MacKeefe was but new from the old country.

"I was saying," repeated MacKeefe with well-bred firmness, "have you noticed anything about the master?"

"Huh!" said Harry. "Th' who?"

"The master," explained MacKeefe; "Mr. Southgate, naturally."

"Oh!" said Harry. "Him? The old bozo, eh?"

"I beg pardon?" inquired MacKeefe, with the amazement of a native on foreign shores.

Harry lighted a cigarette and allowed it to droop precariously from the corners of his sophisticated lips.

"The bozo," he explained, "th' big boss. . . . Say, lissen, you're in a free country now. There ain't no masters here."

"At home," replied MacKeefe, "we call them the master—I prefer it."

"All right, all right." Harry sniffed the bottle again. "He's a tougher guy than I am if he can take this stuff. What about the old bozo?"

"He's hardly exactly himself."

"Yeh?" Harry tilted back his chair. "Well, you win—he's not."

"I fancied you'd notice," said MacKeefe. "He hasn't seemed the same since up at Eros Harbor. What would you fancy now could have happened?"

Harry leaned farther back in his chair, scornful still, though pleased at being appealed to by so polished a foreigner.

"Kiddo," he said with intense weariness, watching complacently MacKeefe's puzzled look, "don't think because I talk tough I'm not high finished. Personally, if you get me, I've figured in two divorces and one breach of promise, with three offers to elope. I've driven for some of the first guys in Noo York, Chi, Philly, and even Boston. I know my Social Register and how to pull the jack. And Southgate's no Social Register boy, see? He's just a bozo, that's all. In fact, most of 'em is bozos when you tip 'em on two wheels. Oh, yeh, I've driven 'em to the coast and France and Florida—fat old gents, fat old dames, an' girls with powder, and guys with short pants on, and they're all alike."

"I beg pardon?" said MacKeefe. "There must be some difference ——"

"You lose," said Harry. "There's no difference. You ask what's eating the old bozo? Well, there's only three things upsets folks you and me works for—money, sex and their stomachs, and stomachs is the worst. It's the hooch has got the old rooster. Why don't he call on me? I'd get him something good."

But for once Harry was wrong; very wrong indeed. Something spiritual, not spirituous, was troubling Mr. Southgate; something metaphysical that was out of Harry's ken.

Not only perspicuous minds inured to observation dwelt on Mr. Southgate's mental change—his daughter and Mrs. Southgate too were puzzled. All through a rich autumnal family dinner—the first they had spent alone—boomed Mr. Southgate's voice, recounting the triumphs

of his day, clever remarks which had astounded business associates and floored presumptuous tradesmen, little incidents of dexterity such as others—but not a Jackson Southgate—might forget. The vast sideboard, heavy with the silver its owner had collected, each piece a rarity and a bargain, the head of the mute antelope which Mr. Southgate had slain without a guide—for Mr. Southgate always did things well—all the familiar decorations of his formal dining room echoed and then readily absorbed his speech, as though they had been endowed with capacity for receiving sound, besides their conventional uses. The very antique portraits which lined the wall stared upon Mr. Southgate with stolid acquiescence. One might readily have thought those portraits were Southgate family art, for all their dingy faces bore a certain heavy look, singularly like that of their present owner. At many a long dinner Marcia Southgate had sat, as she was sitting then, marveling at the resemblance, the more because they were none of them pictures of relations. Her father, Marcia knew, had bought them cheap at an auction, just as he always bought things cheap.

They were the same type as he was—that was all. Doubtless in their heyday their subjects had been very successful men.

The portraits acquiesced in silence, and, at the dining table, Mrs. Southgate also acquiesced. Marcia, watching them both, as she sometimes did, marveled, because Marcia still was young; marveled at her mother's patience and more perhaps because her own had grown curiously strained.

"Oh, Jackson!" Mrs. Southgate would say vaguely. "Did you really, Jackson?" And Marcia knew her mother was not listening. "Oh, Jackson, how could you think of that?"

It was a chorus that the very room—yes, all the house—seemed only built to echo.

"Think of it?" Her father's voice was answering just as it had through childhood, combative and rich with honest confidence. "Because I'm on the job, that's why, my dear. Always on the job with my eye out. When I started out on a farm—don't you forget it, out on a farm—with bare feet and my dinner in a pail, and only one pair of pants——"

"Oh, Jackson, I haven't forgotten," said Mrs. Southgate a little wearily. "I don't believe any of us have forgotten."

"Well," demanded Mr. Southgate, "how could I have got where I am if I hadn't been thinking, if I hadn't been on the job? Why do men come to ask me what the market's going to do? Do you remember what I said back in 1920 about the rails? You don't catch your husband going wrong."

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Southgate. "No one will ever catch you, Jackson."

"Here!" exclaimed Mr. Southgate, somewhat startled. "I don't know what you mean by that!"

"Now, Jackson," said Mrs. Southgate, "why should I mean anything? I'm only listening."

Yet even as the dinner was progressing, that persistent aura of success was creating in Marcia a spirit of revolt which furnished a doubtful end for an otherwise comfortable meal.

"Father?" she said.

A subtle contortion of her father's features, indicating a cheerful effort to bring his mind into step with hers, greeted her remark.

"Yes, Marcia," said Mr. Southgate. "What is it now?"

His answer, for any one of a number of reasons, caused a faint and not unbecoming color to rise in Marcia's cheeks, such as caused many to look at her again, for it had a way of changing her expression into a sudden and picturesque vivacity.

"Are you going to buy the Hoopwell farm at Eros Harbor, father?"

And then it happened—that inexplicable change. Mr. Southgate looked as though he felt a faint rheumatic twinge, fortunately very faint and quick in passing.

"Now, why the deuce," he inquired, "do you keep harping on that?"

"I only wanted to know," said Marcia evenly, "if Mr. Hoopwell has said he wanted to sell his place."

For a second time a similar peculiar alteration was noticeable in Mr. Southgate's visage, and even in his voice.

"No," he said; "no—no—no! Is that enough for you, or will you keep on with it all night? Who is Hoopwell, anyway? Who in hell is Hoopwell?"

Marcia

"Don't be so vulgar, Jackson," said Mrs. Southgate. "I'm sure I don't know him."

"I was wondering," said Marcia—her eyes were unnaturally dark and bright—"if you knew that Mr. Hoopwell is in town."

"Why, Jackson," exclaimed Mrs. Southgate, "aren't you feeling well?"

Mr. Southgate, whose mouth had fallen open, gave his head an angry shake.

"Well?" he demanded. "Well? How can I keep well with all this racket?" He pushed back his chair and raised himself ponderously to his full height. "Why the deuce has he come to see me here?" And, oddly enough, as he stepped into the hall, he repeated himself, as though he had forgotten what he had said before, "What the deuce is he up to now?"

Mrs. Southgate, and even Marcia, looked curiously at the bulk of his receding back and at the weight of his uncompromising head, bald on top, and still slightly tanned by the summer sun.

"Marcia," said Mrs. Southgate very solemnly, "there is something you haven't told me, Marcia. I've—I've never seen your father look like that since—well, since he had a perfectly horrid time with an attorney general twenty years ago."

When all is said and done, all lives appear like broken scattered pieces of some patterned dish or jar, whose shape cannot be determined until those pieces are put together. There was something which Marcia had not told her mother, a mysterious cloudy circumstance which made Eros Harbor a grotesque disturbing memory; but even Marcia knew only a part of it, and the rest even Marcia did not guess. How could anyone guess that Jared Hoopwell had the ability to disturb the sleep of a successful man, when even Jackson Southgate hardly recognized what was the matter? *(Continued on Page 193)*

"Showing You the Inside?" He Suggested. "No, I Don't Know as I'd Mind. We've Always Been Glad to Have Friends in—Friends"

GOOD OLD GRANDPA

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"I Feel Restless," He Said to Me One Day. "Every Time I See a Good-Looking Pair of Silk Stockings Walking Along the Esplanade, or a Cute One-Piece Bathing Suit on the Beach at Palavas, I Just Get Restless"

MLLE. MARCELLE RENAUD was the best-looking girl in the whole city of Montpellier, France—and that is saying a whole lot. But she pretty near made nervous and financial wrecks out of me and my old friend Henry Elton. The only thing that saved us was her good old grandfather, who come to the rescue at the last minute with as noble a deed as any that ever won the Croix de Guerre.

Me and Henry was privates in the Thirteenth Field Artillery, and we had spent the winter after the Armistice as part of the Army of Occupation in Germany. By the end of that winter we had got so sick of the mud and rain and hard work and drilling that we was ready to do anything to get away. So one day when they asked if anybody wanted to apply to go to a French university, me and Henry got busy right off.

Anybody that understood French and had been to college in the States was eligible. So we said in our applications that we was fluent in French, which was true, as we had picked up quite a few French words since we had landed at Brest the year before. Henry said he had been to Yale, which was also true, as he had been there to see a football game in the fall of 1916. I said I had been through Princeton, which was practically true; I had been through Princeton Junction once on the way to Philadelphia.

We sent in our applications early in February, 1919, and a few weeks later they was approved. It's just possible they didn't have time to look up our college records. Anyway, they told us we was to spend four months—March, April, May and June—at the University of Montpellier, which is in the city of Montpellier, in the southern part of France. We left Germany on March fourth, and we reached Montpellier on the morning of March eighth.

As soon as we got off the train, we knew we had come to the right place. After that long, cold, dark, nasty winter in Germany, this place seemed like heaven sure enough. The sky was just as blue as could be, and there was pretty green palms and other trees standing around, and little birds hopping from twig to twig and chirping. And as soon as me and Henry stepped into the bright warm sunshine, our old bones begun to thaw out, and we said, "Here is where we put in four months of heavy resting." This, of course, was before we met Mlle. Marcelle Renaud.

We walked up through the town, looking at all the fine stone buildings and admiring the way the sun shone down on the red tile roofs. We reported at the office of the American School Detachment and they told us where we could find a room and boarding house. The beautiful thing about it was that you didn't have to live in no barracks or camp, with a first sergeant to holler at you all the time. You picked out your own room and boarding house and the Government paid the bill. This was called commutation of rations and quarters. We met another private by the name of Horace Ludlow, who was from Boston and had graduated from Harvard. He was a fairly old guy—pretty near thirty, I guess—and it seems he had a wife back in Massachusetts somewheres. But in spite of all this, he turned out to be a good feller, and the three of us got rooms and board in a house on the Place St.Côme.

Classes began the next day. We all went around to the university buildings, which was made of stone and was very old. Me and Henry stuck pretty close to Horace and signed up for the same courses he did. We took Histoire de l'Art, which was all about buildings and statues and paintings; Histoire du Moyen-Âge, which I think was about a lot of bozos that lived a long time ago; and Économie Politique, which I never found out exactly what it was.

The classes was all in French, and at first me and Henry was a bit worried for fear we would be showed up for a couple of boobs. And we didn't dare cut, because they took daily roll calls.

But we soon found out we didn't have to worry. The classes was all lectures, and there was no examinations. The French professors would stand up in front and wave their hands around and talk fast and furious. And some of the fellers like Horace, that understood French, would take notes in little notebooks. But most of us would just set on the benches and rest ourselves and think how lucky we was, not to be up in Germany grooming horses in the cold rain.

The Histoire de l'Art course was the best, because they had magic-lantern pictures that even me and Henry could understand. And besides, the room was kept dark, so that when you got tired of the pictures you could rest much better than in the other courses. The classes were all in the morning, so we had the afternoons to wander around the town. And if only Henry hadn't met that fool woman, every single day would have been just perfect.

For about three weeks everything went fine. In the mornings we had those pleasant, restful classes. In the afternoons, while Horace stayed home studying or writing to his silly old wife, me and Henry would sit on a bench in the sun on the Esplanade. Or we would wander around the Peyrou gardens. Or, other times, we would go down to Palavas, which was on the Mediterranean Sea about five miles south of Montpellier. There was a fine beach at Palavas, and we would spend hours lying around on the hot sand or paddling in the warm water.

Besides this, we had taken one swell excursion to a place called Carcassonne, which had big stone walls around it a thousand years old. And we was planning another excursion to Nice and Monte Carlo. It was a wonderful life. But gradually Henry begun to get sort of dissatisfied or something.

"I feel restless," he said to me one day. "Every time I see a good-looking pair of silk stockings walking along the Esplanade, or a cute one-piece bathing suit on the beach at Palavas, I just get restless."

"The best thing you can do," I said, "is calm down. Think about something else and rest your mind. Remember, it's only a week and a half more till we get another week-end pass and take that trip to Nice and Monte Carlo. We got just about enough francs to make it, and think what a fine trip it will be."

"I suppose so," said Henry. "But just the same, I feel restless."

And the next day he begun to act restless. He spent the afternoon at a place called the Petit Lycée, where the Y. M. C. A. was giving a tea dance with the idea of having the soldiers meet some of the French people. And when he came home for supper, me and Horace both seen right away that he was worse.

"I met a peach of a girl," he said. "Her name is Mlle. Marcelle Renaud. She's good-looking and has brains too. And she dresses swell, with expensive silk stockings and everything, and she comes from one of the best families in town. Her mother was there with her. Because Marcelle don't go chasing around all alone like some of these common, ordinary girls you see on the Esplanade. Nothing like that; she's a nice, decent girl from a good respectable family."

"Sounds like she has everything a good woman needs," I said. "But sometimes they're nicer when they haven't."

"Shut up," said Henry. "This Marcelle is a nice, decent girl and I'm glad she is. I walked home with her and her mother. I asked her would she come with me to the big American University Students' Ball that they're going to have at the Grand Hôtel de la Métropole on next Saturday night—that's day after tomorrow—and she said she would."

"How much is a ticket to this dance?" I asked.

"Twenty francs."

"Gosh!" I said. "Remember, we got to save something for the Monte Carlo trip."

"Oh, that's all right," said Henry; "we'll have enough. And listen, Horace," he went on, "would you do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked Horace.

"It's like this," said Henry: "When I asked Marcelle to the dance she said *oui* all right, but it seems like there is

something about the arrangements that she don't quite understand, and I don't know enough French to tell her. But you can parley this Francey fine. So I was wondering if you would come around with me this evening and act as interpreter?"

"Sure," said Horace. "Always glad to help you out."

The two of them started off right after supper, while I stayed home and sat in the big armchair and rested myself. In about an hour they came back, and Henry seemed to have something new on his mind. He hummed and hawed around, and finally he came over to me and said, "We've been pretty good friends for a long time, ain't we?"

"Sure we have," I said.

"Yes," said Henry. "Many's the rainy night in the Argonne we've slept in the same hole in the ground. We've hiked together and dodged German shells together, and we've always been real friends, ain't we?"

"Holy Moses, Henry," I said, "you sound like a Sunday school! What are you getting at? If you're in trouble and I can help you out, let me know. But quit feeding me this line of soft slop before you make me sick at my stomach."

"Well," said Henry, "you can help me. You see, Marcelle is just crazy to go to this dance, but she can't go alone."

"I thought you was going to take her," I said.

"That ain't what I mean. I mean that all these French girls that are decent and come from a good family have to have a chaperon and everything."

"Gosh, you don't want me to be your chaperon!"

"No," said Henry. "Wait till I tell you. You see, I had Horace here explain to Marcelle that her mother could come too, although of course I hoped she wouldn't. A ticket for me and Marcelle is twenty francs. If we take her mother, it means an extra single ticket at ten francs. But that's all right, because of course her mother has to come; it's the way they do things in these high-grade French families."

"But what's that got to do with me?" I asked. "You don't want me to go to the dance and drag the old lady, do you?"

"No," said Henry, "not the old lady. You see, Marcelle has a sister called Antoinette, and so Marcelle can't come to the dance unless Antoinette comes too."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," said Henry, "ever since they were little children, whenever one of the sisters has gone anywhere, the other has always gone too. They have such beautiful family life in France; they are always together. And if Marcelle went to the dance and nobody took her sister, what would happen?"

"Her sister would stay home."

"Yes," said Henry, "she would stay home all by herself. She would be lonesome and miserable, and she would probably cry and everything, and Marcelle couldn't have any fun all evening for thinking about her. These French are so warm-hearted and affectionate. So I was wondering if you would like to take Antoinette to the dance."

"Why not let Horace do it?" I said. "He would be much better, because he can parley French."

"No," said Horace from across the room. "I'm too old, and I don't dance, and besides, I'm married."

"You see," said Henry, "he's married, so you can't expect him to go. But you ain't even engaged, so there is nothing to hold you back."

"Just the same," I said, "I ain't going. I ain't no ladies' man and I ain't no dancing man."

"Aw, come on," said Henry. "Don't you see how it is? I never in the world would have invited Marcelle if I had thought anybody but her and maybe her mother would expect to come."

"I guess you're telling the truth there," I said.

"Sure I am. But after I've once asked her, I can't be a bum sport and back out just because the French customs is different from ours. Besides, she's so good-looking and she wears such swell clothes and silk stockings and everything." And Henry argued along for about half an hour about what fine people the Renaud family was, and what a good dance it was going to be, and wouldn't I help him out for the sake of our friendship? So finally I give in.

The next evening—which was Friday, the day before the dance—we took Horace and went around to the Renauds' house.

It certainly was a swell dump, right near the Peyrou gardens, and all built of white stone. A maid in a black dress and white apron let us into the front hall, and from there we went into a big room all full of people.

First of all, Henry introduced me to Marcelle, and she was all that he had said. She was just like a little fairy or an angel or something, with light golden hair and blue eyes and the prettiest little blue dress I ever seen. I looked down toward her feet, and there, sure enough, was the elegant silk stockings Henry had been warbling about. Then I looked up, and she smiled at us, and I seen right away why Henry had gone half crazy about her.

Take a feller of a naturally affectionate disposition like Henry, keep him up in the mud and rain of Germany all winter; and then all of a sudden bring him down to Montpellier, where it was warm and sunny and little birds chirping, and then take him and show him this beautiful baby and let him put his arm around her and dance with her, and it's no wonder he went off his nut.

I Was Just Starting on the Second Glass When Henry Arrived

I even begun to feel a gentle glow myself, and I ain't no ladies' man at all. But the gentle glow didn't last long, because right away Henry dragged me over to meet the sister, Antoinette. And Antoinette was a terrible shock. She was sort of dumb and stupid-looking, and she had a face that reminded me very much of a dog that used to belong to my Uncle George, which was a kind of a dog that you don't see much any more, and that was called a pug dog.

Next I met Madame Renaud, who was rather fat and carried a pair of eyeglasses on the end of a little stick. She acted a bit sore, and I think maybe she didn't like the way Henry had introduced the two daughters ahead of her.

After we had shook hands with the madame, we was presented to two more females—tall, skinny-looking birds, that turned out to be aunts of Marcelle and Antoinette. They was called La Tante Jeane and La Tante Odette.

We all sat down, and Henry asked Horace to put them wise that I was going to take Antoinette to the dance. So Horace started jabbering French, and all the family smiled and jabbered back and looked at me and smiled some more.

I sat there trying to look as intelligent as possible, and at the same time I give them all the once-over. The whole bunch was sure dressed up swell, but it didn't seem to do them any good—except Marcelle, and she didn't need it. She could have worn a suit of old greasy overalls and still looked like a little queen. But all the silk and laces in the world couldn't have kept Madame Renaud from looking like a Holstein cow. The two aunts was nothing but scarecrows in spite of their clothes. And for all I could see, the money they had spent on Antoinette was pretty near a total loss.

After Horace had got through what he had to say, Madame Renaud started up, talking fairly fast and waving her trick glasses around. When she had finished, Horace explained to us what it was all about. It seemed that madame felt she couldn't go to the dance unless her two sisters could come also.

"Them two old buzzards?" said Henry, pointing to the aunts.

"That's what she said," replied Horace.

"What's the idea?" asked Henry.

"She says that her two sisters have always lived with her and they are two of the most beloved members of the family. Always, whenever she is invited to a social gathering of any kind, her sisters are also invited as a matter of course—just like the way Marcelle and Antoinette always go around together. It's the way they do things in France."

"Oh, I see," I said. "It's what Henry calls the beautiful French family life. But you just tell 'em from me, Horace, that if they got to stick together, they can stick at home. And so much the better; me and Henry will take the two girls and go alone."

Horace jabbered at them some more, and as soon as he got the idea across, Madame Renaud become very excited.

"*Oh, non, non, non!*" she said, and began waving the trick glasses again and talking very fast.

Then Horace told us that she said my idea was impossible. The girls couldn't go unless their mother did, and if ma was included, the two aunts would have to come also.

"Tell 'em," said Henry, "that we'd like to take 'em all, but the dance committee told me that the hall is pretty small, and each man is limited to a girl and one other guest."

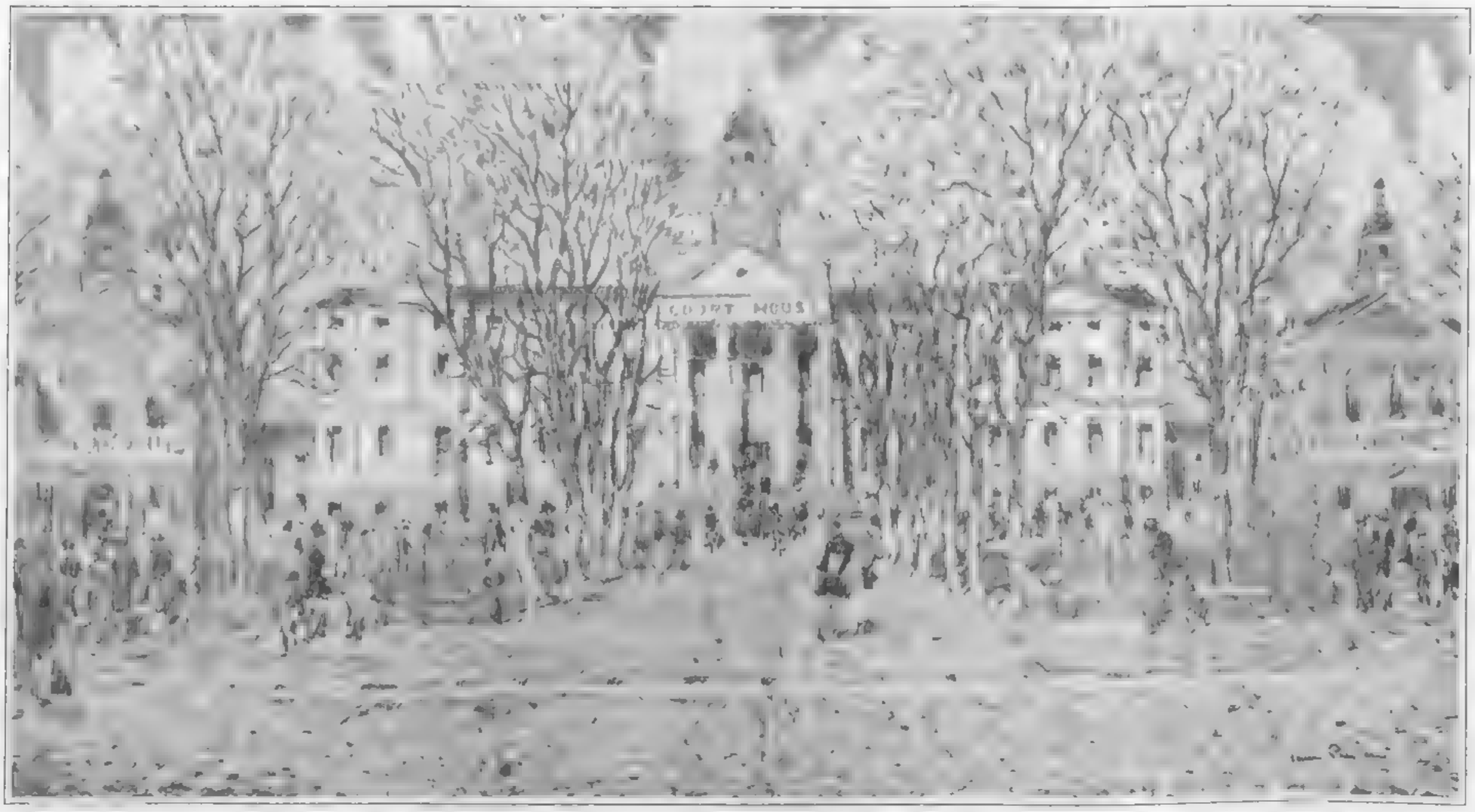
"Besides," I said, "we wouldn't drag along no such menagerie as this, anyway—especially when the tickets are ten francs. Just because we're Americans don't mean we're millionaires."

So Horace started in and kind of argued with them a while, but it didn't do no good at all. They still insisted that if one went they all had to go.

"Horace," said Henry, "tell them we'll see the dance committee tomorrow morning and try to get tickets for everybody. And we'll stop in here about five in the afternoon and

(Continued on Page 241)

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY



By Frederick Orin Bartlett

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHEN I received a summons to serve as juror in the Superior Criminal Court of my state, I did what most Americans do—sought a means of escape. My time was fully occupied and I did not relish the idea of taking four weeks from my personal affairs and spending them in this way. To be sure, I had escaped this obligation for some twenty-five years, but this was only an argument for further immunity; if the state had worried along without my services up to now, it could continue to do so. Consequently I began to pull wires and put myself in touch with what few political friends I had.

The results were not encouraging. Apparently politics did not play the important part in this matter I had always supposed it did. I was told that ten thousand cases were awaiting trial and that my excuse, if I had one, must go before the judge himself. Through the kindness of the clerk of the courts, I finally reached His Honor, who quickly dissected my specious plea and with uncanny acuteness determined on the spot which of my engagements were of such a nature as to deserve consideration and which were not. The item of personal inconvenience was thrown out at once. However, I was excused for two weeks and told to report then.

To keep my appointment, I was obliged to turn my back on my summer home and drive a hundred and seventy miles, exchanging cool pine woods for hot city streets and the music of running water for the clamor of electric cars. I was left in no very amiable frame of mind and with a feeling of resentment at being ordered about in such fashion. This was an infringement upon that liberty which is the birthright of every American citizen. Courts were for attorneys and criminals and no concern of law-abiding folk.

The Serious Business of Justice

THIS grouch was not allayed when I first entered the courthouse corridors and inquired where I was to go. The halls were thronged with minor officials, but they did not care a hoot in Hades where I went. I asked some of them and they told me as much. Each was an autocrat within his own little circle of influence, and, in his intercourse with the public, quite conscious of this fact. This was a world in itself and everyone not on the inside was on the outside. One mark of being on the inside was a half-chewed cigar in the mouth and three or four more protruding from an upper waistcoat pocket. I am a smoker myself, so I was not disturbed; but I do not remember ever having been in any surroundings where tobacco in its various forms was so in evidence. Smoking seemed here an occupation rather than an idle pastime.

I finally located the court to which I was assigned, still bearing my grouch and still feeling that I had been autocratically thrust into a business which was no concern of mine. I was directed upstairs to the room reserved for jurors. Here I found myself in the midst of some thirty men who apparently were upon terms of intimacy. They had already been together for the past two weeks and had become acquainted not only with their novel surroundings, but with one another. A group was seated at a table playing cards and others were talking with the easy familiarity of shipmates on a long voyage.

I was received with queries as to why I had not been around before and then admitted at once into this interesting fellowship. I was surprised at the unaffected camaraderie which existed here and at the frank democracy of these men from so many varied walks of life and from all corners of the county. None of them had met before; few would meet again. In their outside pursuits, they had little in common. A list of their occupations shows how scattered their interests were—salesman, electrician, fish curer, writer, shoemaker, railroad employe, assessor, blacksmith, mailing business, importer, machinist, clerk, sales engineer, accountant, signal inspector, shipper, retired, leather business, track manager, druggist, last maker, operator, plumber, measurer, real estate, lamplighter, broker, mechanic, printer, foreman.

Looking them over, it would have been difficult to have assigned any man to his true niche from his appearance. All were dressed neatly and with some care, for this was demanded not only by the dignity of the court, but by the sense of personal dignity which came to us with this new responsibility. There was plenty of good-natured chaffing and horseplay during off hours, but below this there was always sincere sober-mindedness and a respectful appreciation of the seriousness of this job which enhanced every man's sense of self-importance. We now stood for something more than ourselves—for justice and the state. For the first time many of us were called upon to decide issues outside our own personal affairs, to deal with life in the abstract. In this realm we were truly free and equal. This is what drew us so closely together; it was this again which eliminated at once race, rank and religion. From the beginning to the end of my association with these fellow Americans, I was never once conscious of these differences.

In the half hour preceding the opening of court I met most of these thirty men who until now had been strangers, and felt myself one of them. I was handed a card showing my name printed among the jurors in a list giving each man's occupation and place of residence. I was now on the inside, together with the presiding justice and the court officials, while all the rest of the world was on the outside. Within this brief period my whole attitude toward the courts had changed. Within the next hour it was to change still further.

Adventures in the Jury Box

A BELL rang and we filed downstairs and into the court room, where we took our places in the jury seats flanking the raised platform upon which the presiding justice sits. For a few moments I felt a bit like an actor in the jury scene in Through the Looking-Glass. The whole setting was unfamiliar to me, and the pompous bearing of officers never meant to look pompous, armed with medieval white staves, appeared rather ridiculous. They turned out to be a jolly, easy-going lot of men and very likable; but this, in a way, made their attempt at official dignity the more absurd. One of them now entered with his white stave and announced:

"Court!"

We all rose as a tall middle-aged man in a long black gown entered and stood facing the room.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" called a second officer. "Anyone having business before the Honorable the Justices of the Superior Court now sitting in the city of ——, the county of ——, the state of ——, for the transaction of criminal business, draw near, and give your attention and you shall be heard. God save the commonwealth of ——"

Instantly the atmosphere of the room changed. From that moment on, so long as His Honor occupied his seat upon the bench, a severe and rigid dignity was preserved. The court officers were no longer make-believe officers, but real officials. Occasionally, as opportunity offered, they went to sleep, for this was drowsy July weather, and many of the lawyers were unbelievably tedious; but these were only cat naps. They awoke quickly at the slightest commotion. A tap on the desk and a frown were enough to restore order. *(Continued on Page 70)*

PLUPY AND FAMILY MIGRATE

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

WELL here i am once moar what is left of me. i can hardly beleeve i am the same feller whitch had so mutch fun last summer and spring. of coarse it wasent all fun becaus there was 3 times when for weeks i was xpecting evry day that the high sherif of the county whitch wares a cockaid in his old stove-pipe hat or old Brown or old Kize or old Misery Durgin or old Swain whitch dont wood grab me by the gnap of my neck and lugg me to jale or the reform school or peraps to stant prizen for not paying for things i had ordered at old Getchells or old Kelley and Gardners store when me and Beany and Pewt thougt we was going to be ritch and when me and Beany rote a book of poims whitch i rote and Beany printed and Cele stitched on the covers and when me and Pewt and Beany painted cock eys on the angels and lamms in the cemitory and me and Pewt had to work a hoal week rubbing them out and Beany skined out of it by being sick.

well father says if it hadent been for General Marston i mite have been up to Concord with a canon ball hiched to my hind leg by a ox chane so peraps it is jest as well to be in school again althoug i have spent most of my time in standing in a corner or scooching down in the woodbox or crawling throug a chair.

but this is my last year with old Francis and there is sum hoap so i will try to stand it.

you see i xpected to get along mutch better this year and not get enny lickings at all but jest set and see other fellers like Skinny Bruce and Tady Finton and Stubby Gooch and Hiram Mingo and Beany and Gran Miller Tash get the lickings whitch is always fun. but i gess i am in wirse company now. ennyway i am getting more lickings and wirse ones.

generaly old Francis gets tuckered out quicker the first 2 or 3 weeks of school after a summer vacation but this summer he wirked on his farm in North Hampton piching hay and swinging a sithe and milking 14 cows 2 oxen and a bull and 4 or 5 horses and nerely 20 pigs and a lot of hens and he is stronger than old John C. Heenan the prise fiter and he can swing a feller round with one hand jest like a hoss chestnut on a string. i have been swang that way several times alreddy.

i bet my father can lick him eezy. i wish he wood try to swing my father jest onct. evry time i get licked i think of what wood happen if my father shood come along and i get a grate deel of comfort out of it.

you see why i thougt i woodent get enny moar lickings was this. we have moved from old J. Alberts mothers house up to Lincoln street whitch leads from Front street to the new depot. you see Amos Tuck a frend of father bilt 5 new houses there and father hired one. mother and aunt Sarah hated to leeve Aunt Clarks house and i hated to leeve Beany and Pewt and if we had been going to a diferent town i most think i wood have run away but of coarse i coodent leeve Father and Mother and aunt Sarah and Cele and Keene and Georgie and Annie and Frankie and Ned espesially Ned for he is the baby and awfully cunning even for Pewt and Beany to say nothing about Ed Towle and his sister Lizzie and all the other girls i gnew all of whitch are almost as pretty as she is but not quite.

but Keene and Cele wanted to go. they sed it was a better naborhood for me and i had disgraced them enuf and that sometimes they felt so mutch ashamed of me that they dident like to go down town and that if they cood move away to a diferent naborhood peraps they mite begin life anew and forget the passed after awhile. huh, i bet they had been reading something like that from a book, ennyway what i done the last time wasent so very bad. i have did things a lot wirse than that and i coodent help myself this time and it wus Beanys falt mostly and of coarse old J. Albert Clark was to blaim as he usualy is.

well ennyway father he sed he had come to the end of his patients and that the last straw had broke the donkeys back and that one moar summer like the last wood make a raving maniac of him. he always says that about me and i told him so and he sed 1 moar wird from me and i wood go to bed for a month. then he kep on and sed peraps Keene and Cele were rite and if we moved to a nother part of the town i cood get away from the pernishus influoence of the Watson boy and that Purington brat

well what do you think Pewts father told sumone that there was sum chanse for Clarence, Clarence is Pewt you know, to become a respectible sittisen and a credit to his frends and Beanys father told sumone that it wood be a godsend to Beany to get rid of me.

sumone told that to my father and he sed that is a hel of a thing to say about my boy. he told the man whitch told him what Pewts and Beanys father sed about me what tuff fellers Pewt and Beany were and how far i had gone down hill since i gnew them and how it got so bad that he had to move out of the naborhood. then the feller whitch father told that went and told Pewts father and Beanys father what my father sed and they were mad as time and sed that they wood have moved out if George Shute hadent taken that infirnal boy of his away and that i was enuf to corrup the angles of the Lord whitch come down when glory shows around and then the feller told a lot of nabors that the Shutes were too stuck up for the naborhood ennyway and so evry body is mad.

well we have moved and have got settled and mother says we was lucky to have enuf beds and stoves considering the way i smashed the firniture. you see father cood only

(Continued on Page 245)

So Old J. Albert Jed He Never Wanted to See or Speek to Me Again and Father Jed He Gessed That Wood Suit Me

THE ROARING HOLE

Behind Him Jo Blair Was Smiling Softly, But There Was a Queer Expression in Her Eyes, a Gleam of Savage Zest

By Robert E. Pinkerton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

NELSON BLAIR had been at the Cynthia's wheel for an hour, threading a difficult course up the narrow, twisting, islet-filled channel. Behind him, glancing often at the chart, looking anxiously ahead, sometimes stepping to the rail to peer into the water, was Carl Nerland, the yacht's skipper.

"You seem disappointed," Blair said. "Sure I'd hit something, weren't you?"

"It is such a small-scale chart, sir," the skipper answered evenly.

"Any chart's easily read. You fellows seem to think a master's papers improves your eyesight."

Blair's tone carried more than a sting, but Nerland did not reply. Then his body stiffened and there was an instinctive motion of a hand toward the telegraph. Blair saw it, grinned, and picked up a telephone.

"Try to get fifty or seventy-five more 'revs' out of those motors," he commanded sharply.

There was a noticeable increase in the vibration of the yacht's hull and her bow lifted slightly. Nerland remained motionless, staring straight ahead. For the tenth time in two weeks he was telling himself he did not care what happened to the Cynthia, only to have a good seaman's ineradicable love for a good ship give him the lie.

In the end that love triumphed over the resentment always caused by Nelson Blair's domineering moods. The inlet was growing more narrow. The chart showed rocks in the channel and the coast pilot advised that the survey had been a sketchy affair and could not be relied upon. At sixteen knots most anything might happen.

"I talked to a fisherman," Nerland blurted out at last. "He told me that from this island on ——"

"Keep quiet with your fisherman's prattle!" Blair commanded furiously. "I'm tired of these insinuations that I'm not competent to run my own boat. If you don't like to watch me, go below."

Nerland stepped to the door, then halted at a low laugh from behind him. But he did not turn to look, merely stood there waiting. Again there was a laugh, and Blair glanced back irritably.

"A hanging and a comic strip seem to hit you in the same spot," he snapped at his daughter. "Better go aft. Scenery's piling up."

Jo Blair was lying at full length on the broad seat across the after end of the pilot house. She seemed to be dozing, had not spoken for a long time, and not once had she glanced out a window. Now her dark eyes flashed toward Nerland's back, and then the lashes covered them again.

"The nicest thing about scenery," she remarked, "is that you can look at it any time. But a dominant male shows his stuff only on occasions."

Blair tugged savagely at the spokes, and Jo's brown head dipped beneath her feet as the Cynthia careened.

"I thought all men had an instinctive love for ships, captain," she remarked softly to Nerland's back.

The skipper strode forward to examine the chart. Blair, looking ahead, was motionless. Then his right hand darted out and pulled a lever. The yacht's vibration stopped, began again, rising swiftly with the gathering speed of reversed propellers until loose instruments on the chart table rattled.

Again Blair signaled the engine room, twirling the wheel as he did so. The yacht, still shuddering, lost headway and the bow began to swing. Her owner examined the chart with a magnifying glass, looked searchingly at the mountainous shore line and then called for half speed ahead. As they glided between a point and an islet he turned to Nerland and grinned triumphantly.

"Anything the matter with that?" he demanded.

Angry as he was, the skipper had not missed the skill with which Blair had extricated himself from a difficult situation. And the man's sea experience had been confined to three short cruises! Nerland, whose ability was the product of a life's effort, could not understand, and became the more resentful.

Behind him Jo Blair was smiling softly, but there was a queer expression in her eyes, a gleam of savage zest.

They were in an enlargement of the inlet now, a small expanse of water around which mountains rose like walls. Only ahead was there a passage. But Blair did not call for less speed. Soon they were across, headed for the opening. Nerland examined the chart, looked at the shore, then drew a quick breath.

Jo Blair watched, tense with expectancy.

"The tide is falling, sir!" the skipper exclaimed.

"I know it," Blair snarled.

"And . beyond here—that fisherman—the channel is ——"

"Shut up!" Blair commanded furiously. "Get out of the pilot house."

His long, lean body stiffened over the wheel as he searched the shore line. A hand darted out and the motors turned slowly. The Cynthia glided past the shoulder of a precipice.

Nerland stared at a long expanse of water that suddenly appeared on the starboard, then sprang to the chart table. The bow swung off with a swift current.

"Starboard!" the skipper commanded instinctively, and with the tone of one accustomed to giving orders.

"Get out of here!" Nelson Blair roared.

He whirled the spokes, turned the bow, called for a little more speed. The Cynthia glided on, thrust her nose into the narrow, rock-walled channel they had first seen. Nerland glanced over the side at the quiet water.

"The chart shows ——" he began doggedly.

"You squarehead!" Blair shouted in a passion.

But rage did not affect his handling of the boat. He called for less speed, kept the center of the channel. This turned sharply, disclosing an unbelievably gorgeous pool set beneath huge cliffs that gave way to green slopes and jagged peaks. It was beautiful, but savagely so, as the British Columbia coast line so often becomes.

"Picking scenery to fit a mood discloses unsuspected depths, dad," Jo Blair remarked lazily.

Blair snarled an oath. Nerland, all skipper again, sprang to the pilot-house door. At the same instant the bow dipped and there was a shuddering movement throughout the hull. Blair slammed the indicator to "stop" and waited.

Only the Cynthia's keel had touched. She scraped and bumped, then glided smoothly on. In a moment they were in the deep water of the pool. Blair rang for "slow ahead."

"Here, skipper," he said amiably as he stepped back from the wheel.

"You can have her now. I told you we'd get to the head of this inlet, and here we are. Find a place to drop the hook. I'm going below for a drink."

Nerland made no comment. But fifteen minutes later, when the anchor had bitten to his satisfaction and things were shipshape, he looked back at the opening by which they had entered the pool. It had been placid then. Now a band of white stretched from one rock wall to the other, and he heard the faint roar of rushing water.

The skipper stepped quickly into the pilot house and picked up a book of tide tables. Pages were ruffled, a finger moved down a column of figures, there was a glance at the chart.

"You look as though we were sinking, captain," Jo Blair drawled.

She had not moved since their arrival and when Nerland whirled to look at her he caught a taunting gleam from behind her half-closed lashes.

As had become his custom, the skipper did not reply. He comprehended something of Nelson Blair, for as a seaman he recognized power and force. He objected only to its willful perversion, as when the yacht had been brought up a treacherous and unknown inlet at full speed.

But nothing in his experience permitted an understanding of the daughter. He only knew that he was most uncomfortable in her presence, that when he stood at the wheel he could feel the deep glow of her dark eyes as she lay on the broad seat behind him.

Nerland told himself it was because of her eyes that he did not like her. They glowed with a joy that was almost savage when Nelson Blair did things with the Cynthia that her skipper said could not be done, when the two motors growled their deepest note, when the yacht had been caught in a terrific tide rip in Blackfish Sound, when they passed through the mighty current of Seymour Narrows at half tide, when her father backed down the commander of a rum chaser.

There was contempt in them, too, as when Nelson Blair's moods drove Nerland to silence, and when the coast-guard man had returned to his long gray craft. The skipper saw and felt these things, wondered and experienced strange chilly sensations, yet his straightforward seaman's mind never penetrated to causes, never grasped that it was power and the exercise thereof, the clash of stupendous forces, the shock of terrific struggle, the victory that comes to ruthlessness and might, that stirred this girl as could nothing else.

"Queer" was as far as he could go

But now, as he closed the tide book, he had no thought for the "queerness" of Jo Blair.

"You must admit that father gets what he goes after," she continued. "He's—what is it they call such men in this country? Skookum?"

The remark did not penetrate Nerland's abstraction. Anxious lines marked his face as he glanced again toward the entrance, then hurried below. With surprising swiftness Jo Blair swung her slim body erect and followed

The scene in the main cabin seemed to please her, for Nerland refused to retreat from his position. Nelson Blair scoffed, taunted, then arose in fury.

Nerland was respectful but dogged. Jo lay on a settee, her dark eyes glowing, then bursting into flame when Nerland retired, beaten down but firm in his stand.

"We can't get out," he insisted to the end.

"Some people never acquire the idea that one can accomplish anything to which one sets one's mind," Jo remarked.

"We came in, so what's to prevent our leaving?" her father demanded. "He's crazy, saying we can't."

"The skipper's ancestors certainly did things," Jo continued, "though I have seen little evidence of the viking in Nerland. But perhaps he recalls that early Scandinavian chief—the one who thought he could control the tides."

"Men on this coast seem to think a tide book is the Bible," her father declared.

"The tide wet the Norse king's robe, as I remember the old story"

Blair glared savagely at his daughter. He understood perfectly when she taunted him, and why. Sometimes he wondered just how deeply her affection went, how much of it depended upon his ability to do things, on the power she loved to watch him exercise.

"You would like to see us trapped here, wouldn't you?" he demanded.

"I would be very much surprised if we were," Jo answered.

"I see. You wanted to make sure I'd try. Don't worry. Nerland and his tide book haven't decided it for me."

"He got you on one thing," Jo laughed. "This isn't the head of the inlet."

"How was I to know? The place isn't on the chart."

He went on deck, leaving Jo certain nothing would stop him in an effort to extricate himself from a situation which, if half of Nerland's statements were true, might prove most annoying. And Nelson Blair had never been held in any one place for four weeks.

From the rail Blair looked toward the entrance. The white band across it was wider now, and the roar was more sullen. He glanced around the pool. It was much larger than he had first believed. The high mountains dwarfed it. An arm stretched far back. Near by was an island hiding the only low place on the shore.

The evening quiet had come and was accentuated by the sheer walls and overhanging peaks, by the splash of a salmon. The bend in the entrance channel prevented one seeing outside. It was like floating on a chip in a deep well, an impression that would have brought awe, perhaps a touch of fear, to most people. Nelson Blair received the impression, and glared back at the granite walls.

While he stood there the quiet was broken by the measured sound of oarlocks, and a rowboat came out from past the end of the island, a quarter of a mile away. A man was standing in it, facing the bow and pushing on the oars. Once in sight, he stopped, stared a moment, then turned back. Blair shouted, beckoned, but the man was gone

A few minutes later the deck hand was rowing Blair and his daughter toward the island.

"Surely no one lives in this place," Jo said.

"I saw a man in a boat," her father answered shortly.

They rounded the point of the island but failed to see anything of the stranger. There was a boom of logs farther on and as they approached it they found two houses on floats that were moored in a little bay.

"Look at those logs, dad!" Jo exclaimed, as they passed the boom. "They're perfectly gigantic. I'm going to see one of those pulled into the water. What powerful engines the lumbermen must have!"

Blair glanced at the logs, of which there were more than fifty, and growled an order to the deck hand to go on to the smaller of the float houses. As the dinghy approached, the door opened and a young man appeared.

He stepped outside and stood motionless, waiting. It was not a pose but a natural attitude of absolute competence. Like an athlete, he seemed balanced, poised, and his physical aspect conveyed an unavoidable impression of sure strength and calm assurance. Jo Blair caught her breath as she read it aright. When the dinghy came closer she looked into level gray eyes, and the fact that he wore overalls, white woolen undershirt and heavy calked shoes became of no importance.

"What body of water is this?" Nelson Blair demanded, when he was thirty feet away. His tone was peremptory, and there was a moment's silence and a narrowing of the gray eyes before the young man answered.

"Burial Lagoon."

"There's no such thing on the chart."

"Guess the people who made the charts didn't care about lagoons. They missed a number around here."

"Then we're not at the head of the inlet?"

"No. The channel turns south just outside"

Blair frowned. The skipper had told him that.

"It seems strange that a man who is right as often as Nerland can't make his idea stick," Jo remarked.

Her father was enraged, but he vented his wrath on the deck hand, ordering him to pull alongside the float.

"That your boat out there?" the young man asked

"Yes," Blair answered shortly.

"I'd like to know how you brought it in here."

"Just as I'd take it any place I wanted to go."

"What does she draw?"

"Six and a half feet."

The young man whistled softly.

"You're sure shot with luck," he said with a grin

"Luck!" Blair repeated hotly. "Why luck?"

The young man reached inside his door and unhooked a book of tide tables. His question, "What day is this?" stopped an indignant comment at Blair's lips.

"Friday, July tenth," Jo said.

"Huh! That's funny. Nineteen-foot tide at Port Simpson. Nineteen-point-three. Tomorrow morning she's eighteen-point-five and in the afternoon eighteen-point seven. You sure you draw six feet?"

(Continued on Page 92)

Now From That Mountainside Jo Blair Showed Ned Wayland the World—the World She Knew, a Battleground, Rich in Prizes for Ruthlessness and Might

ROOM 811

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"Mr. Torrence is Not Registered, Sir," the Clerk Answered, and a Brief Glance Put all Things Into Proper Proportion and Quite Snuffed Out the Fat Man's Assumptions

"I WANT to see Mr. Gilbert Torrence," said the fat man at the hotel desk, assuming a slightly exaggerated bluster of importance as if to carry off his unshined shoes and shabby overcoat with it. "Is he in?"

"Mr. Torrence is not registered, sir," the clerk answered, and a brief glance put all things into proper proportion and quite snuffed out the fat man's assumptions.

The fat man muttered some dissatisfaction and walked away, lowering his great body into one of the comfortable lobby chairs and sinking into a state of rest, with overcoat thrown back and interlocked fingers on his stomach. He sat there watching people come and go—pretty girls in extravagant spring costumes disappearing into the dining room for lunch, thrifty-looking matrons going out to hunt for a cheaper place to eat, and men of all kinds surging about. After a time he saw a youngish man, whose handsome dark skin and features made a singular contrast to hair which was undoubtedly prematurely gray, come into the lobby and approach the desk. The fat man was out of range and could not hear what was said, but his little eyes watched suspiciously.

"Ring Room 811," said the young man to the clerk. "Is Mr. Torrence in, do you know?"

"I think he is. I'm not sure, Mr. Frome. Just a minute." The clerk disappeared toward his sheltered telephone and came back, nodding suavely.

"Go right up, Mr. Frome."

Room 811 was a corner room on the eighth floor, with one of the hotel's typical broad doors set into a triangle of wall space, an arrangement which indicated a suite. Frome went swiftly down the corridor, as if accustomed to the way, and knocked at the door.

The room he entered was a large and handsomely furnished sitting room and its occupant was eating lunch at a hotel service table with a waiter in attendance. Torrence was a tall, swarthy man of fifty or more, with the great muscular body of a lumberjack and the face of a gentleman of taste.

"Hello, Billy," he said, and the greeting seemed to imply a question; for the other man, pulling up a chair, at once offered an explanation of his presence.

"I don't like the way that thing is going over at the Senate, Mr. Torrence."

"What's up?"

"It isn't working out just exactly as we thought."

"That's all, boy," said Torrence to the waiter, dismissing him with a nod and deftly peeling himself a segment of Camembert cheese. "Had your lunch, Billy?"

"Thanks, I'm lunching with Marjorie downstairs at 1:30. I thought I'd like to talk to you before the afternoon session. I saw old Fleming downstairs in the lobby, by the way, spread out in the sun."

"Getting a free rest," commented Torrence, "and sighing for the days of free lunch. He's on my trail, I suppose."

"Well, 811 isn't registered, is it?"

"Not in my name, anyway," remarked Torrence. "Well, which of those half-wits is off the reservation now?"

"The thing hasn't come to a vote yet. It won't today or tomorrow, of course, with all the people who have to shoot off their mouths about it. Davis made a nice little talk. He didn't say much, but he used up the time gracefully."

"He can when he likes. But he takes watching. You're sure he's all right on this taxation plan, are you?"

"Oh, yes, he'll stay put all right. It's some of the others that I'm afraid of. Those women are acting kind of funny."

"I thought you had them counted, Billy."

"I did. But they got suspicious when they saw the Murchison bunch lining up with us to put the taxation measure across. They've got an idea there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere."

"Who's telling them?" asked Torrence sharply.

"The Bass County one—Jean Lane."

Torrence frowned.

"She's skittish, isn't she?"

"She's gospel to the others, more or less—that's the trouble. And that half-baked boy from Red Falls follows her around, talking uplift or something. There's just enough of them to spoil the game."

"It mustn't be spoiled," said Torrence. He did not lift his voice or allow it to be shaded by doubt. "Aside from the fact that it lets us off easy this year, it's the best chance to get rid of Murchison and all that Davis gang. It's their own inspired idea—this magnificent change in the taxation system. Let them try to run the state on it for three years and we'll never be bothered with any of them again. Wait until they start taking jobs away from people and see the howl that goes up. You've got to line it up so that it goes through, and goes through as the governor's idea. Give him publicity until he bursts with it, the swelled-up butcher's boy! As for this Lane woman ——"

Frome nodded. "She's the one who bothers me."

"Did you talk to her?" Frome shook his head.

"No, I didn't think I'd better. She's pretty sharp, Mr. Torrence. Of course she doesn't know anything, but at the same time ——"

"Well, who is seeing her?" asked Torrence impatiently.

"I asked Evans to drift around casually and talk things over."

"That's not a bad idea."

The telephone rang, and Mr. Torrence, leaning over, took it from its hook.

"Well?" he asked. "Yes. . . . Ask him to come up. . . . That's Evans now," he said, replacing the telephone.

Senator Evans was small and unimpressive. He entered the room tentatively, summoning a little gust of cordiality which both the other men ignored.

"Well, how's everybody?" he ventured.

"Everybody seems to be all right," said Torrence, pushing back his luncheon table, "so far as I know. How's your friend Miss Jean Lane, Evans?"

Evans made a gesture of denial.

"Not mine," he said.

"These taxation changes had better go through," said Torrence casually.

"I know that, Mr. Torrence."

"All right. What's this woman doing to throw such a fright into you boys?"

"You can't talk business to her," said Evans. "She wants to discuss taxation systems and how the state can't be run on the new plan."

"She's not the only one who knows that," grinned Torrence. He began some machinations with a carafe and decanter which stood out of sight on a small table.

"Well, gentlemen," he said at length, supplying them, "here's to the wise Miss Lane!"

It was an ironical toast, but the three gentlemen did not seem to enjoy it any the less for that. They settled to discussion.

Downstairs, the fat gentleman in the lobby kept his eye on the elevators. He saw Evans come down at last and go out of the door. He saw Frome follow shortly, and a pretty woman rise to meet him from one of the chairs in the far end of the reception room. And still he waited, until shortly before two o'clock the gilded gate of one elevator swung back and the heavy, splendid form of Mr. Gilbert Torrence emerged. With surprising swiftness the fat man reached the door at the same time Torrence did.

"How are you, Mr. Torrence?" he asked.

"Ah, Fleming ——" said Torrence, with a kind of abbreviated greeting and not offering to pause.

"How's everything?" ventured Fleming.

"Much as usual, I guess."

"Staying in town?"

"No. Just drove in. Nice roads this time of year. Drying up early."

"Like to have a little talk with you—on politics."

"I tell you, Fleming, I'm out of all that kind of thing. The lumber business takes all my time these days."

He seemed to look the other man out of countenance, to refuse his request without acknowledging it. Fleming's apoplectic look of rage followed Torrence down the hotel steps as he stepped into the car which was waiting there and drove off. The fat man waddled down the steps and away.

Jean Lane was in her committee room at the Capitol. It was not her own room entirely. She shared it with the gentleman from Redwood and the gentleman from Iroquois County, who were also on the committee for state institutions; but they were not there, and even the clerk had gone. Jean had lunched lightly at the Capitol cafeteria and was back at her desk, trying to see through the confusion in her own mind. Her feet ached from walking up and down marble corridors, and she had a sick feeling of ignorance, of being surrounded by things which were intangible and invisible. All her first fine feeling of competence, of having a clean slate to write her legislative record on, was gone.

She had a pile of letters beside her—letters asking her for favors, for reforms, letters heavy with complaints. And as she sat there she wondered just where her first faith in

clear-cut and neatly sorted rights and wrongs had gone. She had vowed to herself, she had promised in her campaign speeches, to play a square, helpful game, and she wondered discouragedly today how many times she had unconsciously been misled. There were so many things she didn't know about, so many things no one seemed to tell her about, and she caught glimpses of motives and ancient hatreds and rivalries disappearing around the corner all the time, seeming to wink at her mysteriously and malignantly as they did so.

This taxation reorganization, for instance, was obscure. She couldn't see why there were so many strange bedfellows in it. Besides, it was clear enough from her own committee work that most of the state institutions were operating on a minimum budget now. Where was the cut going to come if they sliced away at taxes in this hurrah-boys fashion? Was it the insane or the dependent children or the tubercular patients or the delinquent boys who were going to suffer? Somebody must. And yet they made spread-eagle speeches on drastic economy and on Governor Murchison's masterly plan to reduce the burden of the taxpayer.

Jean Lane knew about the burden of the taxpayer. She'd taught school in a country district for years. She knew what taxes meant and wanted them as light as possible. But this bill wouldn't help the farmers much. It wasn't meant for small taxpayers, but for big ones. And the state institutions had to be run. Everybody hinted that the big budget cuts would come there, regardless of consequences.

The door opened and a huge fat man came in. He had that air which Jean was beginning to recognize as professionally political, half secretive, half confidential, altogether wise. "Miss Lane?"

"Yes," said Jean, and rose to motion him to a seat. He looked at her appreciatively, at her slender, graceful body, still girlish at thirty-two, and the sweet, grave face that had been featured so often lately in the newspapers.

"My name is Fleming," said the fat man—"Horatio Fleming. You're too young to have heard of me, young lady. But I used to be around these marble halls considerable ten years ago. I'm from the western part of the state. Ex-Senator Fleming from Black Falls."

"I've heard of you, Mr. Fleming," said Jean. "Yes, indeed."

"What you've heard depends on who you heard it from," the fat man remarked shrewdly. "I made plenty of enemies in my time here. Always trying to do the right thing too. But you can't please everybody. How do you like being in the Senate, young lady? Looks funny to me to see a woman in these committee rooms."

"I like it," said Jean. "I ran for it, you know."

"I suppose they put a good deal over on you," said Fleming. "Now don't misunderstand me, young lady, I don't mean because you're a woman, but because you're a newcomer. They always do. I been smelling around a little and I heard they were quite upset, some of them, because they don't know how you stand on that reorganization-of-taxation stuff."

Jean disliked him. She disliked the way his flesh struggled in fat wrinkles at his wrist and neck as if trying to escape from bondage. She hated his fat, sleepy, wise voice. So she sat still, giving him no encouragement and letting her eyes wander back to her papers pointedly. But Fleming's hide was tough.

"You don't want to let them stampede you."

"I'm not likely," said Jean, and her fine narrow eyebrows drew together, "to let anyone either frighten or stampede me, Mr. Fleming. The matter is up for discussion in the Senate this afternoon, and I'm sure we can decide it on the facts when they are laid before us. I am merely reserving judgment."

Fleming chuckled—the chuckle of an old satyr.

"Don't you fool yourself about no facts being laid before you in the Senate, young woman. How about that little conference that went on in the Hotel Pontiac about one P.M. today?"

"What conference do you refer to?"

"The one that Frome and Evans and Mr. Gilbert Torrence sat in on."

"I don't know them," said Jean—"unless you mean Senator Evans."

"This is a Pretty Edition. Do You Know the Story? It's a Story of a Lady as Stubborn as You, Miss Lane"

"You don't know Frome, Torrence's chief spy? Nor Torrence himself?"

"I know who he is. He's supposed to be ——"

"It don't matter what he's supposed to be. He's the king bee. He runs this show. He's supposed to be a lawyer for the elusive lumber interests upstate, but he's the political pope, that's what."

Fleming smacked his thick lips in a kind of sour hatred

Jean stood up again, and her gray eyes rested clearly on Fleming as if they were silently refusing to have anything to do with him. He shifted to his feet.

"You're a nice girl," he said, "but I'll tell you this, and it comes from an old hand: You got to know the game. And don't you believe that this taxation system thing is going to be settled here. It'll be settled, like everything else of importance, over at the Hotel Pontiac in the room of Mr. Gilbert Torrence, who is not registered there. You remember that, sister. Pretty nearly everyone around here is getting orders from somewhere, and some of them come from the office of Davis and Bond. But most of them come from the Pontiac. Just stick out for what you want and remember you've got two years to serve, or nearly that, and that they can't oust you. Don't let them bluff you."

"Just why do you come to me?" asked Jean.

The old politician again resumed his chuckling in a way that seemed to set all the loose flesh on his body in motion.

"To tell you the truth, sister, and since I've reached the pass where I might as well tell the truth—nothing left to be gained by lying—I'm sore as hell on Torrence. Why, that bird ——"

"I'm not particularly interested in your grudges, Mr. Fleming. As for the matters you suggest are coming up, I expect to judge them on their merits."

The word seemed to jog Fleming into a kind of hopelessness.

"Merits!" he exclaimed. "Merits! My gosh!" He gave a nod and went out. She heard him making his own echo without the door, "Merits!"

Left behind, Jean tried to shake off the sense of being soiled, but she could not. She got up at length and went to the window, looking out at the great terraces, the broad

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But for Hours After That, on the Other Side of the City, a Shaded Lamp Still Glowed in Room 311

NOTHING TO DECLARE

By Boyden Sparkes

THE richest of the Wisteria's passengers was crossing the gangplank to the pier. He was a financier. Behind him, a trifle less sure-footed on their high heels, came his wife and their three daughters, the two married ones having been abroad without their husbands.

Their stateroom baggage was slung in pairs of bags or suitcases by means of towels or napkins over the shoulders of half a dozen stewards, none of whose white jackets were spotless. Anyway, a squad of these lackeys, a-thirst for tips, followed in the wake of the voyagers, who for convenience we shall call the Finkelkraus family.

One of New York's influential favor hunters, a shrewd man perpetually seeking contact and association with the authorities, was on hand to greet Mr. Finkelkraus and speed his progress through the customs. The declarations of the family had been made, of course, aboard the ship, where they had possessed the time to consider all the shopping they had done abroad, and especially in Paris. Mr. Finkelkraus, for himself, had written, "Nothing to declare." The women had dictated to him a list of frocks and hats and furs. Now, on the pier, they were to submit their baggage to the scrutiny of the customs inspectors.

Inspectors Appraising Silk Goods in the Customs Warehouse

Down the central length of the pier, a covered structure with a floor area great enough to serve as the drill ground for a regiment of infantry, an alphabet was posted above the heads of the tallest, each letter a black symbol on stiff cardboard seeming to offer a mild sort of literacy test to the Wisteria's human cargo.

The Finkelkraus family and their attendants clustered at the letter F, where their trunks, and those of other passengers whose last initial was F, also were gathered.

Customs

A CUSTOMS inspector wearing a uniform cap approached the Finkelkraus group. He had their declarations in his hand, having received them from the boarding officers. The customs officer had an unpleasant job and he knew it. Finkelkraus was a millionaire in any currency. He had influence. The customs officer had a civil service job, an inadequate salary and a family.

"Mr. Finkelkraus," he said, "you bought some jewelry in Europe which you have failed to declare here."

Mr. Finkelkraus spluttered. His aplomb deserted him. Finally he exclaimed, "Certainly I bought some jewelry in Europe. But I didn't put it in my pocket. I had it shipped in bond."

"Have you got the shipping receipt for it, Mr. Finkelkraus?" The customs officer was as polite as he knew how to be.

"Sure I got it." Mr. Finkelkraus produced it and with it he regained his composure. "I understand you fellows got a duty to perform. S'all right."

Customhouse Inspectors Examining Cases

"Of course you do not have to declare here any jewelry you may have shipped; but are you bringing with you in your baggage or on your person any of the jewelry you bought abroad?"

"None," said Mr. Finkelkraus. "I didn't want to be bothered."

In a very little while the Finkelkraus family were rolling in their imported limousine to Park Avenue and home.

At the Customhouse there was a heated discussion in the offices of the special agents of the customs. The subject was the Finkelkraus declaration. The complaint was that Finkelkraus had been permitted to leave the pier too quickly.

"Anyway, we have enough information to check up on him," said the chief of the special agents. "So get to work."

On the Suspect List

WHERE and how they had got that information is a matter that needs explanation. Two cable messages concerning the return from Paris to New York of the Finkelkraus family had been dotted and dashed across the Atlantic nearly a week before. One electrified the high-ceilinged marble-and-gilt temple of finance where Papa Finkelkraus exercised the autocratic power of a Babylonian king. It was addressed to a willing helper whose title of stewardship was written in gold leaf on a frosted-glass door: Assistant to President.

That message read, "Sailing Wisteria stop arrange expedite landing stop notify housekeeper stop Finkelkraus."

Grapevined through the establishment, the information caused a tightening of a relaxed regimen. If the Finkelkraus vacation was coming to an end, so was a period of comparative comfort for the stenographers, the clerks in alpaca coats and the officials representing a truncated pyramid of authority, the normal capstone of which was the homeward-bound Mr. Finkelkraus.

That other cable message went to Washington, to the Treasury Department, where it was delivered to the office of the director of the special-agency service of the United States customs. It was a long message. If it had been read aloud it would have sounded like a jeweler's inventory. Diamonds in platinum settings were described by color, carat and cut; emeralds were identified as if they were being offered for sale;

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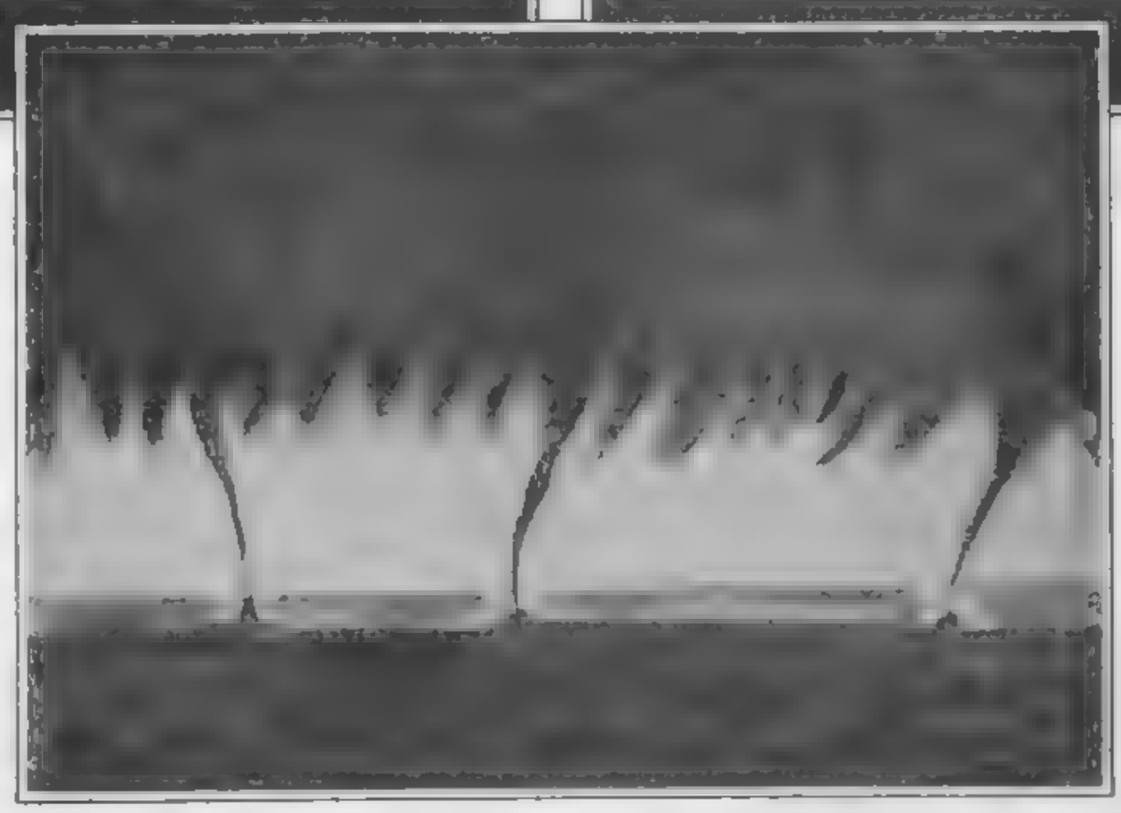
FLYERS AND STORMS

A Line Squall



A Waterspout

A Thunderstorm

By Captain Conrad Westervelt

C. C., U. S. N.

AMONG the trials which beset man, storms of various kinds must be included as not the least important. In their bearing on life in general they must be given much consideration; with relation to the effect on aviation, man's newest experiment in his contest with the forces of Nature, they occupy a prominent position in the anxieties from which this experiment is far from free.

In the early morning of September 3, 1925, a small unseen tornado, creeping up a valley in the hilly part of Southeastern Ohio, fell unexpectedly upon the United States airship Shenandoah and twisted it to pieces. A splendid example of man's ingenuity and scientific development fell in a few moments before concentrated forces of Nature which are so powerful that it is most improbable that man-made structures of the type of the Shenandoah can ever be built to resist them. The only real defense lies in keeping out of such disturbances.

In general the aviator is concerned with all types of storms; with some, however, he is much more concerned than with others Unless air movements in storms are inconstant in direction the aviator is little concerned with their speed, and more often than not makes them serve his purpose in adding to his distance covered. Where not constant in direction, air currents are often the products of various types of storms having within themselves a spiral or cyclonic movement, or else a violently turbulent one. Such storms, particularly when of small extent, are especially feared and avoided.

West Indian Hurricanes

THE storms of the natures just referred to with which flyers are chiefly concerned are of four kinds—the hurricane or typhoon, the tornado, the thunderstorm, and its first cousin, the straight-line squall. The first two are of the circular, or cyclonic, type, the other two of the lightning and thunder plus, very frequently, hail variety. In all of them there are portions of the storm where the wind is of enormous velocity, and where it is gusty and liable to change direction abruptly. They can be of the greatest danger, and a plane or airship drawn into or flown into the area of most violent disturbance is almost certainly doomed.

The hurricane or typhoon is a storm of great extent. Its area is roughly that of a circle, and it is often several hundred miles from one side to the other. A navigator can easily tell the approximate position of the center, or vortex, and the direction and speed at which it is changing position, and can therefore avoid this portion. In the North Atlantic, storms of this nature, most frequent from the first of May to the end of September, are known, in honor of their birthplace, as West Indian hurricanes. They move northward off the coast of the United States, gradually working outward and curving to the European coast, striking it generally between the northern part of Portugal and the north of Scotland.

A Tornado Cloud

Riding With a Cyclone

THE direction of the cyclonic movement about the center is against the hands of a clock, so that in the eastern half of the storm the motion is from south to north, and in the western half from north to south. As the center of the storm is approached the wind velocity becomes greater, reaching such amounts occasionally that they have never been recorded. In the center, or vortex, there is also an upward motion of great intensity, and any airship or airplane caught in this situation would probably not survive.

If a storm of this nature is approached properly and with full knowledge of its structure, it may be made to assist the flyer, particularly the airship navigator. Though the wind velocities are great, they are not variable if one remains a constant distance from the center, and an airship will be driven along as if a leaf. The German airship, ZR-3, now the Los Angeles, when crossing from Germany encountered a storm of this nature a few hundred miles west of the Azores. To have held the predetermined course for Lakehurst, New Jersey, where the ship is berthed, would have carried the ship through the southern half of this storm, and it would probably have encountered winds of more velocity than its speed. In this situation the gasoline supply would have been exhausted in a fruitless attempt to make headway, and the ship would probably have been lost. The captain of the ship, however, took advantage of the well-known laws of storms of this nature, turned north, with the storm adding its velocity to his own speed, and keeping a fairly constant distance from the center followed around with the wind. He reached Newfoundland, where he cut across the northern part of the storm with very considerable assistance from its own speed, hit the southward-moving winds in the western half, and arrived at his destination many hours before he was expected.

Tornadoes, the fierce twisters of the central portions of the United States, and in general of all hot dry districts, are of limited extent only. Such twisters are

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YOUTH SHOWS BUT HALF

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

COL. WILLIAM LYMAN JONES did not take command until after the Armistice, when the regiment was permanently stationed in the quaint Luxemburg village of Hetange to await the signing of peace.

"A fine time to hitch up with a fightin' outfit," said the disgusted doughboys. They didn't blame O. K. for going home when he got the chance, but they had only contempt for the man who had been assigned to relieve him Their old commanding officer was named Peck, but by universal opinion he was "better'n a bushel." He was a rotund regular; wheezy, red of face, full of curses and courage and kindness. His nickname of O. K. indicated exactly the kind of K. O. his regiment considered him

He wore a long color strip on his bulging blouse. Col. Lyman Jones' perfectly tailored blouse displayed only an A. E. F. service ribbon; it had no stars. For he had been fighting the battle of the Paris boulevards while they had been dodging shrapnel out in the mudholes, no cigarettes in their pockets nor any mail from home. He was a "Parisite."

The eyes of the regiment looked without charity upon his soldierly figure, not failing to notice the elegance of his uniform or the nicety of his finger nails. He was rich and had a pull, but it was a dirty trick to dump him on a fighting outfit.

It was the second day after he had taken command that Colonel Jones noticed Lieut. Holmes Crotti The young officer had come up from A Company with a memorandum while the staff officers were still at supper. Colonel Jones sat at the end of the long table. He could see through the door into the hall where Holmes Crotti stood waiting. His gaze fastened on the indifferently respectful young face until the door slowly closed behind the fat corporal who waited table. He returned his spoonful of inevitable bread pudding to its cracked blue saucer. He emptied it out carefully.

Then he said to Lieutenant Colonel Adams, on his right, "Who's that boy—that officer out there?"

"I didn't notice." Colonel Adams craned his neck as the door again opened. "Oh, that's Lieutenant Crotti Holmes Crotti. He's been with us since the first. Fine young chap. Been decorated half a dozen times. He's with A Company. I suppose Captain Hinton's sent him up to see you about something. Hinton's bashful."

"Nice face," said the colonel, and finished the bread pudding with an oblivion that passed for sudden relish.

But the face in his mind was not Holmes Crotti's. It was a woman's face—a girl's; a face with Crotti's same rich color under the dark skin, with the warm black eyes and sensitiveness; a face exactly featured like that young face in the hall, with its nervous, sensitive nostrils and surprisingly stern chin, but without that strange strain of viking spirit, like a light on ice, shining under its Latin loveliness. It was merely a face that had passed through his youth, leaving only a dormant dream of innocence and laughter and passion and tears.

"Nice face," repeated Col. Lyman Jones.

"What? Oh, yes, yes. Darned nice boy too. Just finished medical school. His father's a surgeon—a lieutenant colonel attached to the —— Division. They're a great pair He was down last week to see Holmes. The regiment gave 'em a blow-out—sort of a send-off for Colonel Peck at the same time. Colonel Peck was awfully attached to young Crotti; he lost his own boy over here—just Holmes' age."

"Oh, too bad, too bad," muttered Col. Lyman Jones, watching for the hall door to open again.

"You are Like the Men in My Father's Books—Like a Knight"—Whispering, Worshiping Lips, Sweet as the Wild Plum Blossom

"Humph! It was hell!" corrected Colonel Adams, but the new commander was not listening. He was staring with peculiar attentiveness through the again-opened door.

"Is he like his father?" he asked.

Colonel Adams had gone on talking about the boy who had been killed and his curious expression made Lyman Jones conscious of his overabsorption.

"Pardon me; I was thinking of this young Crotti. I've a friend named Crotti, a New York surgeon, and I was wondering if this might be his son. Crotti isn't a very common name; but the man I know is small and wiry—distinctly the brainy Italian type"

"Well, Holmes' father's a big, comfortable, burly fellow; big-hearted and likable. Looks like a cross between an Italian opera singer and a German art collector. They're from Salt Lake."

"Another family, of course." And the colonel dismissed the matter with a question about the new target range, though he heard nothing of what the men answered him Supper over, he went directly to his office on the other side of the big, square, unfriendly house.

Crossing the hall, he returned Lieutenant Crotti's smart salute and said, "I'll see you in just a moment, lieutenant."

He closed his office door tightly; he stood with his hand pressing against the knob; his heartbeats shook him. For the first time in his calculated eventful life he was emotionally overwhelmed. That a son of Juliet Holmes should suddenly stand, unsmiling, in his vision was not extraordinary; to men of his wide experience, coincidences become too common to persist as such. What was extraordinary was that he should be so shaken by the situation.

He dropped into his desk chair and leaned forward, pressing hard against the great carved table. Juliet Holmes! But for the face of that boy who was waiting for him in the hall, he would have found her features difficult to remember. She had become an incident instead of a personality, but an incident as vivid as the paintbrush flowers that had flamed like little fires down the cañon sides below her father's cabin.

His startled memory blanketed the present with a clean uncurtaining from the many years to a mountain mining camp where his father had sent him for experience, a camp where men were mad for money and women went like wine.

But Juliet Holmes—not yet a woman, only a girl of seventeen, with flying hair and lips of laughter; fearless as fire; the dream, the imagination, the idol of the unsouled place, safe as the beauty of dawn in the camp's wickedness because in her innocent eyes no woman saw herself dishonored and no man saw his sin

Ah, what a place was that sky-climbing spot of the wild young West! Mountain sunrise, mountain shadows, mountain silence, thin blue scarfs of smoke from the miners' cabins, savage sunshine of noonday, sudden storms and echoing thunder down the cañons, whir of blue grouse wings, the smell of frying trout in many a miner's pan, the isolated cabin of queer quiet Hal Holmes, perched like a bowlder on great gnarled pine roots, and—"You are like the men in my father's books—like a knight" whispering, worshiping lips, sweet as the wild plum blossom.

But, a knight lesser than Lancelot, he had hurried back to his father. "You young fool! Ruin yourself? Send her this check and forget it." Such a generous check, in his father's close script; generous because he had told his father what Juliet had whispered to him one sweet dark night, after she had learned fear.

"Always do the right thing," counseled his father, signing the generous check.

Five years later, when he returned from South America, his father told him the check had never been cashed.

The generous check had never been cashed!

Across the lands and sea, across the years, into the dusk of the high-ceilinged, unfriendly room whose walls sat strangely around these alien Americans who had commandeered it, crept the overwhelming memories of Juliet Holmes. The silent man saw her face in a thousand places.

The musty smell of the old carpets and hangings lost itself in the fragrance of wild plum blossoms, and the dusk dissolved into morning sunlight on the tiny porch of a log cabin where a winsome, happy, lovely girl stood laughing.

To relieve the increasing feeling of her presence, Col. Lyman Jones sprang to his feet erectly, opened the door and called with startling loudness, "Come in, lieutenant."

Lieutenant Crotti, unsmiling, took his outstretched hand. He did not speak, but his manner said, "When a colonel sticks his fist out at you, I guess you've got to take it." Col. Lyman Jones had been rather entertained than otherwise by the antagonism of the regiment; it was only natural that this favorite of the other commander should resent him. He took time to tell himself this. But his first words were a surrender to the sheer force of familiarity in that face.

"I wonder if I haven't seen you in Paris, lieutenant," he said, sitting down.

"I think not, sir." A glint of laughing irony flashed from the black eyes into the cold gray ones. "Parisite," it youthfully taunted.

The colonel picked up a bronze paper weight and, playing with it, smiled. His eyes honored the gold wound stripe on the boy's sleeve. "Of course not. I keep forgetting the ignominy of such a suggestion to any of you fighters. But a lot of us would have been glad enough to get to the front—if we'd been worth sending."

His eyes had traveled down to the boy's hands that were pressing his soft overseas cap into a roll on the desk in front of him. They were long, slim-fingered, nervous, ambitious hands. Those hands his mother had not given him. Their owner made no comment on his new colonel's pleasant remark. He stood silently awaiting word to state his errand. But the older man let his impulse lead him.

"For instance, it would interest me to know, Lieutenant Crotti, if I impress you as a man who would choose a Paris war record."

"You impress me, sir, as a man who could have got exactly what you went after."

The colonel laughed, and at himself. He did it so well that Holmes Crotti's tension of animosity lessened a little and he indulged in a boyish grin of satisfaction.

"Ah, that gets me either way I go, lieutenant." The colonel's impersonal appreciation of the retort routed its suggestiveness and left him oddly exonerated. "And what can I do for you?"

"The division supply officer just telephoned, sir, to know if you want one, or two, of those hangars from Gievres to use for a school and amusement hall."

"Why ——" What had the boy said to him? Because of the fantasy of wild plum blossoms and sighing pine trees and warm lips, whispering, the colonel found it necessary to reply vaguely. "Why, I don't really know the conditions. I expect Colonel Adams is taking care of the matter. What's your idea about it?"

Grinning, Lieutenant Crotti unhesitatingly gave his opinion.

"We might as well take 'em both, sir. If we don't, somebody else will."

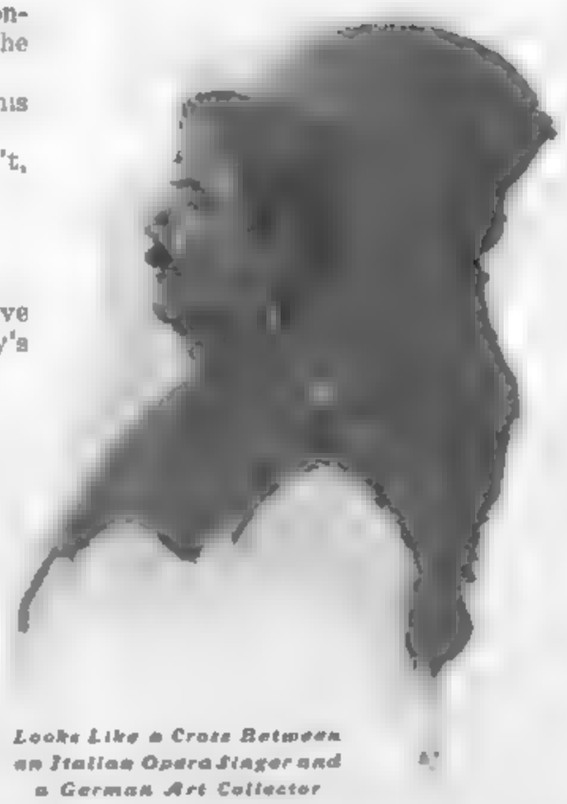
"Very well, take them both."

"Yes, sir. Good night, sir."

"Good night, lieutenant."

An oblong of eerie light fell from the transom above the closed door. It coffined the place where the boy's hands had rested on the old carved desk—those narrow, nervous, ambitious hands that his mother had not given him.

Col. Lyman Jones was no longer bored by his new assignment. He lit a cigar. Lieutenant Colonel Adams came to ask if he cared to take a hand in their cribbage game. He said no, absorbedly. It grew quite dark. Stars shivered in the night-blue panel of window. Outside in the narrow *rue*, little Luxemburg children shouted huskily in their mongrel language; Yankee doughboys talked and cursed; the sharp hoofs of late home-going goats spatted sharply on the pebbled paths; hoarse calls of tired women summoned their playing children; somewhere a hilarious voice sang, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile!"



Looks Like a Cross Between an Italian Opera Singer and a German Art Collector

Col. Lyman Jones heard none of it. It was three o'clock when he went upstairs to his gloomy tapestried chamber with its high fat bed. He had remapped his future—remapped it to include Lieut. Holmes Crotti.

In the morning he addressed his officers briefly to the effect that a wartime job was a different matter from a peacetime job. He intended to bend every energy toward keeping up the morale of the men against the ravages of enemies wicked as war—homesickness and idleness. There would probably be a long tedious wait ahead of them before peace was signed. Any change that might be made in the personnel of the officers would merely be in line with the change in the job before them. He would be glad of any suggestions. That was all

They made few suggestions, but he made many changes. For two weeks only he remained the "Parisite"; then the regiment promoted him colloquially to "Results." There was no affection in the nickname as there had been in that of O. K. for his predecessor, but there was vast respect. Red tape untangled in his fingers like a cat's cradle in the hands of an old-fashioned grandmother, for he had scattered many a ball of it through great organizations and knew its vulnerabilities. What he requisitioned came—baseball supplies, auto parts, mules, magazines, blouse buttons and special trains. When the regimental canteen exhausted its supply of tobacco, the sergeant in charge faced his irate customers calmly

"Now keep your shirts on. It'll come, I tell you. There ain't none at the division commissary, there ain't none at the railhead, there ain't none at the Fourth Division and there ain't none on the way; but Results was talkin' clean through to his good ol' Paris this morning, the corporal said, so I reckon it'll get here by night."

It got there the next morning, half a truck of it, from Coblenz. And his recommendations for promotion went through with the same alacrity as his requisitions. The promotion of Lieut. Holmes Crotti was in no way conspicuous, among a half dozen others. The adjutant of the regiment received his majority and took command of one of the battalions.

Capt. Holmes Crotti reported for duty as regimental adjutant. On the morning that he moved in to share the colonel's office at headquarters, Col. Lyman Jones sat engrossed with a report that rustled in his fine slim hands.

"Do you mind, sir, if I change things around here a little bit?" the new adjutant asked for the second time.

The colonel finished a long sentence, looked up, and replied absently, "Why, no, no; go as far as you like." He absorbed the essentials of the report, but he lost nothing of what Capt. Holmes Crotti said or did.

The new occupant rearranged every article in his corner. He switched his desk about so that it faced the door, placed the filing cabinet on the square table beside him, changed the flags, replaced the dilapidated wastebasket with a wire one and disposed of a large chromo of German cows, sunset and three birds.

William Lyman Jones reflected introspectively on these activities. He, too, was never satisfied with anything as others had used it. He, too, had moved his desk when he first came.

Captain Crotti bustled about, whistling softly under his breath. He was in no way oppressed by the elegant presence of their new and efficient commander; others were visibly affected by these sacred precincts, but not Captain Crotti. He remained distinctly respectful but distinctly unawed

"Say, sergeant," he directed the tall sergeant major, "salvage some kind of thing to dust with, won't you?—and keep it in your pocket. I don't want any of these guardhouse white wings dusting my family with their street brooms."

Crotti had arranged "his family" on top of his desk—on top of the filing cabinet—and was painstakingly tacking the overflow on the wall, watched approvingly by Sergeant Wells. Among the pictures was a framed verse. The adjutant selected its place with absurd care.

"In that," acknowledged William Lyman Jones, who abhorred details, "he must be like her."

When the last picture was tacked up, the tall

(Continued on Page 121)

"I Expect When You Salvaged It, You Didn't Happen to Notice the Picture on the Other Side"

BROTHER BONES

How to Insure Him Against Accident and Disease—By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

BONES are the greatest bluffers on earth. They look like the everlasting hills and act like Sam Hill. They pose as the very granite foundations of the body, yet they melt at a touch. Any tissue can call the bluff of a bone and get away with it. They are the easiest mark in the entire animal kingdom. Slender nerve twigs, elastic little arteries can pierce right through them. Instead of being our oldest and most changeless body stuffs, they're one of our newest and most unstable. We weren't even born with the bunch we have now, but built them to suit ourselves, as they were needed.

And what's more, we are still doing it. We build new bones and new joints and break down and absorb old ones almost every year of our lives.

So low grade and vitally insignificant are they that the fewer bones we have, as in infancy, the more intensely alive we are; and the more bones we have, the older and more dead-alive we become. Until finally, when we get boned up all over and ossified beyond a certain point, we go dead—though, unluckily, we don't always recognize the fact.

Life is just one long struggle against ossification, which is the Latin for "bonification." Not only to be cowardly minded but also to be bonily blood-vesseled is death. But because, after we've been dead a decade or two, all that's left of us is bones, we insist upon regarding them as the foundation of the whole body, instead of simply old mortar and bricks which we have no further use for, dumped in the waste spaces and vacant lots and back alleys of the body; that is to say, in the stagnant cores of our limbs and that bone conduit built for the spinal cord to run through, along our backs, which we call the spine and pride ourselves upon.

When Bones Proceed to Knit

BONE making is the last refuge of the idle cell. When any one of our tissues, from brain to big toe, is half dead from laziness and old age, it has a try at bone building, with results ranging from paralysis to gout.

The way in which Nature can take three waste products—phosphoric acid, carbonic acid and surplus lime—and put her half worn-out, unemployed cells to work building sea walls and conduits out of them to protect her more valuable tissues, is one of the greatest triumphs of that most resourceful old lady; especially when we remember that her magic keeps the game within bounds for thirty, forty, sixty years, balancing on a knife edge, before finally we die of ossified brains or chalky arteries.

Patients Usually Declare That the Break Itself Caused Very Little Pain

Judging from our personal experience and that of our friends, the principal business of bones would seem to be to get broken. But this is only a defect of their virtues, as the French say, because they are the only tissue in the body hard enough to snap across. It is merely a curious speculation, but there is considerable reason to believe that we would be distinctly better off if we had fewer full-blown bones in our body; or rather if those we have wouldn't get so everlastingly hard and limestony. Extremes of all sorts are dangerous and it is quite possible for bones to become too bony—as well as people. Lime, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master, and our solid, sober bones may take to lime as topers take to drink.

This much is certain—that during the first ten years of our lives, when we have no real bones at all, when the cores and stiffening rods of our limbs and body are made of gristle, or cartilage, with only bony spots in them here and there, we have far fewer fractures than at any later age; and that, too, in spite of our much more incessant and venturesome scrambling and climbing, falling, wrestling and tumbling head over heels. Children's gristly, elastic little bones bend without breaking, where hard, rigid grown-up bones would snap across. If we could hang on to, say, about 25 per cent of our childish elasticity and give in later life, we would certainly be much better fitted to absorb shocks and resist disease. But our solemn textbooks on anatomy lend themselves to this delusion of the vast and vital importance of bones by devoting to them nearly a quarter of their entire number of pages, though one-twentieth would be all that their practical and vital value really deserves.

Probably the commonest trouble and pain that our bones cause us are by breaking. This is, of course, purely a mechanical accident and in no sense their fault. Nor do they even cause much of the pain involved, for their actual sensitiveness is so low that patients who retain consciousness through the crash and clearly hear or feel the bone snap, usually declare that the break itself caused very little pain; while, in the trouble that follows, most of the pain and all the danger of bad union, or setting crooked, are due to the behavior of the muscles. The poor bone's conduct is not only correct but admirable all through. It just sets its teeth, makes no complaint and works like a terrier, rustling up calcium mortar or liquid plaster cement out of the blood and pouring it out all round the break, forming the famous callus.

This is a large rounded swelling, molding a plaster cast around the fracture, not unlike a plumber's joint in a lead pipe. When poured out by the cells of the bone skin, or periosteum, it is a thin pulp, but quickly hardens. Indeed, it sets so rapidly that if the tiresome muscles will just keep their fingers out of the pie and stop throwing conniption fits, the break will be fairly mended in from three to six days. But with the muscles to fight, it usually takes about as many weeks.

However, we must not blame the poor muscles too much; they really are extremely uncomfortable and don't know what else to do. What happens is that when a bone breaks, the rough and often jagged ends of the broken shaft jab right into the muscles and, of course, hurt like the mischief.

Now the muscles are wonderful specialists in their own line—one of the finest and most marvelous in the whole body. But their business and their only business—the only thing they know how to do—is to contract when ordered. No matter what the message is that comes to them, their one answer is to contract or jerk shorter. That is the only thing that they have ever been taught.

So when this sharp, stabbing, tearing pain strikes them right in their softest and tenderest spot, naturally they go into literal convulsions of contraction. These jerk the poor broken limb about, rasp the ends of the bone against one another and jab their spur points still more savagely into the belly of the muscles. Finally, if no aid comes from without, the strongest group of muscles wins, pulls the broken limb over toward its side and holds it there until it grows fast, no matter how crooked or crippled it may be.

It is almost incredible, until one has actually seen them, the deforming angular bends, the disabling curves, almost the classic double bowknots into which pain-crazed and stampeded muscles will twist a limb after a bad fracture.

The trouble is there's literally nothing to tie to, for arms and legs are solely made up of long bundles of muscles, stiffened and steadied by a shaft, or rod, of bone down their cores. And that stay rod is broken and the hysterical and bewildered muscles are fighting it and each other. The mischief is clear enough, but what can we do about it?

Pacifying Warring Muscles

THE first step naturally is gently and skillfully to pull and press, with one hand above the break, the other below, the ends of the broken bone as nearly as possible into their former position. This is both to put them in right position for healing, or knitting, and—scarcely less important—to keep their rough and often jagged ends from goading the half-crazed muscles into fresh contractions.

This sounds difficult, and is even worse than it sounds; for by the time the case comes to the doctor, the original injury and the free-for-all bone-muscle fight have made the limb most painful and swollen. So our gentlest attempt to straighten out the kink causes severe pain and brings another fighter into the row—the patient himself, who often jerks away, writhes his body about, and even when plucky and patient, shivers and groans with agony and not infrequently faints outright. This last collapse, however, is really a blessing in disguise, as it relaxes the warring muscles at once and enables us quickly to pull the limb straight and manipulate the broken ends into position without causing any more suffering.

In bad cases, ether or chloroform is given; but this must be watched for a new danger—the jerking about of the limbs which often occurs in the half-delirious period of excitement, when going under and again when coming out of the anæsthetic.

Once the limb is set, the next problem is to belay and hold it so. There are two or three methods in vogue, all but one rather unsatisfactory. The oldest, simplest and least reliable is the classic and familiar splint, which, in brief, tries to replace the broken rod of bone by two flat rods of wood, twigs, metal, or even many-folded newspaper, lashed on either side of the limb. If the splints are well fitted and the bandaging skillfully done, the bones may be held in

This We Called Extension

position till knitting takes place, while the firm pressure of the bandage steadies the panicky muscles.

But this blessed result can be expected only in about 60 per cent of all cases. A bone is only about two-thirds lime and the rest of it is of pretty tough animal whipcord, so that it seldom snaps into a neat, clean, square-across break, like a stick of candy or a bar of chocolate. The ends of the break are usually irregular, jagged, sometimes bent, often regular picture puzzles, which it would take some trouble and skill properly to fit together, even if they lay on the table in plain sight, instead of being buried out of sight, almost out of touch, in the center of a writhing, twisting, jerking bundle of big muscles, often covered with a thick layer of adipose as well for good measure.

But, most serious of all, it is hardly to be hoped in reason that two rough, raspy, often jagged ends of bone, after having been forced past each other an inch or more by muscle spasm and thrust deeply into the soft muscles round them, can be pulled and coaxed back into exact fit with each other, clear of all strands or fragments of soft tissues clinging to their ragged saw-tooth surfaces.

Nature's Wonderful Repair Jobs

INDEED, we have long known that fractures often utterly refuse to stay set, after repeated expert reductions, because a strand of muscle or sinew the size of one's little finger, or even a blood vessel or a small nerve trunk, is trapped between the two ragged ends of bone. Since we have made a routine practice of examining all serious fractures with the priceless X ray, we have found trappings of this sort distressingly common.

Some surgeons have even gone so far as to advise that all fractures which refuse to begin to set properly within three or four days should be cut down upon, exposed freely to view, any such monkey wrenches in the gears removed and the bones wired together or fastened firmly with small metal or bone internal splints and screws. Such prompt and excellent results are obtained by this open method that some enthusiasts have urged that all serious bony breaks should be so treated.

Broadly speaking, about 80 per cent of fractures may be reasonably expected to knit in fairly good position, under well fitted and bandaged flat splints, followed after the swelling has gone down by plaster of Paris, silica—liquid glass—or other light casts.

The more freely the X rays are used, the more thoroughly and carefully our cases are studied and measured and the more we become convinced that the best we can hope for, save in simplest and mildest forms, is an arm 80 per cent as good and a leg 70 per cent as good as before.

Nature does a wonderful job of repair on broken bones, but she never makes one stronger than before, according to popular illusion, though she does sometimes leave it thicker and heavier.

The reason why a broken leg is a more difficult proposition than a broken arm is fairly obvious. The chief business of an arm is to pull, to carry, to swing and much less frequently to push; while a leg has to do all these stunts except carry, and to support the weight of the body as well.

Moreover, if the fracture be above the elbow, the mere weight of the arm below tends steadily to pull the broken ends into place and tire out the fighting muscles. Also, the broken arm can be naturally splinted by and supported against the side of the chest while callus is forming; while if the break be in the forearm, there are two large bones, one of which often remains unbroken and can be used to splint the other with, always remembering to do as Simon says and keep thumbs up, which keeps the bones parallel and apart. Thumbs down turns them across each other and they may grow fast together in setting, thus making it impossible to roll, or rotate, the forearm and hand.

In fractures of the thigh or leg, we have no such natural first aids to the injured. Not even a trained acrobat can balance on one leg long enough to let a fracture of the other leg swing and pull into place by its own weight and allow callus to form. Here is one of the numerous minor disadvantages of the erect position of which we are justly so proud. Our four-footed friends, the dog, the horse, the cow, the deer, put it all over us, in the language of the street, when it comes to mending a broken leg, for the simple and obvious reason that they always have one leg to spare and can run and support themselves nicely, tripod fashion, on the three others. So the patient simply moves about as little and as quietly as possible, sleeps standing up on the three good legs and patiently lets the pull of gravity set the damaged limb until the periosteum, or bone skin, pours out and hardens the callus.

The clearest and most beautiful illustration of the process that I ever saw was in a pet fawn of mine. The little creature, which was only some three weeks old, lived in a large inclosure under the trees about thirty yards from our house, surrounded by a high fence of heavy wire mesh, not so much to keep the deer in as marauding dogs out.

The Fawn With the Broken Leg

ONE summer afternoon I suddenly heard a loud commotion from the direction of the deer pen. A stray hound had caught the familiar scent from the public road, charged eagerly up the drive and was reared up against the wire barrier, yelping and snarling furiously. The mother had rushed instantly to face the hound, but the poor little fawn was simply crazy with fright. As I rushed to the rescue, I saw him tearing from one side of the inclosure to the other and dashing blindly against the wire fence. And when I reached the gate, I saw to my horror and dismay that one of his slender hind legs was swinging loose, back and forth, as he dashed wildly about—evidently broken close up to the body. What was to be done?

By an unhappy kink of Nature, deer born in captivity are born wild—wild as hawks. I knew from bitter former experience that any attempts to capture and bandage him would be much more likely to break another slender leg than to mend the broken one, while any splint bound tight enough to stay on the leg of that jumpsome youth would almost certainly break the tender skin and start an ulcer.

So we preserved a masterly inactivity, kept a watchful patrol against strange dogs—and hoped. The fawn soon recovered from his fright and moved about cautiously and sedately upon three legs, evidently beginning to take life seriously. On the third day the callus swelled large enough to be clearly visible, and two days later it stood out on the slender, inch-thick limb as big as a small lemon. Then it evidently hardened rapidly, for the limb no longer waved loose and free. By the seventh day the fawn was moving it cautiously and touching it to the ground, and before the end of two weeks he was trotting about on it as briskly as if nothing had ever happened!

A month later, when, after repeated friendly and most diplomatic approaches, he was beguiled into letting me stroke his back and sides with one hand while he ate sugar out of the other, I could feel nothing to indicate where the

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We Pride Ourselves Upon the Stiffness of That Bone Conduit Built for the Spinal Cord to Run Through

THE PERFECT ACCIDENT

By Charles Divine

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IT WAS Saturday night in Leightonville, the night when the town swarmed with shoppers and Ferris Darroe went to call on Lois Harmon. As he made his way past the railroad station and turned into the Main Street throngs, which impeded his progress and made him impatient, he put his hand to his upper left-hand vest pocket to assure himself that the little black book was there and that he had forgotten nothing in his hasty dressing after supper in his Elm Street boarding house.

In the little black book there was more than met the eye. There was more in Ferris himself than met the eye. If the crowds in Main Street had glanced at him—the farmers in from the outlying districts, the factory workers with their Saturday-night pay—they would have seen only a thin young man at whom you wouldn't look twice unless you saw his eyes at close quarters. His chin was just a chin, his nose was large and generous, his forehead high and almost philanthropic; but his eyes, when they smiled or dreamed deeply, were lit with a strangely luminous glow which lent a transfiguring charm to his whole sharp face, but which few persons in Leightonville had ever had a chance to get close enough to know, except Lois Harmon.

In the little black book there was romance, though its pages contained only commonplace names, telephone numbers, diary-like entries and printed pages of general information; and its cover bore gilt letters saying, "Compliments of Truman B. Tillapaugh, Funeral Director, 196 Vestal Avenue, Leightonville."

The romance lay in the promise of such items as "May 27. Saturday night. Saw Lois Harmon again. Walk. Ice-cream soda. Home at eleven."

Inside the front cover the first printed page, entitled Identification, contained certain blank spaces which indicated emptinesses in its owner's life:

My name is Ferris Darroe; street and no., 37 Elm; city, Leightonville. IN CASE OF ACCIDENT OR SERIOUS ILLNESS NOTIFY M——, —— street and no. —— city ——

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED: Name of my lodge ——, number of my lodge ——, my secretary ——, make of my automobile ——, number of my watch case, 34517, number of my bank book ——, number of my telephone, 2173-M. My weight, 131; height, feet, 5, inches, 8; size of hat, 6¾; size of collar, 14; size of shoes, 7.

The following pages of the book contained banking proverbs, an example of which was "The time to save money is in the morning of life"; interest calculations; aphorisms such as "Let us have peace—U. S. Grant"; postal rates; weights and measures; how to figure the standing of baseball clubs; how to raise the body of a drowned person; how to get rid of rats; first aid in case of wounds, bruises, stings of insects, and nux vomica; how to wash colored calicoes; the census for 1920; the wonders of the world; sources of the winds; wonders of the body, including the fact that the average man takes 5.5 pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually; how to preserve eggs; a simple cure for felon, and the Presidents of the United States.

Ferris moved through Main Street in a swift dream, though his footsteps were necessarily slow. The dream had to do with that part of the identification page which read, "In case of accident or serious illness notify M——" Keenly aware that he had no one to notify in such an event—no one who would care a rap if he died—he amused himself from time to time by writing into that blank space various names and addresses. Once it was Calvin Coolidge, Washington, D. C. Again it was Queen Marie, Rumania, Europe. Tonight it was Alvin Clitter, his boss in the promotion department of the Evening Leader.

Yet Ferris, dreaming swiftly in his progress down Main Street, pictured himself in an accident. He was always dressed for it, since his mother, now dead ten years, had schooled him as a boy never to don any underclothing that was torn or soiled, for he might meet with a mishap in the street and be picked up and carried some place where people would open his outer clothing—and that would look pretty, wouldn't it, with holes in your socks or your undershirt like a rag!

The accident he dreamed of tonight was a perfect one, involving a wreck of the railroad train outside Leightonville, with Lois Harmon, among other passengers, pinned under the flaming wreckage. Ferris saw himself climb through a window of the day coach, run along the embankment and come to the overturned parlor car, with cries rending the air all around him. The sight of Lois Harmon's vivid little face, now white with pain, leaped at him, smiting his heart as if a hot iron had been stabbed into it. Desperately he lunged forward and struggled to save her, and heroically he did save her, carrying her to the grassy security of the embankment, with her arms around his neck in helplessness and affection. Then he went back and heroically saved others from the wreck, laboring so valiantly that his name was blazoned across the newspaper extras, including his own Evening Leader, which soon afterward gave him a substantial raise, making it possible for him not only to ride in parlor cars whenever he had a railroad journey to make but to ride in his own automobile on briefer errands around town. After saving the other passengers, he returned to the embankment and Lois, and this time her arms went around his neck with no touch of helplessness in them at all—only deliberate avowal and love.

"Hey! Stop your jay-walking!"

He looked up, startled. An ominous, adipose cop had caught him neglecting traffic regulations. In Leightonville regulations ran riot. Street crossings were marked for definite pedestrian lanes, and the way of the transgressor led to police court.

Ferris jumped back.

"I'm sorry," he said, and voices in the crowd laughed as the cop retorted, "You'd be sorrier if that car hit you below the back!"

A block beyond the bridge, where River Drive led into the exclusively sequestered domain of wide lawns and extensive houses, Ferris halted in doubt. He thought of Lois.

"Why should I continue to crash in on her Saturday evenings at home? If I don't see her tonight it will be all the same to her. She'll simply go on reading her book. She doesn't give a darn about me—me personally. She likes some of the things we talk about, but that's all. She's too rich for me. Her family's too prominent. I'm only a Saturday-night diversion. Besides, if she marries anybody, it'll be Herb Andrus, one of her own crowd. They've known each other for years. Who am I to step into the first families at the eleventh hour? She's always playing golf with Herb at the country club. Goes down in his roadster. I would have to take her in the street car. Jeepers! I'm a fool to waste my time on her. She doesn't care any more about me than a trained flea! I'm going back home and read my own book!"

Fifteen minutes later he sat in Lois' house, looking at her as she lounged on the divan in the glow of a shaded bridge lamp.

Lost in the flame of those blue-gray eyes with their thick smoky lashes, he felt a kind of panic. Hurriedly, in response to her questions, he told her about the new things he was planning in the promotion work at the office, in his efforts to increase the newspaper's circulation and its goodwill among the reading public.

"What do you think of this idea? Walk into a woman's house—any woman's house—at random, and ask to see last night's Leader. If she has it handy to show to you give her a card good for five dollars at the office. If she hasn't the paper there she loses the chance to make five dollars."

"Splendid! Whose idea is that, Mr. Clitter's or yours?"

"Mine. Mr. Clitter doesn't approve of it."

Fifteen Minutes Later He Was Pointing Out a New Moon to Lois Over Her Shoulder and Saying: "It's a Lover's Moon, the Kind I Would Give a Girl Like You for an Earring!"

(Continued on Page 174)

THE GET-BACK

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"I'm Sergeant Jefferson, From Scotland Yard Will You Come Along and See Jooper? He Wants to Speak to You"

THE cleverest thing about a crook is the policeman who is following him, and even he wouldn't be asked to take the chair at a lecture on human intelligence.

When I was a young officer I got all the psych—what's the word? Psychology, that's it—of the criminal mind from a man I pinched for bag snatching.

"I don't mind going inside, sergeant," he said; "it gives me time to think."

"And what do you think about, you poor nut?" I asked him.

"New ways of snatching bags," he said.

Jail is hell to people who are never likely to go there, and it's pretty bad for folks who hoped they wouldn't go there; but for the birds who've got to know every rose in the warden's garden and have their particular taste in cells it is a home from home. After all, there are hundreds of men and women who live in prisons all their lives without knowing it. The hooter brings them out of their cells and they march off to the workshop, where they do their hard labor; when that is over they march back to their cells and go to sleep. They may walk round to the pictures and maybe they see a ball game; but the real big things of life are eating and sleeping and paying the rent and worrying about the interest on the mortgage or the installment that's due on the new flivver. In prison you get everything except worry.

Thieving, like poetry and red hair, runs in families. Nobody knows why decent parents should rear crooks and murderers. It's one of the inscru—whatever the word is acts of Nature. There were three brothers named Larsen; they were all well brought up, they were all clever and they all went to jail.

When young Harry Larsen and his brother Joe came out of Wandsworth after a nine months' sentence, I went down to meet 'em. They were nice boys, but they suffered from illusions. Illusion Number One was that there was a way of getting a lot of money all at once without working for it. It is the illusion that makes people play the races and buy oil plots and thieve. Illusion Number Two was that, in spite of all previous troubles, they would succeed next time and get away with enough money to live happy ever after in some country where the extradition law didn't operate.

I liked the boys; I had sent them down twice, but I liked 'em because they were clever and bore no malice—at least, not toward me.

Now my idea and object in turning myself into a Prison Gate Helpers' League was to discover whether they bore any malice against Edward Lasthall. Personally, if I had been one of the two Larsen boys, I should have taken a gun and filled Mr. Edward Lasthall full of nickel projectiles. I am speaking now as a born savage with a normal human being's natural drift toward homicide. Because nothing short of death and destruction was good enough for Ed Lasthall from every point of view except mine as a superintendent of police, and perhaps a judge and a jury.

There have been some beautiful words in the English language that have been degraded by misuse, but you couldn't call Ed mean without glorifyin' the expression and putting it up among the high-flown compliments. He was a money lender and a pretty rich man, and he banked with the Nethersoles Company, one of the few private banks in London. I happen to know this, because when little Pat Larsen was arrested for forging and uttering a check for eighty pounds I had charge of the case. Pat was in Ed's office; he got the job himself, the boys keeping well in the background, because they wanted the kid to go straight and to start fair without being handicapped, as he would have been if Ed Lasthall knew that his brothers were on the register.

Ed had his office at Notting Hill Gate, and he did a few things that weren't legitimate money lending. He was the biggest diamond fence in London. If you were on the crook, and you snatched a tiara or a necklace and you took the trouble to take the stones out of their setting, you could plant them with Ed and get about a hundredth part of their value. We raided his office once or twice, following in a well-known thief, but we never caught him with the goods.

It isn't necessary to explain that we never actually raided him and that we always pretended it was his client we were after, but it amounted to the same thing.

I did not find out for a long time after how he got rid of the sparklers. His offices were on the third floor and consisted of two rooms. On the second floor was a little office which had the name William Stott & Sons, Furriers, painted on the glass panel. That office was his, and his long-nosed sister used to sit there all the time he was upstairs, facing the door. At the first sign of danger—and she knew every C. I. D. man in the division by sight—she sounded a buzzer.

By the side of Ed's desk was a speaking tube. If the warning came when he was handling stones he dropped them one by one down the tube and they fell into a wool-lined box in Sarah's office. Simple? I should say it was! Only I used to think that the speaking tube went through to his clerk in the room next door, and I didn't know Sarah was his dear relative until after the trouble. He got rid of his clerk, and that is when Pat saw the advertisement and answered it.

Pat was caught so simply that it doesn't seem true. An American crook named Wilson robbed a suite at the Green Park Hotel and got away with eight hundred pounds and two diamond rings. If he hadn't been greedy he wouldn't have been pinched; but he wasn't satisfied with the money; he had two beautiful stones, and down he went to Ed's office. It was after banking hours, and Ed had run short of money. Would Wilson take a check? Wilson didn't want to very much, but he had got nervous about carrying the stones around, and Ed wrote him a pay-bearer check and Wilson went out. Now it happened that we had received an all-stations warning about the robbery and a description of the wanted man. It was an act of lunacy on the part of Wilson to stay in London after he'd made his bust; but, as I've said before, if a man could think straight he wouldn't act crooked.

As the American left the office, Sergeant Brett, who had spotted him going in, walked over and tapped him.

"Come for a walk, Wilson. My chief wants to see you about your registration papers."

Wilson knew all that stuff about "registration papers" and took a quick decision. When he saw Brett's two men

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HOW NOT TO ACT

By DeWolf Hopper and Wesley W. Stout

Maude Adams and Henry Miller in Their Freshman Stock Company Days at the Empire Theatre

Mrs. Drew, Mother of John Drew and Grandmother of the Barrymores, as Mrs. Malaprop

Sarah Bernhardt at the Time of Her First American Tour, 1880, in Camille

ONCE I saw a great actress play Madame X. Another time I saw a less-gifted actress play the rôle. I could write from here to the outskirts of Omsk on the art of the actor – but stay! I do not intend to. I can make my point by contrasting those two performances.

The great actress was Sarah Bernhardt. The performance was a benefit at which she gave the second act of the play. Madame X returns to the husband she has betrayed and left eighteen years earlier, and begs humbly for a glimpse and a word with her son, whom she has not seen since he was a child of two. Meanwhile she has sunk to infamy. Of course she will not betray for an instant to the son that she is his mother, she pleads to the father, but oh, for pity's sake, just a fleeting sight of him in his man's estate! The husband refuses sternly, as he is entirely justified in doing in ethics; she is not a woman of one mistake. But the audience will hate him if the actress playing Madame X is competent.

Bernhardt's performance implied such grief, despair and mortification that the audience suffered as she pretended to, yet seemingly she did little. She did not tear her hair, distort her face, clutch her breast nor gargle her words. Rather she stood passive, as if benumbed with contrition and sorrow. When the husband ordered her from his house she walked trancelike to the door. In the doorway she swayed almost imperceptibly and supported herself with her hand on the jamb. Then she passed through the door, but four fingers of her right hand remained in view, gripping the casing in a last despairing gesture.

Sarah Bernhardt as Madame X

THE actress was gone from the stage, not to reappear, but with those four inert fingers she accomplished more than all the glycerine tears and soprano shrieks that ever were uttered. A gasp of sympathy ran through the house, and when the husband advanced to the door and without a word brutally wrenched the fingers from the jamb and flung the hand out, an inhalation of horror rose from the seats. The scene left us trembling with vicarious emotion.

A great and highly temperamental actress had just completed a strongly emotional scene. Of course she must have collapsed, exhausted and nerveless, into the arms of her devoted maid, and denied herself to all visitors for hours. They always do, we have been told, since the first press agent discovered that we liked to hear it.

I was not backstage to see, but four or five years later Bernhardt was playing Madame X on tour. Somewhere, where our routes crossed, she gave an extra matinée and I was enabled to see that stirring performance again. Her manager, E. J. Sullivan, saw me in the house and asked me backstage to meet her.

"Oh, wait until after the last act," I protested. "She must be fearfully wrought up now."

"Come on, come on!" Sullivan said impatiently, and I followed him. The second act was on, and we waited behind the scenes, listening to the dialogue between the mother and father and visualizing the scene. We heard the man shout "Go!" Bernhardt appeared in the door, swayed a trifle, put her right hand on the jamb for support, then passed through the door, her four fingers still clinging to the casing.

As another audience gasped in agonized sympathy the actress saw us standing there. Her face brightened, and waving her free hand, she said cheerily:

"Hello, Eddie! Isn't this a wonderful house though?"

Her fingers wrenched loose and her hand flung aside, she advanced to greet us, and while the audience still sobbed she asked us to her dressing room and there chatted amiably of everything save the woes of her heroine, until the call for the third act.

Of course she did, as any actor should have known without seeing. Acting is an art, not a spasm. The actress who makes her hearers weep is not the one who weeps herself but the one who seems to weep. Had she not been completely self-possessed, making her every move deliberately with shrewd preknowledge of its effect, she would have had no effect. Had she lost control of herself for an instant, that instant she would have lost control of her audience. Bernhardt, of course, was in the keenest sympathy with the rôle, but she was controlling that sympathy and using it, not permitting it to use her.

Olga Nethersole, Whose Sapho Scandalized the 90's

The secret of fine acting, the secret of all art, is suggestion, the inflaming of the spectator's imagination; and the secret of suggestion is studied repression. The actor, the writer, the painter who flies into a fine frenzy overacts, overwrites, overpaints. The best writing, that which reads without effort, is that which has been rewritten most often. The artist who tries to be literal leaves the imagination cold. The photograph is literal. It copies, and the clearer and harder its accuracy the worse it is. The rogue's gallery photograph is fine realism. The portrait suggests; it glides over the superficials and gets at the soul of the sitter. The first defect of the movies is that nothing has been left to the imagination. When little Eva ascends to heaven in the films she sprouts her wings before your eyes and flaps aloft. The spectator wonders how it was done, and forgets that he is seeing a child die.

Tragedy and Tears

THE other actress was the leading woman of a stock company. The company was a good one and the actress intelligent. I met her at a dinner party on a Sunday evening following a dress rehearsal of Madame X, which was to be the next week's bill. I congratulated her sincerely on the opportunity

"Oh, Mr. Hopper!" she wailed. "I appreciate the possibilities of the part, but I dread it. I find myself living the role and overwhelmed with the terrific pathos of that poor woman. It exhausts me. At dress rehearsal I broke down twice."

I made some polite response, but to myself I said, "If that is so, dear lady, you are going to flop." She did. I was able to see a matinée. She had not been on the stage three minutes before it was apparent that she was not thinking of herself as an actress artfully portraying a rôle, but as a woman overwhelmed with misery. Very early in the play she reached her climax and had nothing left for contrast in the bigger scenes. In life, grief is not necessarily majestic;

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Sprinting Around the World

By Charles W. Paddock

WHERE the Rue des Italiens joins the boulevard of the same name, near the Place de l'Opéra, in Paris, there has stood for many years a rickety old office building which has been the scene of historic events for more than half a century.

In the early nineties a group of friends had climbed the rather shaky stairs to the second floor of the ancient house, at the invitation of the Baron Pierre de Coubertin. These men had come from all over the world. Great Britain was represented there, as well as America, Central Europe and Asia. No one was quite sure why he had come, but each had faith in his friend De Coubertin that something notable was about to transpire.

The old French baron was awaiting them at the head of the stairs. His fine face, surmounted by his snow-white hair, was alight with the inspiration of the purpose he was about to transmit to these friends. He had thought a long while upon the work which he had outlined for them to do, and he felt that in the measure his plans succeeded, by so much would the chances of future wars be lessened.

For the Baron Pierre de Coubertin had dreamed a dream of international friendship through international play. He had said to himself that those who play together in a real spirit of sportsmanship would never care to fight against each other, whatever governments and individuals may plan. He based his theory upon the success of those ancient Olympic Games wherein Greece had so long preserved her unity, despite the fact that her nationality was composed of many jealous and warlike states. When those Olympics had at last been abolished, along with the spirit that they kept alive, the Dark Ages had set in.

Reviving the Olympic Games

THE Baron de Coubertin was successful in convincing his colleagues that a revival of the ancient Olympic Games would do a great deal toward strengthening the friendships of nations the world over, and each representative left that little old building clothed in the inspiration that the baron had given, and eager to carry the message back to his own people. By the spring of 1896 that dream had become a reality. The first modern Olympic games were held in the beautiful stadium at Athens, upon the ground where the first Greek athletes had striven for the laurel wreath. There were not many competitors in this first meet. America had only a half dozen prominent track and field entries, but these were sufficient to win the majority of points. Burke, Curtis, Clark, Hoyt, Conolly and Garrett—those are the names of the illustrious six who first carried the Stars and Stripes to victory in Olympic competition, setting an example which so far no Yankee team has ever failed to more than duplicate.

Interest in this country grew more rapidly than any place else, and Baron Pierre de Coubertin pleaded with

Charles Paddock and Loren Murchison

Europe to display a similar enthusiasm. By 1912, when the Olympics were held in Stockholm, the magnitude of the championships had approached somewhat its present size. But the baron was not yet satisfied. The athletic results were perfectly satisfactory to him, but the spirit was not. He said at the conclusion of the Swedish meeting that he was pleased with the progress in international athletic spirit in the Scandinavian countries and in the United States, but that he felt his own country, France, Germany, England and virtually all of Europe, with the possible exception of that territory which is now known as Czecho-Slovakia, were not living up to the spirit of the Olympics during those four years between contests.

Even more significant was the baron's estimate of the reduction of crime through athletic competition. Over a period of ten years, De Coubertin found less than a tenth of one per cent of dishonesty among representative athletes. Taking all countries into consideration who had athletes participating in the Olympic Games, the baron discovered that not one man in a thousand took an unfair advantage of his opponent. He also became convinced that every man who had become acquainted with the spirit of sport through personal competition had been bettered. This eminent French scholar also proved that health conditions and physical development were greatly benefited by athletics taken in any form. He was likewise quick to note that in America, where the spirit of the Olympics had developed the most rapidly and where there were the largest number of athletes, the national physical examinations in time of war tested the highest. Our soldiers were admittedly the strongest and best physically equipped of any who fought in Europe, and this despite the fact that they knew practically nothing of soldiering, in the great majority of cases. But they were athletes, with the spirit of sports firmly implanted.

The Spirit of Sportsmanship

THE Baron Pierre de Coubertin is very feeble now. He is about to pass on the cloak of Olympic responsibility to younger shoulders. He has already glimpsed a glorious future for the idea he conceived, for he pictures a time when the Olympic spirit shall rule the world. Among his faithful disciples in sport, there is none who is carrying forward his work more rapidly than Murray Hulbert, of New York, the president of the American Amateur Athletic Union. It was the latter who saw in the proposed world tour of Loren Murchison and myself a chance to spread farther the gospel of sportsmanship and of track interest, to places which were still but vaguely informed about international competition and the Olympic Games. And so it was with this purpose that we started out, early in 1925, to sprint around the world.

From the outset of our trip to the very close the most outstanding factor that we noted was physical condition. It was our hardest problem. For traveling from place to place in rapid order and having to face the exigencies of travel as well as helping to train each country's sprinters, making addresses, giving lectures on running and attending banquets and receptions, we found it a task indeed to keep in shape for those races which we were called upon to compete in, all along the way.

The first country where we made a prolonged stay was Japan. Physical condition stood out as the biggest job that the athletic officials and coaches have to cope with. The boys are eager and interested in all forms of track and field sport. They are making great strides forward in their competitions. But they are handicapped by relatively poor physical condition. They break down easily. They have not yet learned that in athletics, as in anything else,

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Making His Famous Long Jump at the Finish of the 100-Yard Dash at the Paris Intercollegiate Games

Paddock and Murchison Making a Start in an Exhibition Meet at Osaka, Japan. Paddock is the Man in White

EL PARRETT'S LUCK

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"Yes, the Lucky Ones Who are Dead," She Whispered. "The Lucky Parretts. You Don't Know How Lucky Parretts Are"

DAN STELLE left his friend Kate Symons' house secretly amused at her dissatisfaction with him. She objected to the schedule, that iron schedule which would end, she asserted, by devouring him whole. He had come on the noon train and now, two hours later, he was leaving; and leaving unanswered all the thousand questions she wanted to put him about the Indian adventure. Sitting hasped up in her wheel chair, she had cried at him:

"Your very dreams are scheduled. Here with shoals of pretty women dying to meet you, you're off for Caracas and a gold mine in the morning. It's perfectly, frantically, desperate of you."

"The gold mine," he had said, "is actually more toward Yucatan. It's itching to have an adverse report brought in on it."

"You are too serene, too arrogant," Kate Symons flashed. "I could wish you in love. You'll see. These are only the days before the captivity."

She was a poet who sometimes dreamed poems and sometimes wrote them in her waking hours; but the dream poems were always the best by far, and this had given her a notion of the invincibility of dreams. With all his pretenses, she affirmed, he was nothing better than a clumsy slack-rope walker hanging precariously over the blue ocean of sentiment.

"That's the schedule working for me," he retorted. "And it's not luck. It's policy."

"Policy," the lady jeered.

"Letting your head save your heels," he added.

Half an hour later he looked up from the thick of a mining report to find the schedule in ruins. The conductor stood over him a nickel punch in one fat fist, Dan's ticket in the other, commiseration in his eye.

"You're on the wrong train," he announced. "Your train was one track farther over. You can go back from Kirby Mills."

"The devil! I'll have a three-four hour wait for a train back, I suppose."

"More like a fifteen-hour wait, if you're counting on a train to take you back," the blue official said, with the masterful courtesy of an old-line conductor. "But it's only fifteen miles. You can get some kind of a conveyance at the Mills, I wouldn't wonder. Next train on the other rails comes through here 7:15 in the morning."

The station agent at the Mills set him right on the question of conveyances before the up train had stopped humming on the rails.

"Town's cleaned right out of cars this afternoon," he said. "Everybody that could's gone to hear the Vice President. Guess you'll go back to the Junction by the leather train if you go at all."

Dan made a wry face. In the condition of his blistered heel, he could hardly walk fifteen miles. He pulled out his pipe and reconciled himself to Kirby Mills. He had never been ashore here before, but as a boy he had often seen it from the waterside from the upper deck of the down-river boat.

The shipyard had been active then, and now all its chips were gray; just as the boxed-up and hemlock-shuttered glue factory at the North End was silent; otherwise Kirby Mills with its few white houses, its white steeple shining under the blue flank of Misery Hill, was quite unaltered.

"I'll have to make myself comfortable overnight," Dan said. "What's the best hotel?"

"There's a nice little clump of pumpkin pines just west of where the Junction road crosses the tracks," grinned the agent. "That's been mistaken for a hotel before now. Where twenty minutes on the train will bring you smack into the Junction, there's not been any call for a hotel here lately. There was a kind of a makeshift one at the North End in El Parrett's day; but it's all boarded up now."

"El Parrett. The name sounds familiar."

"El Parrett? That used to be a name to conjure with up on this branch. He was a pretty influential man, if he did gamble; and he brought a lot of money and a lot of talent into the Mills, and people appreciated what he did. They've got the bullet that killed him now under glass in the Public Library here. Step in and look at it, if you haven't anything better to do."

"This doesn't get me any nearer a lodging for the night."

"No? Well, maybe it does. What about Arley Parrett? That's El Parrett's daughter. I know she has taken boarders in the past, where she's got her grandfather on her hands. Hiram Parrett that is. He's the old cuss that won the Louisiana Lottery years back, but you never would mistrust it now. He's a great scholar, but not a particle of use with his hands. What help the girl gets Jakey Ridlon gives her —— Hold on, though. What you weigh, roughly?"

"Hundred and eighty on the hoof. Why?"

"Ain't sure it's enough."

"She must be quite a Tartar then."

"She? Arley? You wouldn't look for opposition in that quarter. She's a handsome piece. Wouldn't go over a hundred and thirty, if she did that. I was thinking how it might sit with Syd Haskell, your putting up there, where it's understood he's going with the girl."

"He's her lover?"

The station agent blinked at the stranger's downright use of words.

"That's a large order. Syd is kind of creeping in on her, I judge, the way wilderness will on a garden if anybody doesn't eternally weed and prune. If you want my guess, she doesn't exactly weaken at the knees at the sight of him. Maybe it's a kind of Syd-or-nothing principle with that young woman. He is a bear of a man and no mistake. You want to risk it, just turn down the first lane you come to after you pass a house on the right-hand side painted dark red, with a sewing machine in the parlor window."

The gray house of the Parretts—it had descended to Arley from her mother's side, and the El Parrett house, once a show place, was now falling into ruin—was more like a natural growth than the work of human hands. It stood knee-deep in grass of alternating shades of green, shadowed by elms. The shingles on the hollowed roof had the sheen of poplar leaves turned in a wind. The windows were placed at hazard, the upper windows being six or eight inches out of line with the lower ones, possibly to accommodate a staircase; and the chimneys, with iron straps supporting them, were protected with lightning rods. The shining silvered spheres near their tips flashed in the sun. A martin house, with fancy gable ends, balustrades and tiny Gothic windows for the martins to fly in at, was fixed to the barn roof; but like the shipyard and the glue factory the martin house was empty. No one ever saw martins hereabouts nowadays. Above the martin house was a vane in the shape of a golden horse going full tilt against the blue.

The road in was nothing but two ruts and the high grass between the ruts was pressed down and blackened by grease rubbed off the housings of an automobile. The ledge under the front door was grown up with witch grass. Dan passed that door by with an instinctive feeling that it had not been open since the last funeral. But the windows at the side of the house were all open; they were open likewise on the other side; he could see the river itself right through the decrepit body of the house. He had a glimpse, too, of an old gentleman writing at a black desk—that was Hiram Parrett, for choice, and Jakey Ridlon would be the little man sitting in the screenless kitchen window. Sight of that seamed wedge-shaped face with its Indian cast, the coffee-colored skin, the brilliant eyes, the even fall of silver hair over either sunken temple, prodded

Dan's memory more strongly even than the mention of El Parrett's name.

"Arley Parrett? She's burning something up out back." Jakey Ridlon took away the cold cigar from his lips on hearing Dan's predicament.

"Do no harm to ask her, anyway. She's the lady of the house."

Dan Stelle saw the lady of the house coming round the corner of the barn. Black-headed Arley Parrett in a blue starched dress and white stockings, with a smear of soot on one ankle, was first in the full shine of the sun, and then in the shadow of the apple trees. She had a little smoking spruce fan in her hands which she had used evidently for beating out her fire. An apple blossom fluttered against her cheek, clung there, dropped. She touched the place with the back of her hand, as if feeling in a daydream the touch of an invisible caress; and then, seeing Dan, looked in amazement at that man of mark whom the gods had wafted to her door.

Before she could collect herself, Dan was putting his request. In a world of premonitions, he had had no premonition of anything so satisfying to the eye as Arley Parrett. Two or three of Kate Symons' lines came implike into his brain:

"Blue of the sea, blue of your eye,
Which is the terrible reason why
It's easy to live and hard to die. . . ."

Arley Parrett could know nothing of such folly. She heard him out with a little sympathetic shaping of her lips.

"Most assuredly," she said. Although, hitherto, he had had a sharp dislike of those two words, as having been often in the mouth of a school-teacher who had expelled him for his impudence, he now found them good

"I'll fix your room," Arley Parrett said. "And then supper will be ready in fifteen or twenty minutes."

Jakey Ridlon, hearing her run upstairs, knocked out his pipe on the window sill.

"She's El Parrett right over again," he whispered. "All heart and gamble. Only she ain't inherited his luck, and still she thinks she has."

"That's half the battle," said the new lodger.

"She's a bookworm," Mr. Ridlon affirmed. "Leave her alone with a million o' books and she's happy. She's read every book in the old fellow's library now, and retained it too." He jerked his head toward Hiram's window, clouded in a great burst of lilacs. Dan seized the little man's shoulder.

"Now I have you. You used to be the harp player on the down-river boat."

"Guilty," Mr. Ridlon quavered. "I played double tides on the old Neptune." He sucked deep at his stub of a cigar. "Well, now I'll show you."

He came out at the back door and rolled aside the barn door with a noise like distant thunder. Dan followed him inside. Except for the little patch of shingling at the south corner where the horse stall was, the vertical siding boards were bare. Sun streaks trembled in long lines on the beaten dirt, and motes swarmed in that javelin of light, which, coming through a knot hole in the roof where the wind had blown the shingles off, fell on the swan's neck dashboard of an old blue sleigh riding the rafters. In the sleigh a giant harp had been deposited; and the sun struck fire from its tarnished gold.

"There 'tis," Jakey Ridlon said sadly. "Don't suppose I've touched it in ten years. Neptune's tied up on account of condemnation to her boilers, and I ain't in much better case myself. I'm a pretty old plug, and they've knocked my shoes off and put me out to pasture."

"If you're the man I think you are," Dan cried, "you can swallow a cigar."

Jakey Ridlon's cigar was now down to quarter size. He flicked the ash, inverted the stub on the tip of his curling tongue, rolled his eyes, and toppled the cigar into his throat. The web under his razor jaw swelled like a tree toad's in full song; he puffed, clapped his thighs, and chuffed to imitate a locomotive pulling out of a station. With each chuff a ring of smoke came wabbling out of his enchanted throat. He propelled the cigar forward to his lips again.

"To the life," muttered fascinated Dan.

"There were three men of us," Jakey Ridlon said. "Harp, banjo and violin. There was talent in these fingers then." The old harper's brilliant eyes glittered meaningfully. "If there had been a girl like Arley Parrett living then, I might have made something of myself. And then again I might not have. Things don't gee in this world."

"Why does she stay here?"

"Can't leave the old gentleman to his devices. She's pretty fond of him, where he gave her all that education." He jerked a thumb toward Hiram's study. "She's part and parcel of the Parrett luck. It's proverbial hereabouts."

"Seems to me it hasn't held," was Dan Stelle's comment. "Didn't I hear something about El Parrett's being shot down?"

"Maybe so, and maybe they showed you the bullet that did it, but that don't signify. Why, they dubbed that bullet El Parrett's luck right after they dug it out of his dead body. He had put everything he had in the world on a hundred-to-one shot, Blue Diamond, and then a horse called Lackadaisical nosed out ahead; and El Parrett never knew it. He was shot, out West, in this gun fight, before they could get a wire to him."

"Is that your definition of luck?"

"Give me a better. He lived hard and died easy. El was the seventh son of a seventh son, in pure wedlock, with no daughters between, I always say. Hiram's got luck enough—he won the Lottery, you know—only he won't lean on it.

"Why, here a few years back, just to give you an example, he started operations on the market with an imaginary hundred dollars, and right now he's got an imaginary three-quarters of a million he can call on.

"How he did it? He put that imaginary hundred into stocks, and went on doubling and recruiting it up, until right now his holdings would open the eyes of a good many people in this section, if only he had 'em. And mind you, the joke of it is at the time he put in that imaginary hundred he did have it in cash. I went down on my knees to him, all but, to get him to augurate with cash. No, sir, he was satisfied to say 'Consider it done.' Imaginary dollars he put in, and, by Mars, imaginary dollars is just what he draws out."

Jakey Ridlon sent a ring, hot with wrath, scuttling for the rafters.

"I been attempted more than once to drop poison in that old man's tea," he whispered. "He's deaf. He wouldn't hear the splash. Still, I don't do it. I wouldn't wonder now if he outlived her, and tethered her for good and all."

They heard Arley Parrett calling out from the back entry door that, times she had the table set, supper would be ready.

"You'll have to come and put an extra leaf in for me," she enlisted them.

"Guess we're going to migrate back into the dining room in honor of the occasion," Jakey whispered behind his hand. They had been through a siege of shifting furniture and washing woodwork, he grumbled; and that involved eating on the kitchen table.

They went into the house together and put in the extra leaf. Arley Parrett shook out a damask tablecloth, very sharp in the creases. Dan saw that she had changed her dress for a pink one with a ruffle at the throat, and also slipped into silk stockings and gray pumps

"Call Hiram," she said to Mr. Ridlon. Jakey laid his cigar down beside his plate and ambled out into the hall. He came back shortly with Hiram Parrett in tow. The old fellow's eyes were wide set, the hair rifted round his ears like snow. He shook hands with Dan.

"You'll have to take us as you find us," he said very loud, and sat down devotedly to his tea and creamed finnan haddie. His eyes looked through the walls, toward that region, perhaps, whence he had drawn his imaginary three-quarters of a million.

Looking past Arley's raised elbow—she was pouring tea—Dan fixed his eye on a crayon portrait sitting on a bamboo easel by the blocked-up fireplace. This would be El Parrett. Arley's likeness to that man of cards and horses was sufficiently betraying. A good many must be living, Dan supposed, who thought that El Parrett had met only with his just deserts in the shape of that lucky bullet which had made an end of him, but he had left in Arley Parrett

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Black-Headed Arley Parrett in a Blue Starched Dress and White Stockings Was First in the Full Shine of the Sun, and Then in the Shadow of the Apple Trees

BOHEMIANS DE LUXE

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"No; All That's Dated," Answered One of Her Nieces. "We Don't Aspire to the Victorian Virtues"

THE possession of permanent household property has been an important factor in society at all times and in all countries. But today in America the absence of property of this sort threatens to weave designs of queer colors and bizarre patterns into our new social fabric.

For instance, not long ago a young woman sat for two hours at the telephone in the upstairs sitting room of her splendid city house. This house had been built thirty years ago by her husband's father, a man of wealth and taste, and it had for her a great deal of charm. To be sure they had had to close off one or two of the largest rooms, and the neighborhood was not quite so exclusive as when the place had been built, but on the whole it was a delightful home.

Nevertheless she finally gave the number of her husband's business office and convinced his efficient secretary that it was necessary for her to speak to him.

"Put our house on the market!" she declared in firm tones. "I'm through! Have someone notify that real-estate broker who's been trying to buy the place and tell him he can have it."

"What in the world's the matter?" said her husband. "Has the new cook left?"

"Not only the cook but the butler. Right after breakfast. And eight people are asked to dinner tomorrow night. But I didn't call you up to tell you that. I'm perfectly serious about selling the house. I won't live here another winter."

That evening she told him in housewifely detail the difficulties which she had undergone in attempting to engage new servants. She related the whole series of distracting and almost humiliating experiences which had culminated in her decision to put their house on the market.

"It's an anachronism!" she declared. "Big houses just can't be lived in any more."

"I accept the conclusion. Now what's the remedy?" said her husband.

She handed him a clipping torn from the morning's newspaper. It stated in substance:

"If your cook leaves, if your waitress gives notice the afternoon of your dinner party, if the caterer fails to deliver your dessert—none of these things matter if you live in our apartment hotel. Simply telephone the management and at five minutes' notice it will supply a perfect dinner, perfectly served."

"Sounds like Heaven!" he agreed.

Within six months they were installed in a hotel.

The price paid for the almost perfect service which they received in their new hotel apartment was heavy. In mere money it proved to be an alarming advance on their former budget, even though they had had three or four times as much actual space before.

Every Comfort, But No Home

THEY found themselves now without any stairs, with almost no hallways, and in rooms of such stereotyped decoration and design that when they got out of the elevator they sometimes wondered whether they were in their own or someone else's apartment.

"But all that's on the material side," said the wife after a year. "And it's possible that those things may be offset by the fact that I really don't have to think of the servant question any more. Of course there's no one to leave the children with when their nurse is out; but, by and large, on the material side we've got what we wanted."

"Then you find it satisfactory?"

"I find it hideous!" she exclaimed. "The effect upon us all is terrifying. Life has become so impersonal, so lacking in any individuality that we're scarcely better than machines. This place with its cream-colored paneled walls and its imitation Adam fireplace is no more our home than it's the home of any of the other thousands of people who live in exactly similar places. Our food is perfectly served, but it's hotel food. The first few weeks it seemed delicious. We were thrilled by the thought of ordering any one of a dozen things for breakfast. Not now. The sight of a menu card makes me lose my appetite.

"And the children's manners! I don't mean that they're actually rude, but they're so inhuman about the servants. They regard them merely as automata now. In the old days, even though we did change cooks pretty often, the children were always interested in them and had long discussions about their nationalities and accents and peculiarities of temper. Yesterday I heard my six-year-old boy say to the waiter who brought his lunch, 'If the chef sends me dry toast once more, when I've ordered buttered, I'll have my mother report him to the management!'

"Then there are the rainy days! On good days they go to the Park, but when it storms or they have colds or are getting over the measles or something, it seems to me as if they were no better off than the animals in the zoo. A few square feet surrounded by walls—that's all they've got.

"In a house there is always a kitchen—of course here we don't need one—there are stairs to climb, there is a cellar to explore, and some sort of back yard. And just going from one floor to another is something to do."

She even went surreptitiously to their old house with the hope of getting it back. But it had been already resold to a corporation which intended to tear it down together with several adjacent private houses and build on their site a large apartment house.

"It will be absolutely up to the minute," said the agent proudly. "Not an inch of waste space!"

She says that the phrase made her shudder. For just as the children on rainy days felt a restless sense of confinement, so she and her husband found it impossible to stay in their apartment with any degree of comfort.

If by chance they were alone for an evening their one thought was, "Where shall we go?"

When they entertained the contrast was even more evident. Their house, which had had individuality and a pleasant old-fashioned comfort, had been a center for delightful hospitality.

They had assumed that they could create this same atmosphere in any surroundings. But to their astonishment they found that much of it had been due to their environment.

> "The guests who used to stay late after our imperfect dinners, imperfectly served, now seem to sit with their eyes on the clock wondering how early they can leave without seeming bored. I suppose for one reason when we struggled along in our house we were able to give them something most of them lacked. Now that we live just like everybody else there's no novelty and no individuality. My attitude toward entertaining has changed entirely too."

Social Nomadism

I USED to buy my own flowers and candies and fruits and give a great deal of personal attention to it all. Now I telephone the management and say, 'We shall be ten at dinner on Tuesday at eight o'clock. Give us the best dinner you can for so many dollars apiece.' It's indecent!"

In this young woman's not uncommon experience several elements are disclosed which contribute to our social nomadism.

Big city houses, except for the very rich, are no longer feasible. And even the multimillionaire is giving up his Fifth Avenue mansion. The very word mansion bespeaks, in fact, an earlier generation, whose ambitions and display differed from the ambitions and display of the socially minded today.

In rapid succession one famous big house after another is being torn down, and in their place huge impersonal apartments and hotels are being erected. It is more than a coincidence that with the destruction of unique and sometimes beautiful houses which were the scene of brilliant entertaining of a past generation, the nature of society itself should change.

A woman who had known New York in what she termed the golden eighties returned a short time ago from a long residence abroad.

She was dismayed to find one after another of the splendid homes of her friends boarded up, or in many cases torn down and replaced by skyscrapers. In certain districts a handful of big houses still stood defying the encroachment of shops and boarding houses; but, by and large, she found her friends all living in apartment houses in one fairly small neighborhood, a district almost unheard of when she had left.

"And all their places look just alike!" she declared impatiently. "I can understand why the poor have to live in tenements, all uniform and cut to one pattern. But the people I'm talking about have huge incomes.

"Of course some of them have one interior decorator and some another, and one goes in for Spanish furniture and another will use only early American pine or maple, but the effect is almost the same.

"And all this uniformity has a bearing not only upon manners and customs but even upon women's clothes. Women simply must have a background in order to develop individuality and charm. There's no elegance now."

"No; all that's dated," answered one of her nieces, running a ringless hand over her smooth clipped hair. "We don't aspire to the Victorian virtues."

"Nonsense, my dear," retorted the older woman. "You can't scare me by those phrases. Hospitality doesn't date.

Entertaining your friends isn't Victorian, nor is caring somewhat about your children's welfare entirely *démodé*. Or at least none of these things would be if you gave them a chance to grow.

"Do you know what I think is the most dreadful thing about America? The engraved Christmas card! During all these years I've lived in Europe my letters from home have been a real factor in my life—especially at holiday time. It used to be that all my friends would write me personal notes. But during the past few years my mail at Christmas has become a nightmare. One engraved card after another. Usually not even the handwriting of my friends on the envelope. Done by some secretary. Well, that's typical of all your life over here. It's become absolutely stereotyped."

"I'll admit that our backgrounds are somewhat standardized," said the other. "But at least we've gone further afield in the kind of people we entertain. We aren't limited to one little set any more. Take my dinner last night—twenty people—they included an actress, a novelist, a famous politician, a foreign portrait painter and a titled Italian." She marked them off on her fingers with a certain amount of pride.

"Oh, you're Bohemian enough!" said the other. "That's just what I object to. In my day we aimed for a small permanent group whose standards were all more or less the same. Now anybody can get in."

"No, you're wrong there!" declared the other. "Our waiting list is just as long as yours was—only the entrance qualifications have changed. Before admitting a newcomer you used to ask, 'Who is she?'—meaning, who was her grandfather? We don't ask that—don't dare to, very often. But what we ask is 'Is she amusing?'"

The Bête Noire of Boredom

ANOTHER woman of the older generation who had paid little attention to this new standard undertook to entertain a young girl last summer at her country place. The girl was from an excellent family, and in herself was pretty and her hostess thought she had charm. However, she proved an utter failure.

"She doesn't do the things we do," was the reiterated reason given by the younger crowd who ignored her. "We don't care who she is—what we want to know is what she can do."

A curious grouping comes about upon this basis. Just as in one apartment house a conservative family of distinction may have a home which is the duplicate of that of a famous gambler, or the apartment of a moving-picture star, so in the social alignment based upon doing the same things one finds startlingly incongruous elements.

When wealth began to assume control of society, at the end of the last century, it was due to the desire of the socially prominent for luxurious and extravagant entertaining which only the rich could provide. That is less true now. Money has become only one qualification for entrance into the charmed circle. In fact, to the surprise and bewilderment of some of the very rich, money alone is rarely enough.

Three girls who happened to be on the debutante lists last winter in one of our large cities illustrate this very well. One of them was the daughter of an extravagant millionaire who spent a small fortune on his daughter's winter. Another was a girl whose name represents an unusual number of generations of social prominence and conservative wealth. The third girl, without either of these qualifications of the other two, was the marked success of the season. She totally eclipsed the others because of her own vivid daring personality, plus a sincere refusal to take the game seriously.

An amusing commentary on this particular group might be drawn from the fact that the girl who was so successful withdrew from society before the end of the winter and entered upon a career in one of the arts. Her family had sacrificed a good deal that she might have a conventional coming out, and they were naturally bewildered by her withdrawal.

"It bores me," she said. "I can have a better time outside. Life's too short to be bored."

Social boredom has become the *bête noire* of young and old. The ceremonies and formalities which people of many European countries not only endure but apparently sometimes enjoy will not be tolerated by most Americans.

A good many hostesses of the younger generation say that their guests find irksome, and in fact refuse to follow, many customs prescribed by ordinary good manners.

"But don't you feel any obligation to dance with the girls whose families have entertained you?" someone asked a young man who is in demand in a certain socially smart group.

"Of course not," he answered. "They can stop entertaining me whenever they want to. I get a lot more invitations than anyone could possibly accept. Besides, it doesn't mean anything. Someone rents the ballroom of a hotel or club and sends out engraved cards. Lots of times I don't know my hostess by sight nor she me."

"Are you asked because of your family?"

"Heavens, no! Nobody cares about your family now. Why, some of these women who want to give a big party just get the catalogue of the good universities and send cards to all the men. That's literally true. It's about as much of a compliment to get an invitation to a coming-out ball as to get an advertisement from a theater describing its new show."

His method, and that of many other men and girls of similar viewpoint, is to give the ball a chance just as they give the new play a chance. If either proves uninteresting they leave.

As practically all balls in our larger cities are given, as he said, in hotels or clubs rented for the occasion, there is as little personal feeling about one as the other.

Another young man who found himself scheduled for half a dozen parties in one evening during the Christmas holidays wrote down the addresses of each and omitted the names of his hosts.

Guests Who Never Meet Their Hosts

HIS family was greatly amused the next day at his attempts to guess which had been which. They consulted the newspaper accounts and only in this way did he learn who had actually given any party.

Of course the mere physical ease of darting from one place to another in a motor car contributes a good deal to this growing tendency to move about from one impersonal background to another as the individual's mood dictates.

"The one word which seems to me to express America is 'speed,'" said an astute foreign visitor. "Rapid movement from one point to another—not primarily because you want to get somewhere but because you enjoy the process of moving."

Another European critic almost forty years ago deplored our habit of considering hotels as an end in themselves.

"In other parts of the world," he declared in substance, "people go to one place or another for a holiday because they like the mountain view or the sea bathing or the picturesqueness of the surroundings. The hotel or inn at which they must stay in order to enjoy these things is only incidental. But in the United States if one asks a native why he travels so many hundreds or even thousands of miles to go to a certain place, he will usually answer, 'Why, because the hotel is so good.'"

This is, of course, a national characteristic. Even in discussing his tours of Europe or the Orient, made ostensibly for artistic or educational purposes, the American traveler off guard will often say, "Oh, be sure to go to Perugia when you're motoring through the hill towns of Italy. There's such a good hotel there!"

And the enthusiastic tourist just returned from Japan, when asked what part of the country he enjoyed most, will sometimes say, "Miyanoshita. The hotel there is wonderful."

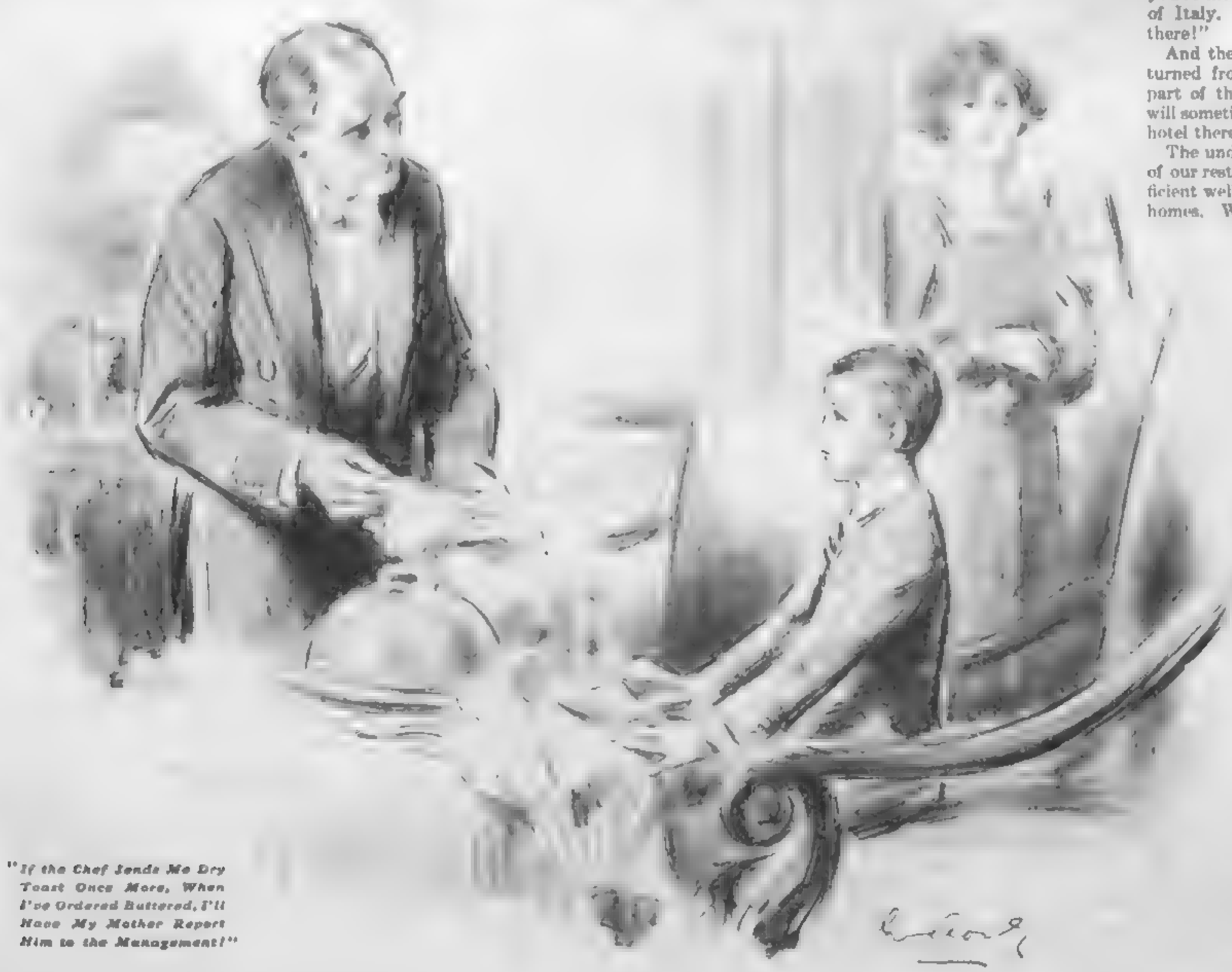
The underlying reason for this phase of our restlessness lies in the lack of sufficient well-trained servants in our own homes. We like to consider ourselves resourceful and inventive people, but in this particular branch of comfort we have been unable to make mechanical improvements replace human service.

The English think we boast too much about our plumbing. The thing they sometimes fail to realize is that to them the choice is still open either to install bathrooms or to hire servants to carry jugs of hot water to their rooms. In America the choice would be to install bathrooms or to carry our own water.

The number of well-dressed, intelligent women who may be found in any domestic employment agency trying almost pathetically to persuade reluctant servants to enter their employ will cause any thoughtful observer to wonder why in this particular and vital department of our everyday life so little ingenuity has been shown.

"There just isn't any substitute for personal service in certain lines," said an exhausted mother of a large family, whose income

(Continued on Page 221)



"If the Chef Sends Me Dry Toast Once More, When I've Ordered Buttered, I'll Have My Mother Report Him to the Management!"

ENDURANCE VILE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FORCEP SWAIN was a gesture. His arrival in Birmingham marked the high tide of prosperity for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., a concern manufacturing two-reel comedies of negroes, by negroes and for everybody of every color everywhere.

Forcep was an author, and looked the part. He was of medium height and amazing slenderness. He sported raiment calculated to put the choicest clothing-house advertisements to the blush and his colorado-claro-complexioned face was given an intellectual expression by the simple addition of a pair of straight-bridged, horn-rimmed goggles, from one corner of which a black silk ribbon extended languidly to a point somewhat abaft the authorial ear.

Mr. Swain was the coming true of a presidential dream. For many months Orifice R. Latimer, chief executive of Midnight, had cherished an ambition to strut. He gazed upon the physical properties of Midnight and found them modest. He inspected the personnel and was gratified. He turned to his books of account and smiled happily at the warm figures which indicated that Midnight was earning a big profit. But even so, Orifice felt that a vital spark was lacking.

Midnight was not like other companies. It possessed two units which were functioning constantly and at top speed. Three scintillating stars were on its pay roll in addition to a host of lesser lights. It possessed expert mechanical and electrical staffs and its product was distributed through one of the biggest firms in New York.

But Midnight lacked an author. Until the advent of Forcep Swain its literary material had been a haphazard and synthetic thing: the elaboration of a directorial hunch, the result of a newspaper prize contest, the story inspirations of the presidential brain.

When President Latimer visited New York and Chicago it was ostensibly to confer with his distributors and one or two Chicago stockholders. Actually, however, he sought an author: a person who could impart to Midnight that ultimate touch of class which would entitle it to rank with the soundest producing organizations. Orifice wished a person in Birmingham with whom he could intelligently talk plot, treatment, sequence and continuity; and Forcep was the result.

Mr. Swain had entered literature through the back door. Stressful times and a fair education found him one day working as reporter on a colored daily in Chicago. The fiction itch impelled him to undertake a space filler. Much to everybody's amazement, the newspapers' subscribers were delighted with it. Another daily serial followed, and then another. Mr. Swain was given a modest increase of salary, withdrawn from a reportorial run and accoladed author.

It was thus that Orifice R. Latimer found him. He carried Mr. Swain to lunch and talked movies. Mr. Swain had heard of Midnight; but, like many other successful artists, he held the unspoken drama in fine disdain.

"It is not possessed of no soul," he informed Orifice. "Of course, artistically it has got some possibilities and it is a medium which reaches one and all, young and old; but so far it has not afforded a proper outlet for us literary inclined gentlemen of the pen."

Mr. Latimer's eyes were distended.

"Words what you utters, Brother Swain."

"I speak conservative. It is a great concession for an author of my ability and achievement to even consider plunging into the whirlpool of film drama. I am highly sensitized."

"Boy, I sholy can tell that that's the one thing you ain't nothin' else but."

"And apparently trifling things irk me excessively. Only the lure of lucre —— Ah, by the way, a good title—the Lure of Lucre—permit me." And Mr. Swain jotted the inspiration in his notebook. "As I was saying, only the lure of lucre could persuade me to abandon literature in favor of the screen."

Orifice was vastly impressed, but innately canny.

"Fifty dollars a week?" he hazarded.

Forcep blinked. He gulped. This was twenty dollars more a week than he was now receiving. But he controlled himself.

"I fear," he said pompously, "that you do not entirely grasp the extent of a successful author's honorium. The prominent novelist receives money for serial rights, book rights, motion-picture rights, foreign rights ——"

"Golly! Ain't he got lots of rights!"

"And so, Mr. Latimer ——"

"Sixty?"

Forcep did some quick thinking. This was double his present weekly wage, and he fancied that it was Midnight's top bid.

"Under contract?" he queried.

"Yep. One year, with privilege of us renewin' same at the end thereof. What says you?"

Forcep succumbed. He made it quite clear that he was merely doing this as a personal favor to Midnight and because he was eager to do his enormous best to assist so interesting an enterprise. That night the formal contracts were signed and the next day President Orifice R. Latimer started for Birmingham accompanied by his prize author.

Mr. Swain's arrival on the Midnight lot in Birmingham created something of a sensation. A general meeting was called and President Latimer relieved himself of a flowery oration which culminated in the introduction of Forcep Swain. Mr. Swain rose in leisurely fashion, bowed acknowledgment of the somewhat pallid applause and proceeded to inform all and sundry just how valuable he was about to prove himself. In fact, he congratulated Midnight most heartily on having procured his services.

He spoke in a smooth, well-modulated voice and his pronunciation was maddeningly precise. At the conclusion of the meeting the personnel of Midnight staggered out of Latimer's office and gathered in interested knots. But among them all there were two with very definite ideas regarding the newcomer. Opus Randall, Gargantuan star, and Florian Slappey, general adviser, held a conference with each other and expressed their opinions in no uncertain terms. Mr. Randall was the first to speak.

"Florian," he inquired, "ain't that Forcep Swain somethin'?"

"Cullud boy, he ain't. He's nothin', or even less than that."

"Wisdom which you pronounciates! Honest, I ain't never seen the beat of him with his big talkin' an' highfalutin airs. Why honest, that feller is so conceited that was he an egg he'd try to crow."

Florian shook his head disgustedly.

"An' them clothes he wears! Did you notice them glasses, an' the silk ribbon, an' the balloom pants?"

"I didn't notice nothin' else. All what that feller needs to finish off his big bluff is an automobile like mine."

Mr. Opus Randall ceased talking. He ceased abruptly and significantly. He also refrained from locomoting another step, while he fixed his eyes raptly upon a certain cloud. Gradually, as Mr. Randall continued to study that particular cloud, an expression of amazing good humor settled upon his pudgy face and the corners of his lips were agitated by the beginnings of a smile. He spoke softly, half to himself and half to his companion:

"Yas-suh, that feller ain't nothin' but one big bluff. He dresses loud an' he talks loud. There ain't nothin' real about him, not no mo' than they is about my car."

Florian was staring at the portly actor.

"I tol' you not to pay no four hund'ed dollars fo' that car, Opus. Just 'cause it was painted red an' had gol' handles on the doors wan't no proof that its innards was any good."

"Fo hund'ed dollars cash money I spent fo' that measly imitation of an automobile, Florian. Fo' times one hund'ed dollars, an' I don't even know yet has it got a transmission! Now cain't you just fancy big mouf Mistuh Forcep Swain sittin' at that wheel talkin' Chicago talk to make it run? Cain't you just?"

And now Florian also fell into a trance, and his eyes sought the cloud which had interested Mr. Randall. Then Mr. Slappey's lips twisted into a grin and finally that grin blossomed into a chuckle and Florian slapped his friend enthusiastically on one large and jellyish shoulder.

"You ain't really plannin' ——"

"Who says?"

"—— to sell that ol' car of yourn to Forcep?"

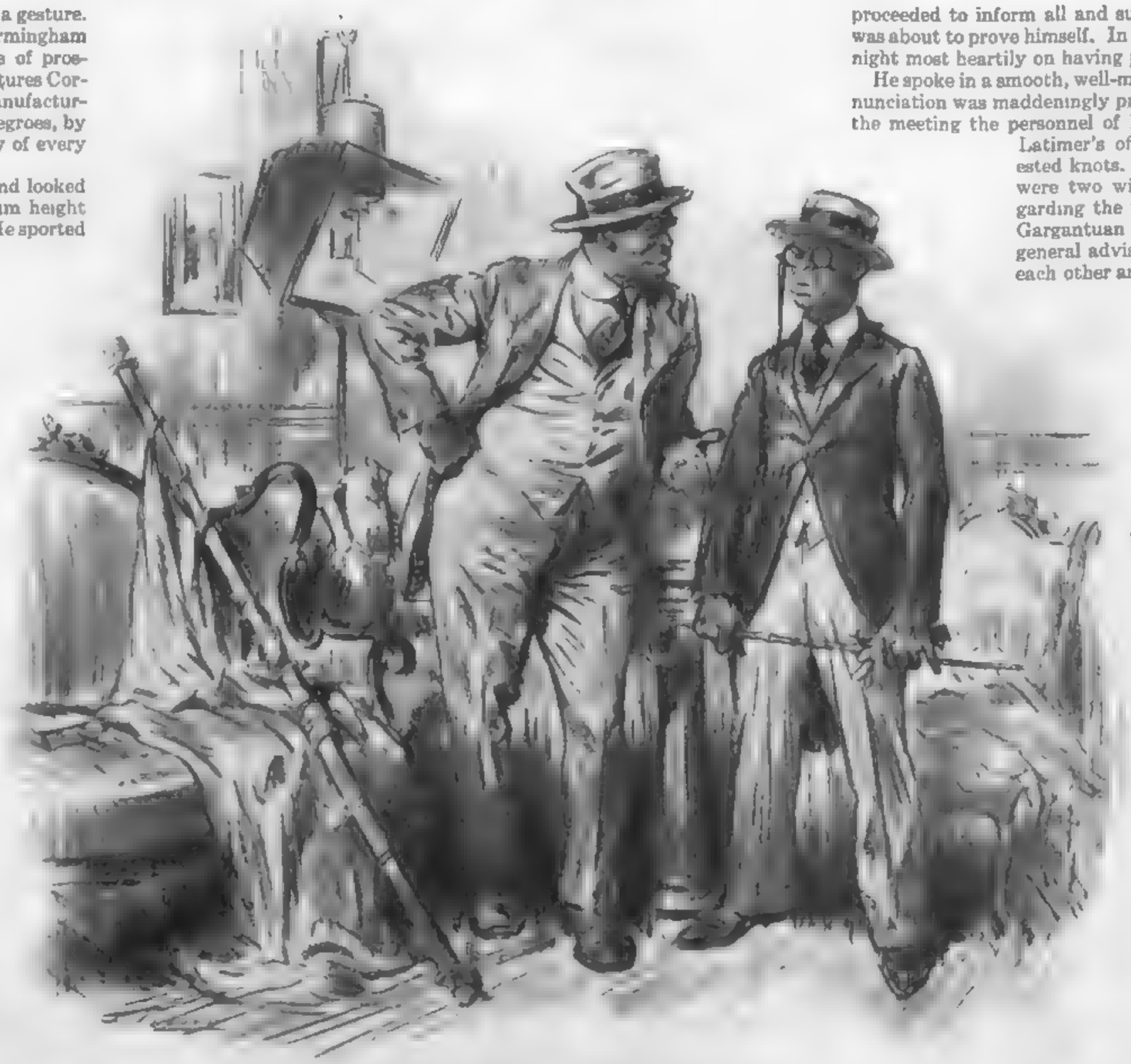
"Boy, you must have been readin' my mail, or else us has got a pair of them great minds which runs in the same canals."

Vision of the literary upstart from up North saddled with the crimson atrocity which masqueraded under the name of motor car, which was then the inactive property of Opus Randall, made an irresistible appeal to Florian. But he was skeptical.

"Nobody but a plumb idjit would buy a car like that," he remarked tactlessly. Opus flushed.

"I bought it, didn't I?"

"Well, now listen: I didn't mean no offense, Opus. I meant ——"



"Golly! Brother Swain, I Sold You That Car as Is"

"Ain't I got as much brains as that feller?"

"Man, you got seven times as much!"

"Then why shoul'n't I git him to buy it? If I could ever git the car runnin' one time just once an' git that feller in it—oh, papa, what sellin' I could do!"

"Shuh! Di'n't that mechanic tell you he could git it runnin' fo' twenty dollars? Now it seems like to me that if you inwested that much extra money ——"

The conspirators vanished into a far corner of the lot, where they discussed ways and means for Mr. Swain's discomfiture. They grinned continually, and once in a while punctuated their remarks by prodding each other in the ribs. Obviously they were exceedingly pleased with themselves, and that night when Opus Randall quit work it was to summon a certain mechanic, conduct that gentleman to his garage and make a deal whereby, for twenty dollars, the crimson automobile was to be guaranteed to run for a few days.

"Of course," qualified the mechanic, "I cain't make no real automobile out of it, but I can git it to run fo' a li'l' while."

The deal was accordingly made, the mechanic agreeing to work nights in his own back yard. Then Opus Randall set out very deliberately upon the task of cultivating the friendship and confidence of Forcep Swain.

The job was neither difficult nor unpleasant. Contrary to what one might have expected from his appearance and manner, Mr. Swain was not a half bad sort. He masked a rather engaging modesty beneath much language and welcomed the advances of everyone on the Midnight lot.

In particular he delighted Director J. Cæsar Clump by going straight to that dubious gentleman's private office.

"Now regard me minutely, Mr. Clump," he said frankly. "My knowledge of the motion-picture industry is limited by the fact that it is all strange to me. I ambition to become the screen's foremost author and realize that I must coöperate with you as well also as you with me. Therefore and because of same I desire that you teach me something about beforementioned industry, having to do particular with what sort of material you wish."

Clump was amazed. He plunged into a mass of technical detail and was delighted with the intelligence Forcep displayed in absorbing it.

"Y'see, Brother Swain," he finished, "us works fast an' frequent. We has got two units operatin': mine, which stars Opus Randall an' Welford Potts; an' Eddie Fizz's, which stars my wife, Sicily Clump. We completes a two-reeler ev'y two weeks, me doin' two to Eddie's one. We craves action an' we got to have laughs. One big wallop is enough fo' any two-reeler, but it's got to be gosh-awful funny. S'posin' you spend the next few days just hangin' round with me, listenin' to my splanations. What you think of that idea?"

"Thrilling."

"Fine! Then when you gits a hunch I can O.K. it, an' you can write the story."

Once understood, Mr. Swain was generally liked. There remained, however, a small group of doubters who refused to accept him at anything short of face value, and these were led by Opus Randall. Yet so far as Forcep could tell, Opus was desirous of being a very sincere friend.

It was Opus who put up Forcep's name for membership in Birmingham Lodge No. 17, The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise; it was Opus who had him elected to the Over the River Burying Society, and it was Opus who first took the stranger to a dance at Epic Peters' road house just off the Montgomery Highway.

The latter evening was accomplished in a taxi and Opus was voluminously apologetic

"It's thisaway, Brother Swain," he explained: "I owns me a swell towering car—the Crimson Racer, I calls it—but she di'n't run fast enough to suit me, so Ise havin' a new gear ratio instilled into it. Soon as I git her back fum my special mechanic ——"

"That is all right, Brother Randall. I assure you ——"

"We passes right by where he is wukkin' on it, Forcep. Like to look her over?"

"I should be exquisitely delighted."

Opus caused the taxi to stop near the mechanic's home. He circled the house and warned that gentleman that he was accompanied by a prospective purchaser and the mechanic nodded understandingly. Then Forcep was allowed to see the glittering decoy.

Forcep was impressed, and there was small wonder. The car shone redly in the electric light. Its ancient brass fittings were highly polished and its large wheels gave the impression of potential speed. Opus did an excellent piece of acting as he circled the car, stroking it with well-simulated affection, and once he looked up to find Forcep regarding him with respectful eyes. As they reëntered the taxi and were swept southward toward Red Mountain and Epic's road house, Mr. Swain sighed enviously.

"That certainly is a beautiful automobile, Brother Randall."

"Boy, tha's the fondest car I is of. What it has got is class an' lots of it."

"I have never possessed a car," confessed the imported author

"Shuh! 'Tain't possible!"

"Well, residing in Chicago - "

"Tell the truth," interrupted Opus genially, "that car is really too swell fo' me. There ain't ary cullud pusson in Bumminham owns a snappier bus than that, but sometimes it seems downright stravagant that I should own such. Now if I was an author or somethin' "

"Tchk! I guess you can afford it all right "

"Guess ain't is. Two-th'ee times recent I has been tempted to sell it. Automobiles cos' money to run, an' the other day when a feller offered me six hund'ed dollars fo' that car, as is, I pretty near tooken him up."

"No!"

"Uh-huh."

"My goodness, Mr. Randall, you wouldn't actually purvey that car for no six hundred dollars, would you?"

"Well, yes and no. If it was a friend ——"

Mr. Swain gave vent to a vasty sigh.

"Certainly is some magnificent equipage for six hundred dollars." Then he laughed shortly. "If you're ever foolish enough to want to sell it at that price, let me know, will you?"

"Sholy. I shuah will, Brother Swain. Don't know nobody I'd rather sell it to. Of course, it's a mighty swell car, an' ——"

" —— and you won't sell it for six hundred. Well, I don't blame you. But if you ever desire to ——"

And so the matter was left temporarily in the air. All during a highly enjoyable evening the minds of both gentlemen were focused upon the Crimson Racer. Opus knew that his prey was cornered if only he played his cards with sufficient cunning. And as for Forcep, that dignitary was fairly trembling with delight at the chance of acquiring such a magnificent vehicle at so modest a price.

In the two or three days which followed Forcep refused to permit Opus to forget the possibility of selling the car, and the greater the eagerness exhibited by Mr. Swain, the more reluctant Opus appeared. But the crowning touch came the night the mechanic delivered the car at the studio. He spoke very confidentially to Opus.

"Heah's yo' car, Mistuh Randall. It'll run, just like I guaranteed, but I dunno how far. Maybe one mile, maybe fifty—so long as you don't try to take it uphill. Trouble with that car—most of her parts is kind of loose."

A few minutes later Opus called Forcep aside and suggested that they slip away from the studio a few minutes. Mr. Swain agreed and his eyes sparkled as Opus invited him to take a spin in the car. The car glistened attractively, but to Mr. Swain, regarding it through the eyes of a prospective owner, it seemed glorified. And to his untrained ear the series of rattles and bangings which followed the starting of the motor meant nothing whatsoever.

Opus was a fine driver. He backed away from the curb and crept southward on Eighteenth Street. At Avenue F

Continued on Page 53.

The Laboring Gentleman Was Off Again. He Explained to Mr. Swain That This Was the Blankety-Blankest Imitation of Nothing He Had Ever Drove

THE MOTO CAR

Life Is Just One Donga After Another

By Stewart Edward White

SUPPOSE you, as a species, have lived on the grass veldt or the bush veldt for the past hundred thousand years or so. In that time you have acquired a considerable experience of a valuable nature, which has enabled you to save your collective skin from a great variety of constant dangers. Individually, you do not always succeed, to be sure, but as a whole you have the thing down pretty fine; as witness the multitudes of you abroad in the land.

This wisdom of experience is not only fairly effective, but it has tended to refine itself to the point of utmost utility. Thus you will expend any amount of nervous energy in alertness during the night hours in order to keep clear of even a shadow that might look like a lion; but you trouble to do little more than move aside a few yards when in daylight the lion himself passes. You are extremely skittish at the remotest sight of a pair of rounded ears that might belong to the biggest of the bats; but you hardly lift your contemptuous nose from grazing when a beast three times as big as a grand piano snorts ill temper and defiance at you for no reason at all except that since prehistoric times he has nourished a congenital grouch. You hardly bother to glance at the most awesome appearances as long as in them your quickened and observant eye catches no faintest hint of movement; but you will without inquiry depart precipitately from the choicest feed or the sweetest water if anyone or anything anywhere makes an unidentified hasty motion. It does not matter how young and foolish is the anyone who so moves, nor how far away that anywhere is. Hasty motions, you have discovered by centuries of observation, are in many cases the heralds of danger; and at even a hint of danger it is better to act first and inquire afterward. With you the cry-of-wolf fable has little if any weight. Better respond to a thousand false alarms than be eaten by the one true one.

Rhinos With a Prehistoric Grouch

BUT, as I have said, you have learned not to expend yourself uselessly. The lion does his hunting only at night; therefore when he saunters by at day you and your like merely draw one side and permit him the unobstructed passage that is his by right of royalty. On the other hand, the hunting dog courses at any and at all times, and keeps everlastingly at it until he pulls down his chosen quarry; so a glimpse of his bat ears is sufficient hint to absent yourself instantly. As for the grand-piano person with the safety-valve snort and the prehistoric grouch, he is merely a rhino whose ill-tempered rushes may be skiptiously avoided by the merest tyro. By the same token, that is why absolute immobility of the most fearsome appearance spells safety to you.

Long observation has taught you that, except in the case of the almost negligible rhino and his brother pachyderm, the elephant, absolute immobility is impossible to any living thing. Certain twitchings of the skin, movements of hair, eye winkings, and the like, are out of the control of even the most patient of watchers; and these you have become past master at recognizing. Of course you get fooled occasionally—who does not?—and you get caught and eaten; but in your numbers you have gone triumphantly into an increase that has peopled the plains.

So likewise with your own kin, from whom you have nothing to fear. You know and recognize and learn to interpret all their comings and goings, and the speed and gait of them. The grazing walk, the traveling speed of even the rapid wildebeest, the playful chasings about of your little friends, the Tommies, all these and others are familiar and pass over your attention, unmarking, as a breeze over ice. But let even a *toto* topi on a distant sky line so much as toss his head to a fixed gaze, your head, too, jerks up to the alert. And if then your eye anywhere catches motion rapid beyond the customary and usual, you are off too. You do not know what it is all about, but someone is running, and from distant dark past ages thronging ghosts rush to this pin point of the present to fill your soul with the simple dear-bought wisdom of their dead selves—if somebody runs, it is well to run too!

Thus it has been, unchanged from a past so distant that we conceive of it as the beginning. And then along comes our flivver!

Now what is the gathered wisdom of centuries to make of that? It moves; therefore it is alive. That much is absolutely definite. Animals can have no notion of anything mechanical. If it is mobile it must be an organism and must be treated as such. What are we to make of this new and queer beast? It is obviously a quadruped horizontal sort of creature; not a biped vertical sort of creature. Therefore the set of concepts species wisdom has learned about quadrupeds is to be applied to it rather than the set it has learned about man. If, of course, it has as yet learned anything about man; the beasts about Nyumbo know very little of the genus homo and nothing at all of the white species and his engines of destruction.

Very well, it's a new sort of four-footed animal, to be considered as such. What about this new sort of animal? At first glance it looks to be something after the order of the rhino. It is large and black; it moves with a sort of ponderosity and it does an awful lot of snorting and puffing and blowing. Furthermore, it is clumsy, though at times rather swift. If it is anything like a rhino it should be treated with a certain amount of respect; but it's nothing to be particularly afraid of. If we keep fifty or sixty yards away from it that should be sufficient.

It must be either much keener sensed than the ordinary rhino or much more timid, for wherever we see it, nine times in ten it is apparently running away from something. At any rate it is going at running-away speed. Furthermore, the thing it is running away from must have given it an awful scare. It was running away when it first came in sight; it continues running away; it must have been running away for some time before we saw it. Else why should it be so short of breath? Listen to its panting! Perhaps the beast is ultra timid, to be sure; but on the whole, perhaps also we'd better run too. Run first and inquire afterward; that's the only safe rule. So off we all go; not because we are afraid of it but because we are, so to speak, afraid with it.

A Flivver Among Wild Beasts

AND when we all get really going we find that this new strange beast is not really much of a runner at all. It makes a lot of fuss about it and gives the impression of enormous speed—remember this is a flivver we are talking about—but we can beat it with one leg tied behind us. Come on, we'll prove it! We'll not only beat it but we'll add the final insult by crossing its bows, even to the very last *toto* of us.

That, I conceive, to be about the mental attitude of game in presence of our *moto* car. They fear it little or not at all. Beasts in droves will come from a thousand yards away just to race alongside and cross in front of us, kicking up a most annoying dust. Having accomplished this feat, they will wheel and stare at us—unless indeed, some illy inspired idiot elects to race back again. Then, since evidently they won't take a dare, everybody else in the vicinity follows. We have had wildebeest run back and forth thus three and four times to the great detriment of our eyes, noses and tempers.

One fine morning we came out of the scrub into a wide grass opening below some mountains. Far to our left grazed a lot of wildebeest. Immediately to our front sat three perfectly good lions, pausing to look back at us on their way from last night's kill to their day lairs in the hills. Having gathered a good eyeful and not fancying our looks, they proceeded on their journey. We opened up the throttle to the widest in order if possible to head them off before they entered the brush. Our speed was not tremendous, for the preliminary slope below the mountain proper was just at that aggravating grade where the widest throttle opening barely keeps one chugging along on high gear. A breath of wind or a field daisy would be almost enough to force one into low. Still, as

If I Ever Get on an Asphalt Pavement Again I Shall Be Scared to Death

the lions were only sauntering, it was perfectly adequate. All we could do was to sit back and do a lot of heavy mental pushing. Then one of those somnolent wildebeest raised his foolish head, sized us up and started over to repeat that worn-out joke of crossing in front of us.

Fervently we prayed that nobody would notice him; or if they did notice him, that he would prove to be one of the unpopular Doctor Fell sort of people whom nobody would think of following. Vain hope. Solemnly, in single file, one by one, they fell in behind him, bearing down upon our laboring flivver in the conscientious but extraordinarily swift gallop peculiar to the species. Even the smallest infants came along. The *toto* wildebeest does not look like anything young. He is like Niobe's children in the statue, who are, you will recall, not children at all, but small adult Greek women. So with the *toto* wildebeest. There is nothing calflike about him, either in look or in action, and he has exactly the same fool ideas as his elders concerning *moto* cars.

The head of the procession swept scornfully across us about a hundred yards away—and saw those lions! The latter had stopped in astonishment. Between us and the lions was a space of perhaps sixty or seventy yards.

Now those wildebeest were here offered a plain choice. They could either abandon the enterprise and turn back to where they belonged; or, if they persisted, they must pass through the sixty-yard space between us and the lions. Furthermore, that space was being steadily diminished. They never seemed even to contemplate quitting the game. I will have to admit that *nyumbo* is a good sport. Nor did they break formation; that would evidently be equivalent to picking up the ball. In spite of the growing imminence of dangers to the right of them and dangers to the left of them, the tailenders held their places without attempting to crowd up on those ahead. But as the gap gradually closed, as Scylla and Charybdis came together, how they did run and kick up their heels and look to right and left and snort!

Racing With the Brute on Wheels

THE dust arose thicker and thicker, until it became a dense fog in which we could but dimly make out here and there dodging black forms. The lions were somewhere on the other side of it. We knew we were getting closer to them only because the tail of the wildebeest procession was now crossing but just in front of the radiator. At last we actually had to stop short. We could no longer see to drive, and we were afraid we would either run into a wildebeest or get a hoof or a horn through our precious radiator. And when the last idiot had made it, and the dust had cleared, the three lions were found to have moved on into the brush and rocks where it was futile to follow them. We saw them trailing slowly away; and on the other side, to the right, stood the wildebeest herd in a compact, goggle-eyed but triumphant mass.

We soon learned that when any of the game started this fool performance, the best thing to do was just to jog right along and like it. At first we tried to buck the line by speeding up, especially when three or four thousand beasts were in the offing just spoiling for sport. At first this stunt was interesting because of its novelty; later it got to be a nuisance. But that was exactly what they wanted. It made a sporting proposition out of a holy cinch. The line might bend, but it would never break. Even without lions to crowd things, the tailender of the herd might pass no more than twenty feet in front of the radiator and miles beyond where the leader crossed; but in front it would be. Be he never so humble, there was no plains animal that could not outrun that new brute! If there were any snorts they were snorts of derision, not of terror.

N'Dola Precedes in Light Grass to Look for Rocks and Holes

Then we worked out the psychology sketched in the first part of this article. Instead of going along at motor-car speed, we would, when either we wanted to get near the game or pass it peacefully, drop into low gear and crawl along at an ordinary slow walking pace. Thus we still presented the appearance of a new and strange beast, to be sure, but of one going calmly about its unhurried and lawful occasions. We were legitimately objects of curiosity; but as we were neither alarmed nor proud and bumptious over our own swiftness, we aroused neither the spirit of escape nor of emulation. By crawling about slowly in this manner we could sometimes actually weave in and out among the grazing animals, and look at them and take pictures of them.

At times we even got the archers a chance to loose a shaft or so at ranges shorter than would otherwise be possible, but not very often. We could take pictures or observations from the seats of the car, but in order to shoot, one had to descend and show oneself as a separate entity. A new and strange beast was all very well within limits. But when the thing stopped and gave unexpected birth to other strange little beasts that stung, why that was a little too much of a good thing. It was neither natural nor friendly, and the veldt withdrew to a good safe distance.

For this reason the *moto* car was not such an overwhelming advantage as one might imagine it to be, except that it saved one's legs miles of weary slogging, and did enable one to get long-range rifle shots when meat was desired. One could drive close and descend hastily, and get in his bullet at some hundreds of yards. This was utilitarian merely. It is, of course, inexcusable to pursue game in a car; and since a certain motion-picture man ran beasts to death from exhaustion it has also been illegal.

But predatory animals are in a different category—hyenas especially. Once in a great while, when we felt good and strong and bold and the going was not too bad, and the hyena looked especially smug and arrogant and sag-bellied, we took after him and gave him a run. As I look back on some of those wild chases I wonder how we ever escaped destruction. Of course the man at the wheel had his work cut out for him—that goes without saying; but the passengers also were not idle. They had to stay in, and also keep their skeletons from coming apart.

A Sensation on the Veldt

TO THE superficial glance, the veldt is an ideal coursing ground. As a matter of fact, its grasses are a camouflage for tribulation. Wart-hog and ant-bear holes abound. These animals believe in commodious domiciles. The holes make just a comfortable fit for a flivver wheel. Furthermore, they enter the earth not vertically but in a steep slant; so that while approaching them one way you merely leap off a perpendicular face—which is not so bad unless the shock splinters the wheel; approaching them the other way you hit that perpendicular face square on, and portions of you stop dead right then, and other portions describe parabolas and other curves to points well beyond the hole. The new holes may be identified by fresh earth; but the old holes, abandoned last year or the year before and grown over, are a different matter. A quick eye may spot them by little differences in the quality of the grass. And the eye had better be quick, for if the car at coursing speed barges into one of these things, it's *qua heri*, which is Swahili for curtains, good night.

These things must be avoided. But there are hummocks, smaller holes, round stones, little ditches formed by eroded game trails, a certain proportion of which cannot be avoided. Their encounter makes a grand and bouncing crash which must be wearing on axles, steering gear and such trifles, and is certainly hard on the passengers' back teeth. I am quite certain that at times I have flapped in the breeze.

We create a sensation. Nobody minds it that a hyena is being chased. That part of it is all to the good; everybody hates a hyena and is delighted to see him pursued. But the grand row, noise, rattlety bang is astounding. The whole veldt stops in sheer amazement. One day a wart hog sat up to stare perfectly bung-eyed; then as we passed

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By Crawling About Slowly We Were Often Actually In and Out Among Grazing Beasts

A VERY PRACTICAL JOKE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

THERE was a man named Hawks, Guy Hawks, who, under the pseudonym of Guy Fawkes, wrote each day a column for one of the New York papers, a column sometimes humorous, sometimes full of irony and sometimes frankly tragic, by way of comment upon the panorama of metropolitan life which passed before his eyes. One day in December his column was headed: The Loneliest Man in New York. That which followed was a wistful thing; and most people who read it, whether they were cynical men of the world, heartless old women, overdriven salaried folk, or giddy younglings full of a sentiment which they concealed as though it were shameful, found their eyes filled with tears. Mander was the man whom, in writing, this Hawks had had in mind, and whom, without naming, he nevertheless so pitilessly portrayed.

The sketch grew out of a conversation between Hawks and Mander and Paul Keets, over their dinner at a restaurant in Eighty-sixth Street; one of those restaurants which, without ostentation, nevertheless succeed in attracting to themselves a little coterie of loyal patrons, so that night after night you will discover the same faces at the tables there. Keets, a wealthy young man with an annoyingly universal sense of humor, had been urging Mander to make one of a boisterous party for Christmas Eve. Mander had declined, as he had already declined the invitation which Hawks—who had a pleasant apartment and a wife somewhere uptown—had given him for the same occasion.

When Keets pressed for a reason Mander said, groping for words to explain his feeling, "I don't know whether you'll see what I mean. But—I haven't any relatives, anywhere, you know." He hesitated. "And Christmas is a family time," he reminded them. "If I have sense enough to stay by myself I won't have to watch other people at their happinesses. It won't be quite so tough. But if I went to your house, Guy, the chances are I'd crab the whole party and cry all over the rugs."

He was equally sure that he did not wish to fall in with the rowdy plan proposed by Keets.

"There's a certain satisfaction in sitting back and pitying myself," he explained, "and that's what I propose to do."

Hawks saw a story in the situation and confessed his impulse to write it, and Mander good-humoredly gave him permission, stipulating only that he should remain anonymous. If the young man felt any hurt at having his secret heart thus bared before the world, he kept it to himself. Hawks must have had some scruple; but when he came to the writing he forgot his qualms in the artist's enthusiasm for his artistry, and the result was one of his conspicuous successes. Keets, however, saw in the whole incident only a colossal jest; and when, a day or two later, the three met once more for dinner at the same café, he drew the clipping from his notebook and read aloud excerpts here and there, embroidering them with ribaldries of his own, hugely enjoying himself, and ignoring or failing to see the fact that he made Mander uncomfortable.

"The thing has made quite a hit," Hawks said when Keets was done. He was sufficiently human to feel pride in his own ability to play upon the emotions of his readers. "A lot of people have written to invite you to dinner, Mander."

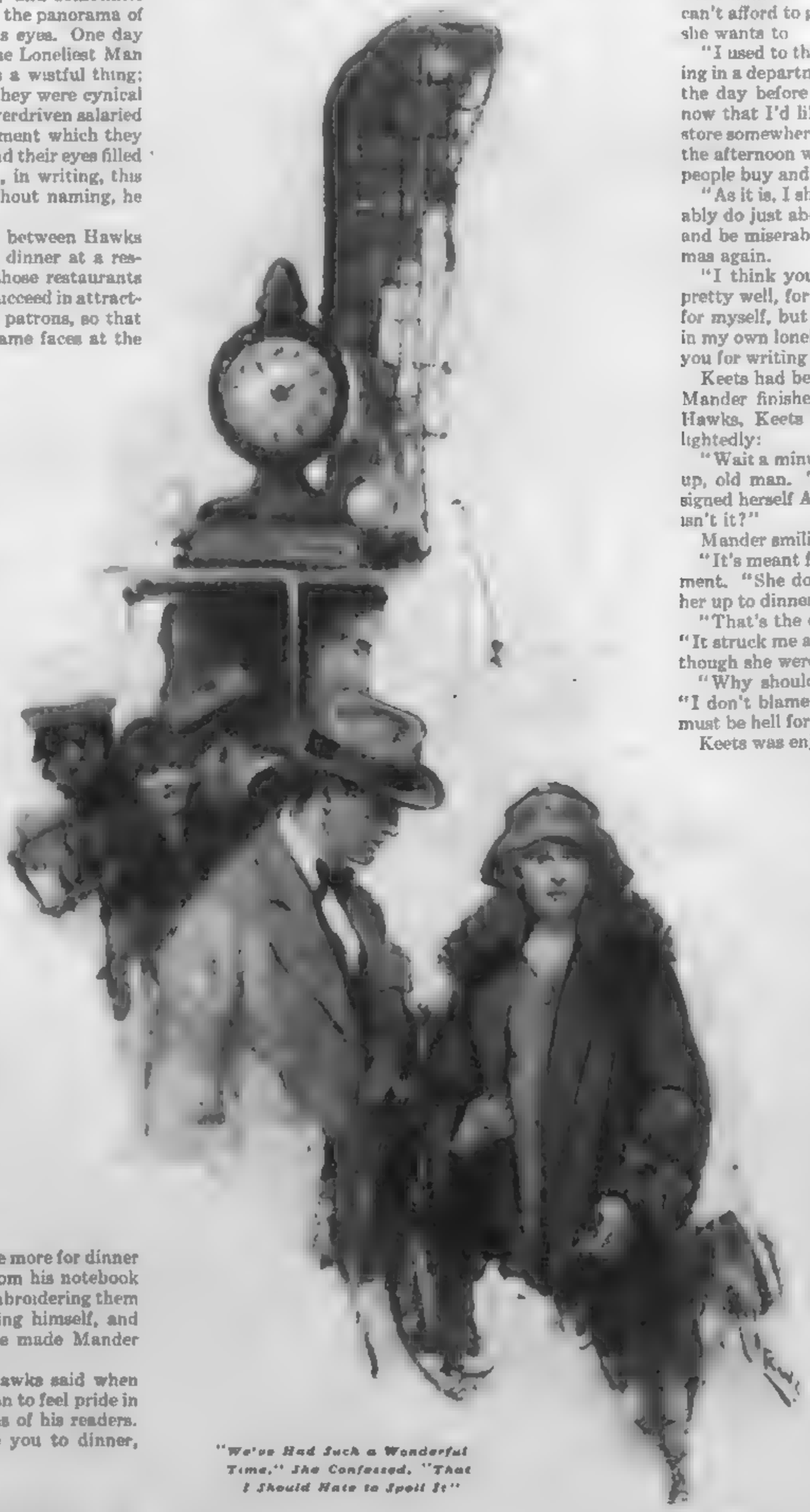
Mander smiled uncomfortably.

"I suppose so," he agreed.

"One letter rather struck me," Hawks continued, and fumbled in his pocket. "Most people want to take you in hand and make you happy if it kills you, but this girl seems to understand without wanting to do anything about it. Apparently there's none of the altruist in her. Who was it said that an altruist is apt to be a great nuisance to his neighbors?"

He handed Mander the letter, and Keets leaned over so that he might read it at the same time; and after reading a line or two he slapped his hand upon the table and laughed delightedly.

"Say, that's great stuff!" he exclaimed. "Guy, I wish I had your power over women."



"We've Had Such a Wonderful Time," She Confessed, "That I Should Hate to Spoil It"

Hawks made no reply, and Mander read on; but as he read his eyes became thoughtful and full of sympathy.

"Your story today came very close home to me," the girl had written to Hawks. "I don't know whether you had any real man in mind or not; but there must be many men who will find that you have described them very accurately, and more girls than men, I expect, don't you? A man alone in New York makes a lot of friends, and there is no reason why he shouldn't. If he doesn't happen to be sensitive he can have a good time even if his own family and his own people aren't within reach at Christmastime. But a girl can't make friends so freely; and if she comes here from the country, expecting to do great things, and then finds herself forced to stand all day behind a counter, or wait on table in a restaurant for a living, she doesn't even dare to write home to her folks and tell them the truth, and she can't afford to go home at Christmas no matter how much she wants to.

"I used to think that I was lucky because I'm not working in a department store, and so I can get away at noon on the day before Christmas; but I am beginning to think now that I'd like to get a job, just for that day, in a toy store somewhere, to see the fathers and mothers come in in the afternoon with their children, and to watch the things people buy and see how pleased they are.

"As it is, I shall go home at one o'clock, and I will probably do just about what this man will do—sit in my room and be miserable all by myself until the day after Christmas again.

"I think you must be a man who understands people pretty well, for you haven't only made me feel very sorry for myself, but you've also made me see a certain beauty in my own loneliness at this time of year. I want to thank you for writing this story as you did."

Keets had been reading over Mander's shoulder, and as Mander finished and would have returned the letter to Hawks, Keets caught it out of his hand and cried delightedly:

"Wait a minute! Look there! She wants you to call her up, old man. There's her telephone number. And she's signed herself A Lonely Girl. That's good enough for you, isn't it?"

Mander smilingly shook his head.

"It's meant for you, Guy," he said to Hawks, in amusement. "She doesn't know I exist. Why don't you invite her up to dinner at your place? I expect she'd come."

"That's the only part I didn't like," Hawks confessed. "It struck me as not so good—that telephone number—as though she were fishing for a date."

"Why shouldn't she?" Mander said sympathetically. "I don't blame her. It's tough enough for a man, but it must be hell for a girl."

Keets was enjoying the situation.

"And she says," he pointed out, "that she'll be free from one o'clock on. What could be fairer? She didn't know you were married, Guy."

"Well, I happen to be," Hawks reminded him.

"I don't think you're quite fair to this kid," Mander urged. "You two don't know what it means to be lonesome. I do."

"Why don't you call her up?" Keets suggested eagerly, slapping the table as though inspired. "There's a proposition for you! The loneliest man in town and the loneliest girl! Take her to dinner and show her a good time."

"I wouldn't do that, Mander," Hawks advised. "She's probably a sentimental little thing, or worse. Better leave her alone."

"Say," Keets protested, "you're a hard-boiled egg! Haven't you any heart in your old carcass, Guy? They call me a tough one, but I wouldn't turn down a girl like that. Chances are she's as ugly as a hedge fence and can't get a date any other way, but what do you care, Mander? Have a little sweet charity. Take her out and give her a touch of high life. It won't do you any harm. You might enjoy yourself; you can't tell. And she'll have something to remember." He laughed boisterously. "Here's romance, ready-made for you, Mander; adventure and all that sort of tripe. Go to it!"

"If I thought she was on the level I would," Mander declared thoughtfully. "It rather appeals to me."

"What do you care whether she's on the level or not?" Keets insisted. "She's not trying to hold you up. Leave your money and your watch at home if you're scared. Take her out and show her a good time."

Mander did not commit himself, and he was more inclined to accept the conservative advice of Hawks than the adventurous counsels of the other man. But the matter stayed in his mind; and that evening, alone in his apartment, the young man found his thoughts more and more returning to the girl who had written the letter. Yet it was at last rather impulse than decision which led him to pick up the telephone and call the number she had given.

In the interval after putting in the call he realized for the first time how ridiculous this was. He did not even know for whom to inquire, and he was on the point of hanging up the receiver when he heard a click at the other end of the wire and a girl's voice said, "Hello!"

Mander, trying to think of a way by which he could extricate himself from what he abruptly realized was a predicament, automatically replied, "Hello!"

But he said nothing more, and after a moment the girl repeated again, "Hello!"

So he mustered courage to tell her who he was, and to ask her who she was, and to propose what was in his mind.

When he left the telephone a little later he realized with some uneasiness that he was committed. She had agreed to meet him in the Grand Central at half after two on the day before Christmas, and she told Mander that he might know her by the coat she would wear—a knee-length brown plaid sport coat with raglan sleeves, and with a bit of red ribbon twisted in the buttonhole.

During the succeeding days Mander forgot his uneasiness in an increasing interest in the approaching adventure, and it amused him to plan with some care what he and the lonely girl should do together. Mander's own origin was rural. His memories went back to a fine old New England house, rich with the flavor of years and severely furnished with decorous pieces as full of dignity as a genteel old lady. Some such memory as this dictated the plan which he eventually formed—a plan which another man would have had difficulty in carrying out, but which for Mander was sufficiently easy of accomplishment. He was at the time managing superintendent of one of the big moving-picture studios, and so had under his direction a man whose business it was to find suitable locations—the term is technical—in which to stage small dramas. It was in Mander's mind to stage a little drama now. Through the offices of this man, supplemented by a trip on his own account, he completed the arrangements he had in mind; and when a day or two before Christmas a considerable fall of snow carpeted the open spaces in the parks with white and filled the streets with a splashed and spattered porridge of dirty slush, he felt that the last necessary touch had added itself to the season and the hour.

The only uncertain element in his project was the girl herself; and this being so, it was in a mood of some anxiety that he took his position in the middle of the Concourse of the station at the hour appointed for her coming and began a scrutiny of all those young women in brown coats who passed before his eyes. It seemed to him there were a great many of them; but within five minutes of the set time he discovered one who wore a twist of red ribbon in her buttonhole, and he gave her a careful scrutiny. He thought she seemed to be very tired. There was something drawn and weary in her countenance; but there was in it also something which he found attractive. It was not so much that she was pretty. It was a quality less tangible, as though it were the emanation from the spirit which dwelt within her. Her garments, he saw, were inexpensive, yet chosen with a decent taste and in such a manner as to give that effect of simplicity which is an attribute of more expensive wear. In short, a nicely dressed, attractive, rather tired-looking girl with something about her eyes which suggested that she was accustomed to wear glasses and had this day left them behind, or perhaps that she had had insufficient sleep the night before.

Mander, full of an eagerness in harmony with the season, caught perhaps from the smiles and the hurry of the crowds, forever changing, who thronged past his post, approached her and spoke to her, smiling a little as he did so.

"Is this Miss Whitten?" he asked, using the name she had given him.

At the sound of his voice she turned quickly to face him, and smiled at him in a way that was not so much pleasant as appraising.

"You're the lonely man?" she asked half banteringly.

"I'm the fellow you read about," he admitted; "but I don't believe I'm going to be so lonely, after all."

"It's up to you," she said, something challenging in her tone.

He nodded.

"Now listen," he said quickly, touching her arm. "Maybe I'm all wrong, but I've planned a rather particular sort of time for us. I've more or less taken it for granted that you'd be pleased, and I want to surprise you too. Is there anything you'd rather do than anything else?"

She made a gesture full of a curious hint of cynicism.

"You're the one to say," she told him.

"I suppose," he continued, "the usual thing would be to take you to dinner, to a theater, and go somewhere afterward and dance; but there'll be such a rout of people doing that tonight, and it doesn't appeal to me. If that's the best thing they know how to do, I've no quarrel with them; but unless you'd rather do that than anything else, I've something else in mind."

"You're the doctor," she said lightly.

He looked at her curiously, faintly surprised by her tone.

"The only thing is," he told her apologetically, "the stunt I have in mind isn't conventional. Are you easily shocked? Is there anyone who might jump on you for anything you might do?"

"Nobody has any right to jump on me for anything," she told him definitely; "and as for your other question, I've lived alone in New York for quite a little while."

He glanced at his watch.

"Then if that's all settled," he said, "we catch the 2:55 train."

"The train?" she repeated doubtfully.

"Look here," he told her. "What I want you to do, if you're willing, is just to put yourself in my hands. I've told the people where we're going that you're my sister. That's all you need to know. I wish you'd just open your mouth and shut your eyes while I give you something to make you wise."

She laughed a little, abruptly and with a faint catch in her voice.

"I haven't heard anyone say that for twenty years," she exclaimed.

He was leading her toward the train

"Did you ever live in the country?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 142)

"Let's Not Spoil This by Remembering That it May Not Happen Again. We Can be Melancholy Afterward if We Want To"

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

"The Taxi Man Refused His Fare!" Cried People, Staring at Peach

IX

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT HARDLY mattered that people like the man Willsher and his kind commanded Miss Peach Robinwood not to feel lonely, promising that they would surely ring her up and take her out dancing and dining ere long. She was lonely; and furthermore it was borne in upon her, by some subtle process of the feminine mind, that the Willshers of this life were not exactly what she had set out to look for. She was looking for adventure; Mr. Willsher was no adventure. She was looking for charming cultivated people of great beauty and flying wits, such as she had read about in the best periodicals; the Mr. Willshers of the world did not fill this bill. She was going to be a fashionable woman; fashionable women, she shrewdly suspected, would turn from Mr. Willsher.

If only John Lexham had not shut himself so firmly and coldly out of her cabin that last evening; if only he had not traveled from Southampton to London in that carriageful of selfish men; if only he had appeared at Waterloo Station to see if she had traveled comfortably, found her luggage, and so forth! If only ——

Of course, he knew she had a maid, an experienced maid, to attend to the minor troubles of life. But still ——

She saw his high head, above other people's heads, as he sorted out his own bags and trunks; while she stood daintily aloof from the fray, and Eve assembled hers.

"Never mind," Miss Peach Robinwood adjured herself; "I am in London."

Many people were being met by friends. Relations came and kissed them and took them away, chatting intensely, in motor cars.

The person Willsher passed by, pausing to say tenderly, "No one to meet you? Too bad, too bad!"

"Most of my friends are out of town," said Miss Robinwood. "They are mostly in the shires at this time of year."

"Hunting people?" said Mr. Willsher dubiously.

"Hunting people," replied Miss Robinwood.

Mr. Willsher lighted a large cigar, reflected and passed on. After all, he had met many lovely girls on ships, and parted from them forever on the pier at New York or in Waterloo Station or wherever the divers ways separated. Still, he meant to call Miss Robinwood on the telephone. He really did.

A wife from Streatham then met Mr. Willsher, and before Peach's very eyes he changed. He became a sober, God-fearing, family-loving man. She heard him say what a dull voyage it had been. He and his wife got into a taxicab with his luggage and they went away to Streatham.

Miss Peach Robinwood stood more daintily aloof than ever, reflecting bitterly that all people seemed alike once they were at home. Rovers stopped roving and wolves were sheep as soon as they got out of the wood.

The maid Eve, looking sweetly pretty, announced that she had gathered together their baggage, and it was now on a taxicab, awaiting her mistress' pleasure.

"Black's Hotel," said Miss Robinwood.

They drove away and all the people of the ship were myths; they vanished; Peach knew no one in all this strange world save her maid Eve. Eve was wonderfully happy, however; serenely expectant.

"I hope you have friends in London, Eve?" said Miss Robinwood with dignity. "I shouldn't like to think of a girl like you moping alone in a hotel night after night while I am out enjoying myself. I should be sorry to bring you here to be lonely."

"Ah, I have many friends, mademoiselle," said Eve, "and if mademoiselle can spare me this evening, I would like to go out dancing with a gentleman who is in the service of a very nice lord."

"Certainly," Peach replied kindly, while her heart shook.

That evening she crept to bed at nine, for very shame declaring herself exhausted. The week's triumphs were over, there were no flowers, there was no welcome; and if a telephone message came it was for Eve, who, begging mademoiselle's pardon for the liberties her infatuated friend took, could be heard promising to be fairly punctual.

Eve then crept out in a subservient manner—but one could see the hem of her dance frock under her sedate coat all the same—and, looking around deprecatingly, as if she were searching for a back stair, went down in a lift, like her betters.

What was there left for Peach to do but go to bed, complaining of her prostration? She put on silken pajamas such as Lenville had never seen, gave herself over to abandonment and put perfume behind her ears. It was of no use. Things were no better.

"So," said Peach to herself, gazing around her from her pillows, "this is Europe, is it? London? Black's Hotel?"

They were. There was not a doubt of it.

Peach thought, "I wish Amy's friend had said what happens in hotels."

In the early dawn Eve came home. Peach awoke and heard her moving softly in the next room—the little room with the connecting door, where she was to sleep. Eve was singing to herself very softly a little French chanson. Somehow it sounded as if positively anything might have occurred. It was all Peach could do not to spring out of bed and, running to that door in her pajamas, cry, "Oh, Eve, tell me ab-so-lutely everything he said and did!" But this would not do. She restrained herself. She fretted. She wept. She ate some chocolates. She fell asleep.

Yes, this was indubitably London; this was indubitably Black's Hotel, and just as indubitably, Eve knew! Eve

knew that she had no friends, no grand introductions. The position was appalling.

For two days Peach endured it. She came down to her lonely meals in a large dining room, and the most benign and understanding head waiter pitied and attended upon her personally. For two days dowagers up for a day or two from country fastnesses raised lorgnettes and looked upon her; for two days liverish colonels on leave from India inquired of one another who she was; for two days ancient peers, also up from country fastnesses, and whose town houses were closed for the winter, said, "The young woman may be all right, but in the old days they never had that kind of thing at this hotel." For two days Peach, reduced almost to humility, wondered why the custodians of this ancient keep had let her in at all, until Eve explained.

"They know me here," said Eve. "I have come here with titled ladies. When you asked for rooms, I recommended you, mademoiselle."

"Do you like Black's Hotel then, Eve?"

"I like the night porter, mademoiselle."

Peach knew just one name among the teeming millions of London—John Lexham. She got her telephone directory and looked him up. There he was—Lexham, Sir John; Arthur's Mansions, Mayfair. Mayfair 0000.

Eve passed close by, to see the big letters at the top of the page over her mistress' shoulder.

"Lew-Lid," read Eve. She pursed her mouth. "Shall I get a number for mademoiselle?"

"No, Eve," mademoiselle answered stoutly.

It seemed incredible that two whole long days out of a hungry, palpitating life could just drag out in so dire a fashion. But at the end of them Peach had a plan.

"Eve, there is publicity."

"Mademoiselle?"

"Eve, you understand everything; I know you do. I—I shan't try to deceive you. I am a stranger here; I haven't any friends. And I shall go mad—mad, Eve—if someone doesn't soon come and call upon me."

"What will you do, mademoiselle?"

"I shall put paragraphs in the best papers saying Miss Peach Robinwood has arrived from the States for a few months' stay at Black's Hotel. I shall send my photograph to the illustrated weekly papers in my silver frock and in my pink frock and—in those black georgette pajamas."

Eve shrugged. "Alas, the pajamas may be the only way."

This was why John Lexham, staying in Leicestershire with a friend for a fortnight's hunting, opened his Telegraph the first morning of his visit to read that Miss Peach Robinwood had arrived from the States for a few months' stay at Black's Hotel; and his Morning Post offered him the same information. And ten days after that his friend—in an exceedingly after-dinner mood—handed him the latest Weekly Words, which had just arrived, making some cheery comments upon the colored frontispiece, which was Peach in pajamas of black georgette against orange cushions, smoking a cigarette in one of the longest holders in London. "A fair American: Miss Peach Robinwood," ran the underline.

"One must meet this," said the friend, gazing. "Who knows her?"

Sir John Lexham expected a wonderful day's hunting on the morrow, so he did not forgo that; but when he had come in after six glorious hours in the saddle, he bathed and changed as quickly as possible, and by midnight was at Arthur's Mansions, Mayfair.

x

THERE was a Mrs. Mount living in a proud but soiled little house in the Eaton Square direction—the Honorable Mrs. Mount. She was an indefatigable middle-aged lady of immense perspicacity, who lived quite comfortably on no income at all. People who did not know said, "How does dear Ada do it? It is very funny." But the truth was that she lived on what she called her commissions, and her wits. She arranged a decorative social life for plebeian people, introduced rich but humble fools to expensive dressmakers, and undertook—it was her private boast—to present practically anyone at court who could afford a train to her frock, and Mrs. Mount's "commission." Sometimes she let her house and her visiting list with it, and her visiting list fetched a pretty high figure; but it just happened that this winter she was living in the little house and was in when John Lexham called.

"Darling John!" said Mrs. Mount, who was his cousin several times removed.

"Are you in work, Ada?" asked John Lexham.

"No," said Mrs. Mount, ringing for tea; "that is to say, I have a little thing or two on hand, things that certain people have asked me to do for them, and I am taking that girl who won the Bombay Sweep on a round of country-house visits a little later perhaps. But beyond that, my time, I regret to say, is my own and unpaid for."

"In fact," said John Lexham, who looked extremely purposeful, "if I introduced a client, you could give her some attention?"

"My dear! But certainly!"

Then John Lexham produced Weekly Words.

Mrs. Mount took one look at the frontispiece and withdrew from beneath a cushion several newspapers of varying age.

"Ah," said John Lexham, "you've seen 'em."

"Of course, my dear."

"Then you've probably moved in the matter."

"No," said Mrs. Mount, with candor; "I have been making inquiries about the girl—fruitless so far. No one seems to know anything, and hardly anyone has so much as noticed the paragraphs in the papers. The picture, of course, is different."

"Very bad taste," said John Lexham, frowning.

"But what," said Mrs. Mount, expostulating, "is the young creature to do if she wants to attract attention?"

"Why should she want attention?"

"Why not?" replied Mrs. Mount.

John Lexham sat very sternly regarding Peach in her black georgette pajamas against orange cushions.

"Half shutting her eyes like that!" said he.

"I think the creature is very cunning," said Mrs. Mount. "I could do a great deal with a creature like that. What interests you?"

"I know the girl."

"You know her?"

"That is to say, we crossed on the same boat. We—You know what boats are."

"Tell me instantly everything about her."

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Peach Came Down to Her Lonely Meals in a Large Dining Room, and the Most Benign and Understanding Head Waiter Pitied and Attended Upon Her Personally

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1925

Too Liberal Discounts

NOTHING is more certain to take the heart out of conscientious public prosecutors than to find hardened offenders, whom they have succeeded in convicting only by the most arduous labor, turned loose to prey upon the public after they have served an inadequate minimum sentence. In recent years both they and the people at large have suffered altogether too much from this sort of thing. Parole and pardon boards were established with a commendable desire to mitigate the rigors of the law; but their functions have been misused so frequently that many jurists would be glad to see them abolished, root and branch.

Penalties for crime are subject to too many and too liberal discounts. The experienced criminal, like the good business man, takes every discount going; and in appraising the consequences of conviction he figures in not only time off for good behavior but whatever clemency he may expect from the state pardon board. Some of these bodies, by their complaisance, have done an infinite amount of mischief.

The cases in which they have been influenced by corrupt means are probably so rare as to be negligible; but in the long run political debts have to be paid in one way or another and it is not always easy to deny favorable recommendation to an old friend in the legal profession.

These pardon boards have for some time been under fire. The eyes of the community are upon them, and it is going to be increasingly difficult for them to get by with recommendations for undeserved executive clemency. There are, under our procedure, far too many loopholes of escape which enable the guilty to get off scot-free. It is the height of folly, therefore, to maintain state prison boards if they are to have the effect of further weakening the effectiveness of the law and of removing crimes of violence from the list of hazardous activities.

A New York jurist with a turn for mathematics has lately computed that the odds in favor of the criminal as against society are forty-three to one.

We cannot vouch for the accuracy of these figures; but if they are within hailing distance of the facts, our methods of law enforcement and our penal procedure need a thorough overhauling.

The criminal element in New York must have hailed with marked disapprobation the recent action of Mr. Alexander Konta, whom Governor Smith had just appointed parole commissioner. Almost his first official act was to deny fourteen out of thirty-one applications for parole on the expiration of minimum sentence. Commissioner Konta, after personal investigation, decided that his fellow citizens would be safer with these offenders in prison than back at their old tricks. Accordingly he denied their applications for parole. From the purely personal angle this must have been an unpleasant ruling to make.

There is urgent need of more public officials who are prepared to do disagreeable things in the line of duty. Neither the state nor the individual who refuses to do necessary dirty work can hope to escape the consequences of slacking on the job.

Culturine

IT IS the proud boast of almost every American town and village that while many residents frivol their time away, there exists a nucleus of the serious-minded, bent upon self-improvement. There are clubs for either or both sexes, meeting once a week or twice a month or once a month. To sketchy reading circles are to be added the more formal and formidable lyceum courses. Audiences gather in the women's club or Masonic temple or in great tents built for the purpose. No obstacle of time or place prevents the carrying out of these aspiring intellectual programs.

To the sum total of intelligence in a thousand communities these activities bring a real addition. Sneering at these sometimes too serious efforts at self-improvement is a caddish performance. But a valid criticism of the intellectual engagements of the average small-town club, feminine or otherwise, lies in the waste of costly and distant searching for pseudo culture when the genuine article is to be had near at hand.

Lecturers are imported from far-off cities to ladle out superficial platitudes on art, drama, poetry and many other subjects, but the fee paid to these smooth-spoken persons is more for their platform manner and get-up than for their mental content. Too often the professional lecturer's knowledge of his subject is gained third or fourth hand at the best, and as an authority in his field he is likely to rank well below the local high-school teacher. But perhaps the audience gets its money's worth in the honeyed phrases and self-assurances so characteristic of the imported spieler.

No doubt audiences have an inalienable right to pay and listen to whom they please. If they prefer the canned and sweetly glossy veneer of the bored professional, who keeps wondering if he might not have got one hundred dollars instead of seventy-five for his lecture, to the unvarnished but genuine and unaffected learning of the modest local professor, that is their own affair. Distance always lends enchantment; local resources are the least considered.

The program committee prides itself on having obtained the much advertised Mr. So-and-So from a thousand miles away, but meanwhile a dozen local topics cry for understanding. Why do not these worthy ladies, who gape at the flashy inanities of a two-by-four celebrity, learn from the county nurse of the underfed children in the pine barrens only twenty miles away? Perhaps Mr. Smith, the harassed supervisor, is not much of a platform orator, but in an hour's talk he could tell the club more about their county highway system than most of these voters will learn in a lifetime.

With universal suffrage, all these seekers after culture are voters; many are taxpayers. They complain at the amount of taxes, but give over their mental energies to superficial understanding of the glittering generalities of learning. The problems of the very existence of their own communities receive but scant interest.

Life does not consist of bread alone. But to study the eighteenth-century drama of Lithuania in five lessons at two dollars per, under a dapper and polite lecturer, when the inmates of the county farm are not getting enough to eat because of the ignorance of the citizenry, involves a real and basic inconsistency.

Intellectual and cultural possessions cannot be imposed in prescribed draughts from the outside. They are the natural flowering of favoring conditions, of which civic sense and duty performed are not the least. They rest also upon knowledge, which is at best but poorly injected after the fashion of a hypodermic. Its most fertile soil is reality, and reality is often the duty nearest at hand. The man or woman who masters his or her occupation, however humble, is possessed of more knowledge than either the deliverer or the receiver of all the half-baked lectures in the world.

The Slovenly Life

THE newspaper which in its day was probably the greatest that America produced achieved its excellence not so much by the brilliance of its editorials as by its policy, or by the state of mind which dominated it. This may best be described as the antithesis of slovenliness. It abhorred inaccuracy or even carelessness of statement. It demanded the exact, the literal fact, when that could be had.

Newspapers may lead or may follow the public mind and taste. No mean institutions in themselves, their real importance lies in their reflection of the thought and action of the people, actual or potential. If newspapers as a rule "get the facts wrong" in most, or many, or even a substantial number of cases, the fault does not lie wholly either in the technical conditions of journalism or the innate indifference and mental or moral defects of its practitioners. Back of these stands the passive indifference of the reading public, which has a carelessness of statement of its own.

Inaccuracy is perhaps not a capital offense, but it is demoralizing in its effects. To a large extent it is the daughter of sheer laziness. Once there was a telegraph clerk who failed to deliver a message to an old-time resident, property owner and taxpayer of a small town, lacking, as the message did, a street address. The clerk had inquired at both hotels, he said, and no such person was known there. Pressed as to why he had not consulted the town directory or telephone book, in both of which the name appeared, he could give no clear explanation.

But of course the real explanation was that the man, being too shiftless to carry through even that short distance, had not taken the trouble. He was doomed by an effortless nature to rise no higher, and to damage as far as he could in his relatively modest position the attempts of employers to give intelligent service.

In certain kinds or departments of activity a relentless accuracy is demanded. If a locomotive engineer read his signal as negligently as the average person observes the facts upon which conclusions and opinions are based, the railroads could no longer boast of safety. If reporters and copy editors were as exact in stating and arranging facts as army and navy officers and men are in the same pursuit, there would be less complaint regarding the untrustworthiness of the press.

Reporters are often discharged for writing articles which prove to be substantially untrue or dangerous. A less severe but none the less real system of punishment should be adopted for those who bungle names, dates and addresses to an extent which is not libelous, but continues to encourage readers in their tendency to slovenly thinking.

Accuracy in general may be a shade more complicated, but on newspapers it consists mostly in loyalty to almanacs, encyclopedias, the telephone book and the back pages of city directories. "Walking encyclopedias" are not at all necessary, but encyclopedia addicts are. Pedestrians to the bookcase are essential, but pedants are not.

A prize is given each year to the newspaper that performs a notable service. It might be hard on the judges, but why not give the prize some year to the paper that contains the fewest slight errors? At the very least, a good example would be set to the rest of the community.

Large achievements are built upon small, line upon line. Ability and even character are compounded of many trivial exactitudes—writing the customer's name correctly, telephoning to the right Smith, mastering the next detail of one's job. We live in an exacting world in which great accomplishment is rarely the lot of mental slatterns.

Can the Country Village Come Back?—By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

THE general store at the Four Corners had been doing business for more than forty years, but was now closing up. Two trucks were backed up to the platform in front and their drivers were helping the merchant load his stock for transportation to the county seat, to which place he was transferring his storekeeping activities. The reason for this change, the merchant stated with some bitterness, was that he could no longer make a living at the Four Corners. Conditions and people had changed.

Where formerly the farmers within a considerable radius had done their trading with him, they now got into their automobiles and scooted past his store to the county seat, six miles distant, or even to Rochester, which was nearly thirty miles away. He had done everything he could to hold their trade. He maintained a delivery rig and when the farmers were busy they could telephone to him and get their purchases sent out. He sold them their stuff as cheap as anyone in the county. When they were short of cash he was always willing to extend credit and never worried them about their bills. Were they appreciative of these things? The merchant would tell the world they were not! More and more they had just used him as a convenience, only buying little things when it wasn't handy to go somewhere else. If he stayed there a few years longer he would starve to death.

The two big trucks were loaded and started down the road toward the county seat. The merchant brought his little delivery car around from the back and went into the store to see if anything had been forgotten. He came out again, locked the door and took a final survey of the half dozen village dwellings and the scattered farmhouses that had been his field of operations for so long.

"Good roads and automobiles," he said solemnly, "certainly have played Ned with country storekeeping. I'll bet in another ten or twenty years there won't be any country stores or country villages either!"

Four Corners had reached the end of its rope in a commercial sense. Years ago it not only boasted the store but several manufacturing enterprises. There used to be a gristmill, a cooper shop, a blacksmith shop and a factory for making pumps out of cedar logs. These were all one-man enterprises, but enough to make Four Corners quite an active center in the old days, and a gathering place for the farmers roundabout. A debating society for years held monthly meetings in the hall over the store. National politics were stoutly argued in the store and workshops. Each Fourth of July all citizens forgot partisan politics to join in a rip-roaring celebration that began before daybreak with a salute fired from the anvil of Ed Gilbert's blacksmith shop, carried on with a basket picnic in Johnson's grove and ended with fireworks set off from the bridge that spanned the creek just above the gristmill.

That sort of country village life has, unhappily, disappeared with the march of progress. Economics plays no favorites, and the more efficient methods of great factories eventually crowded out Four Corners' one-man enterprises. The sons and grandsons of these men are now scattered among the industrial plants of Rochester and Buffalo. Even the mill pond is no more, for a spring freshet carried away the log dam and crops now grow where formerly the water was a dozen feet deep. The closing of the general store rang down the curtain on Four Corners' commercial life that had lasted upward of one hundred years.

There is no question that the old-time country village was a vastly desirable American institution. Yet the country villages of the country have been slipping for forty years. Can they come back? Can those that are left survive the trend to the big cities, started by the development of industrialism and tremendously accelerated during the past twenty years by automobiles and good roads?

Manifestly they cannot carry on quite in the old way, because the one-man manufacturers cannot produce their wares at a price to compete with organized and powerful industrial plants. But, curiously, the same forces that despoiled the country village are now working toward its rehabilitation. Four Corners will probably never again be a manufacturing community, but despite the predictions of its last discouraged merchant, Four Corners has a better chance than ever before to hold its own as a trading center. Let us analyze the philosophy of retail buying.

From the beginnings of railroads up to the arrival of automobiles, the buying habits of Americans were fairly standardized. The

(Continued on Page 213)

STILL HITTING ON ALL SIX

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Bachelor Ballads

I. Might-Have-Been Stuff

WE MIGHT have lived in a little old house
With rows of books on every hand,
With the maple settle, the rush-seat chair,
The luster bowl and the candle stand.
We might have argued about whose clothes
Should lie in the chest with the queer old brasses.
We might have sulked and then made up
And drunk our health in the Stiegel glasses.
But everything passes.

And someone else owns the little old house,
While I live alone in a three-room flat,
With a cracked luster bowl and a rush-seat chair
And a settle that sags and has lost a slat.
I cook my breakfast and make my bed,
But I haven't the time to polish brasses.
I'm not very good at cleaning pots,
And I've cracked all but two of the Stiegel glasses.
And the candle stand's covered with cigarette ashes.

CHORUS:

Oh, life is full of might-have-beens,
But I'm not discouraged yet.
If I can't get just the thing I want,
I'll want what I can get!

—Kenneth Phillips Britton.

Here Comes Santa!

Modernizing the School Festival

THE Slavic Slant. Krisovitch Kringloff, in Chauve-souris togs, gambols in and does a dance expressive of joyous bourgeois prosperity. The Bolshevist ballet follow stealthily and, after a dance interpreting hatred of capital, murder Krisovitch, seize his toys and distribute them, to the strains of the Internationale.

2. The Volstead Vein. Santa, sporting a fur-lined overcoat and silk hat, enters on tiptoe, carrying a suitcase. He is halted by the Sunday-school superintendent, who shows a Federal agent's badge.

Santa winks at audience, opens case and hands out box, which superintendent opens, releasing large jack-in-the-box which hits him in the nose.

"Goin' South This Winter, Tallow?"
"Yepup, Goin' Down to Iceland!"

This will delight the little ones. Before he can recover his dignity, Santa starts a mechanical train of cars and trips him up. Superintendent apologizes, and helps distribute toys.

3. With Vodvil Verve. Mr. and Mrs. Santa come on in a toy-laden flivver, and stall in center of stage. They jump out and inspect car, convulsing the audience with connubial cracks and rare old flivver wheezes. After vain efforts to get under the car, and witty remarks about reducing, Santa discovers audience and decides to give the nice presents to these good little kiddies, instead of carrying them farther.

4. In Conference. The saint, in an up-to-date office, confers with the Sunday-school teachers, who represent managers, high-tension men, and so on, and discusses the best ways of selling the idea of peace and good will. Santa demonstrates a Christmas tree.

5. The Holiday Holdup. A gang of little boys from the infant class, impersonating masked bandits, threaten Santa with revolvers and capture his toys. When his identity is discovered all is settled in a friendly spirit.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Tricks of the Trade

NOW maidens and matrons who flock in the summertime
To Long Branch and Chatham and York Harbor, Maine,
To board an express, in this bleaker and glummer time,
And hike for Palm Beach and Miami are fain.

Time was they did not. Then I'd rail at the editors,
For bathing-girl jokes would have gone out of date,
And back they would come while I'd stall off my creditors,
And shiver before the last coal in the grate.

But now bards like me who vend verses satirical
To humorous journals at five dollars each,
May still find a mart for our carolings lyrical.
Oh, God bless the man who invented Palm Beach!

For Example: The Front Porch of Any Florida Hotel

"Well, did you have a nice day?"
"Who's the new man on our floor?"
"Bridge? Sorry, dear, I don't play."
"Well, just one caramel more."

"Who's the new man on our floor?"
"Oh, do you come from Montclair?"
"Well, just one caramel more."
"Who's the thin girl over there?"

"Oh, do YOU come from Montclair?"
"Why did you double that bid?"
"Who's the thin girl over there?"
"He is the NOISiest kid!"

"Why did you double that bid?"
"What's that fat dowager's name?"
"He IS the noisiest kid!"
"Scott plays a pretty fair game."

"What's that fat dowager's name?"
"Wasn't the consommé good!"
"Scott plays a pretty fair game."
"Say, what's that feller's name? Wood?"
"Wasn't the consommé good!"
"Schultz was two up at the turn ——"
"Say, what's that feller's name? Wood?"
"My, what a wonderful burn!"

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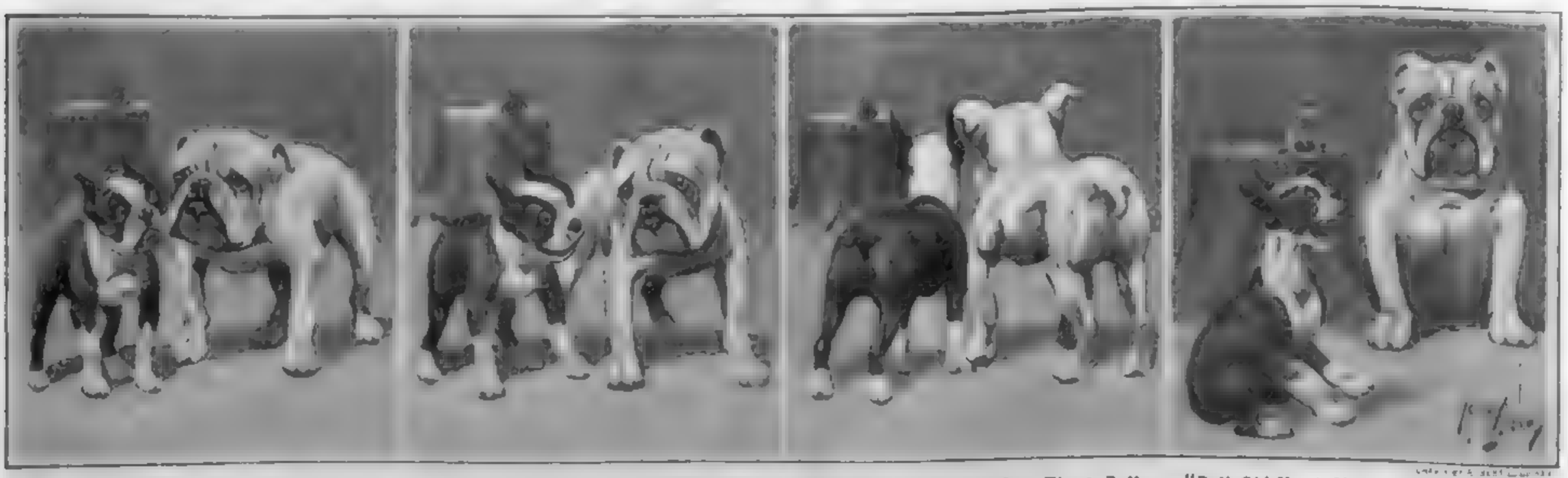
Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Beans, I Wonder How Much Longer We're Going to be Harangued With This Evolution Stuff!

"I Say It's a Joke! If Man Came From Monkeys, Where Did I Come From?"

"Do You See That Frog Over There, Bull, Sitting on That Stump? Well, You Just Go and Sit Alongside of Him a Moment

"Bull, Old Man! If You Could See What I See, You Would Never Question Evolution"

So easy to prepare Cream of Tomato with Campbell's. See directions on the label.

The flavor you always remember!

Ruddy, ripe, luscious tomatoes! How tempting they are! How good they taste!

Yes, but you do not relish them at their delicious best until you eat Campbell's Tomato Soup. For it is even more than the puree of the finest, selected tomatoes, blended with fresh country butter.

It is what Campbell's famous French chefs do with these splendid ingredients that creates a new and fresh flavor to be enjoyed only in this soup.

All the rich tomato goodness is here. But our great chefs have put so much of their own art and their own skill into it that something different and individual is produced.

Something your appetite never forgets!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

I WANT TO BE A LADY

XI

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

And so he fell on sleep; and half waking and sleeping he saw come by him two palfreys all fair and white, the which bare a litter, therein lying a sick knight. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for he slept not verily.

THE valley through which the Clawhammer ran was still another of those narrow clefts among the hills that made of travel a penance and a scourge. At the outset the trail led along one tilted slope or the other; and the horses plugged on laboriously, every foot of the way a scramble. There was no level middle ground. Down in the gorge the loose rock and bowlders tumbled from the cliffs choked the stream; and mixed in with this were jams of broken, twisted timber and other detritus swept down by centuries of snowslides and cloudbursts. Across this trap the trail zigzagged at intervals.

He Was Humming to Himself, Too, as He Cooked His Breakfast. Not So Bad, This Shack. Nothing Wrong, Either, With the Grub

At such moments little was said either by Judy or the man with her. She kept glancing ahead, her eyes puckered and a frown on her brows; and there was something manifestly uneasy in the way she studied the trail and its high surroundings. Farlow, too, awoke before long to something of what the day's journey would involve. One could of course go on, perhaps indefinitely, since there seemed no end to the wilderness ahead; but how about getting back again? He realized, in fact, what she'd meant when she bade him have a look at the hills around. But it was no longer a question whether he could find his way out again. The point was, could she? Whatever her feelings were, though, she did not speak them; and her air resolute, her lithe figure swaying to the scrambles and plunges of the pony she rode, she kept the outfit, pack horses and all, steadily on the go. It gave him, to be frank, a new idea of his own ignorance and inexperience. Nettled, he began to take a hand in the proceedings.

Before long it was a wild jumble they found themselves in. The bowlders, set thickly together, were overlaid with another mat of broken tree trunks brought down by a slide; and he was struggling with the lead horse, trying to extricate it from the mess, when she edged in alongside. "Look out; let me round him to. You'll get hurt if you're not careful," she warned. Hurt, maybe. Irritated, however, he had no thought of it; and his air curt, he waved her to stand aside. Then, awkward and clumsy, though determined, he worked the pack train out of the tangle and set it on the way again.

She watched, a dry smile on her face. "You're not very complimentary, are you?" he remarked. If his tone was tart, it was not more so, however, than hers.

"I don't aim to be," she returned dryly. Maybe not; though the day before, when he had breasted across the slide ahead of that avalanche, she had seemed to have a different feeling; and he eyed her curiously. Again she looked unruffled and impervious.

"Do you know this trail?" he asked.

"So-so," she replied indifferently.

He had to laugh. At the sound she pinned an inquiring eye on him. "What're you laughing at, son?" she inquired.

"At you," he replied promptly. "You're surely a wonder! Have you really ever been up here before?"

"Once," she answered calmly. "Pop fetched me up here once on a hunt."

"How long ago?"

"'Bout ten years back," she answered idly.

Ten years! That meant she must have been about twelve years old or so. It meant, too, that she relied on that long-past experience as a child to pick out that blinding, twisted trail. Having digested the fact he spoke again. "Your father must have wanted something to do, toting a child up here."

"Who, pop?" She gave a shrug. "He and I were like brothers. I guess pop wished I was a boy." Maybe so. Maybe, too, Jeff Caswell had done his best to make her one. Farlow was considering this when she smiled obscurely. "Pop had a shine for this country up here along. He said it showed up what was in a man. That's why I brought you here, I guess," she added calmly.

"Did you?" retorted Farlow.

"Don't get riled now. I was just mentioning it," she returned evenly. Then after a moment she added, "Pop brought mother up here once, too; and if she could stand it I figure you can."

He made no comment. He was past that for the moment. Jeff Caswell's wife had died in the first year of her marriage; and if she, too, had been led into this screaming wild it must have been sometime shortly after the marriage. Was it on her wedding journey? That, too, was a thought; and he was digesting this when she drawled, "Mother had grit all right. Pop said she was scairt stiff at the hills and all, but she wouldn't let on. She fought it off, pop said; and before she came out of the hills again she was out picking wild flowers alone. Hey, you rabbit! Keep out of that!" The yell she gave was aimed at one of the pack ponies. Gathering its legs under it the pony had scrambled up a ledge jutting out from the slope, and now was preparing to jump to another ledge, beyond which the huge slab ended in a drop twice its height. At her cry, though, it halted; and pulling up, she looked at Farlow over her shoulder. "All right, son; if you're feeling yourself so slick," she drawled, "just see if you can pry that hawse out of that."

It took minutes to do it. The pony had managed to scramble up the ledge, but to scramble down was something else. Its ears back and fighting, it resisted all Farlow's efforts to manage it; and meanwhile she looked on, her figure lolling idly in the saddle, her hands resting on the pommel, and again a dry smile on her face. Finally, however, he managed to straighten out the mess; and after that for the time being they seemed over the worst.

The steep gorge widened out into a more level and open valley. The bowlders and broken rock gave way presently to patches of grass that merged a mile or so beyond into a long meadow, another park. Silence again had fallen on the two; and Farlow rode along, his alert, reviving spirits a good deal of a contrast with the moody sullenness of the day before. Somehow, too, the grim magnitude of the hills and the surrounding solitude seemed less to oppress and stifle him. The high, formidable acclivities and the changing shades and tones along their slopes were, at any rate, a scenic background out of the ordinary; and he felt, too, the crisp, clear air beginning to bubble in his veins. What had happened perhaps after all was not so bad; and he was humming lightly to himself when he looked to find her watching him.

Her eyes wandered uncomfortably. "Rand, that was plumb mean of me, what I did."

Mean? She jerked her head back toward the gulch out of which they had emerged. "Back there, I mean." Farlow though still wondered. He had, in fact, forgotten both his recent struggle with the pack train—that as well as her derisive smile as she had looked on, letting him untangle the mess single-handed. "I guess I'm sorry," she murmured—"being low-down like that."

"You mean laughing at me while I blundered?"

She nodded. "I don't aim to be mean. I let the hawses get into a fix just on purpose though. You were getting kind of perky; and I let on to find out if you really could manage."

"That's all right," Farlow returned amiably; and he was about to speak again when all at once he cut himself short. She had stopped abruptly, reining in her horse. Her head was bent and her eyes were roving about.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"Hush!" she warned.

He listened.

They were at the moment edging their way through a line of timber that reached out from the hillside; and bent forward in the saddle she peered across the opening. Something was, in fact, sounding on the silent air. It was the same something, too, he had heard the day before miles back at the rock slide, a bar of errant, familiar music.

. . . far away to leave you now;
To the Mississippi River I am going!

"Don't move!" Judy Caswell ordered brusquely.

Wondering, Farlow's eyes followed hers.

A lone figure on a horse moved out of the timber on the opposite side of the valley. It was three hundred yards or

(Continued on Page 46)

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HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 44)

so away; but in the clear, hard light of the hills it was as sharply visible as if only a stone's throw away. The horse, a big upstanding sorrel with clean limbs and a long, undulating stride, loafed along, snatching at the grass as it headed along; and the rider seemed equally indolent and at ease.

He had one foot out of the stirrup and his knee crooked about the saddle horn. The bridle reins drooping and his hat pushed back on his head, he was wringing melody from a mouth organ.

. . . where's my wife,
She's the pride of my life,
And the child in the grass with its mo-oth-er-r-r!

Judy spoke as if to herself, "If the hawses scent his they'll whinny!"

"Who is it?" Farlow asked.

She hushed him with an uplifted hand. "Don't make any sound. It's a fellow I know. The wonder is he hasn't run across our trail already."

Farlow studied her momentarily. Her face was flushed, the color creeping beneath her tan; and he could hear her breathe. In spite of her warning not to speak or move he asked, "What's he doing here?"

"Him?" She gave a shrug. "Mooching around—hunting a mine, he lets on."

"A mine?"

"Something or the other. The galoot thinks he'll find what he's hunting at some rainbow's end."

Farlow looked back at the figure. Even at the distance he could see the lone rider was young, stalwart, well set up. He had not to rely on the glance alone, though, for a knowledge of the rider's good looks. "That's Truby Cole, isn't it?" he remarked.

Another spurt of flame flared into Judy's face and she turned to him in the saddle.

"How do you know?"

"I've seen him before."

Judy's face grew harsh. "At Sim Fessenden's, more'n likely?" It was so. "Drunk and raring, like as not?"

Farlow nodded. "He wanted to fight the crowd."

"He wasn't always like that," said Judy slowly; "once he was as straight and likely as you'd want."

"I know," returned Farlow quietly. "I've heard about him."

Had he? If he had, though, she made no response to the remark, nothing unless it was the quick sharp look she gave him. Then her eyes trailed back to the lone rider. He and his horse still loafed on, and as the two rounded a shoulder of a hill and were lost to view, she moved abruptly. "Come along. We turn here," she directed.

The slope at that point shot upward as steeply as the peaked roof of a house, and for a moment Farlow faltered. "You said the trail went up the valley," he objected; but she still didn't speak. Herding the pack horses on, she led them up the steep incline, and Farlow followed. It was not until they were well up on the hillside that she awoke from her silence. Farlow's horse was lagging; and over her shoulder she flung at him a gruff command.

"You'll have to keep a-moving, you hear? We've got a job ahead of us!" It seemed they had too. An opening in the timber gave a glimpse of the country into which they were heading, its forefront guarded by a long snow-capped ridge, a spine of jagged rock raised like a wall across their course. "Yonder's the hossback," she said briefly, waving a hand toward it.

Farlow said nothing. It was evident by now why she'd turned off abruptly from the comparatively easy going down below and had headed up into the trees along the timber line. However, if she meant obviously to take no chances of encountering the lone rider they had left behind, it equally was evident that she had other reasons for her hurry. A thin rack of cloud was creeping in from the north and west, and her eyes on this and the bare, lofty summit of the rock wall on ahead, she kept energetically on the go. Noon came, then passed, yet she made no stop to build a fire and eat. Farlow, of course, had no guess as to what all this involved. Neither had he any clearer idea of her plans. All he knew was that she had some destination in view, a goal of some sort; but what was to happen when she reached it was another question. He made no protest though. He was merely curious to know what the outcome was to be. She could keep on traveling indefinitely, as far as he was concerned. The fact was he felt himself coming back. The hills, the crisp, clean sunlight and the air—that and the adventure of it had put a new, all-but-forgotten tang in his veins. As for the girl with him, if she was conscious of his changing mood, she made no comment. She spoke rarely, only heading on in her haste. The afternoon already had begun to wane when they reached the long ragged scarp of rock and began to climb.

The moment was, in its surroundings, another point of time and place Farlow hardly would be likely to forget. The silent loneliness of the rock and its shorn ragged sides was enough to have daunted the hardiest. The clouds closing in already had begun to swirl about its caps and ridges, pouring thinly like smoke through the funnels of the gulches that rent its sides; and in the wind flurries that crept down from above was a raw chill that stabbed like a knife. For the first time that day Farlow uttered a protest. He was no hill man, and all this was new country for him. He could guess, however, what might happen if in the fog and darkness they got astray up above; and his lips blue and his teeth chattering already from the raw wind, he ventured a brief remark on the risk. In return she put her chin over her shoulder and eyed him briefly. "Scairt?" she inquired.

The blood crept into his face as he heard her. After that he said nothing.

The course the pack train took headed straight upward toward the top, swinging briefly to the east as it neared the crest. A broken ledge at this point led around the shoulder of the rock; and numbed now and shaking in every joint, Farlow found his newborn liveliness and exhilaration ebb swiftly from him. The vapor, thickening, had become a fog. Through it one barely was able to see a stone's throw ahead, but still the pack train pressed along. Once or twice in the journey over the divide it seemed evident they must be off the trail and wandering; but if so, it was only for an interval. Then out of the greasy vapor overhead a spit of rain fell, the drops, ice-cold, stinging his face like shot. The flaw passed, though, as they rounded the shoulder of the hill; and beneath him Farlow felt the ground begin to fall away. Half an hour later, down the slope and in among the trees, again he shook himself together. "Well, you made it, didn't you?" he remarked.

Her face was dripping from the rain. From under her felt hat she gave him another look. "I set out to," she replied briefly.

She, too, looked cold—fagged as well. If so, however, there was no hint of it in the way she still urged on the horses. Darkness was already closing down, and Farlow looked about him. If she meant to camp it was time she picked a camp chance. Below them, in the dim light that still held, he could make out the floor of another valley through which ran a wide brawling stream; and he was wondering if she meant to pick her way down to it through the coming darkness, when there was a crash and a crackling among the timber and a dozen dark shapes plunged into view, leaping helter-skelter along the slope. The startled horses fell back, snorting wildly, looking, too, as if they meant to bolt. "What's that?" Farlow exclaimed; and he reined up sharply.

"Elk," she said briefly. Methodically she rounded up the horses and got them into line; and as they went on again he saw her begin to look about her sharply, peering through the timber at either side. All at once an exclamation escaped her.

"Well, here we are!" she said.

At the timber's edge, revealed dimly in the fast-fading light, was a small one-room shack, its walls of logs and the roof sheathed with slabs. He still was gaping at it when she spoke again.

"Come on, there! Tumble down, son, and get busy."

XII

IT MUST have been minutes before Farlow managed to wrench his wits out of the maze into which they'd been plunged by the mere view of that lone unexpected habitation. A house, one of any sort, hadn't entered into his calculations. Plowing along among the hills and with the bright sunshine dazzling he had, at any rate, hardly thought of where night would find him. They would camp somewhere, he figured, and at daybreak go on—that was the extent of his reflections; but that the march should end like this, a house for a shelter—well! The solitude, imposing its own rugged conditions on those that tracked into it, seemed, in fact, to strip all else down to realities; and one forgot, in the trackless waste, the petty laws and other formalities of settled civilization. You went on your own in here. All was aboveboard, nothing sneaking. But here was that hut, a house. As such, it brought back with a rush all the fixed, ironclad rules with which men and women surround themselves. There were moments when in his perplexity Farlow could have whistled.

The pack horses were rounded up in front. Patiently they waited in the drizzle.

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Clinging to the Tree Trunks and Bushes for Support and Dragging One Foot Along Behind Her, Judy Caswell Was Heading Toward the Cabin Door

How *Better* Buick Design Reduces Owner Care

Buick covers its spark plugs with a steel cover so they cannot get wet and short circuit. Other elements of the Buick ignition system, likewise, are guarded against the trouble that rain or sleet brings to many cars.

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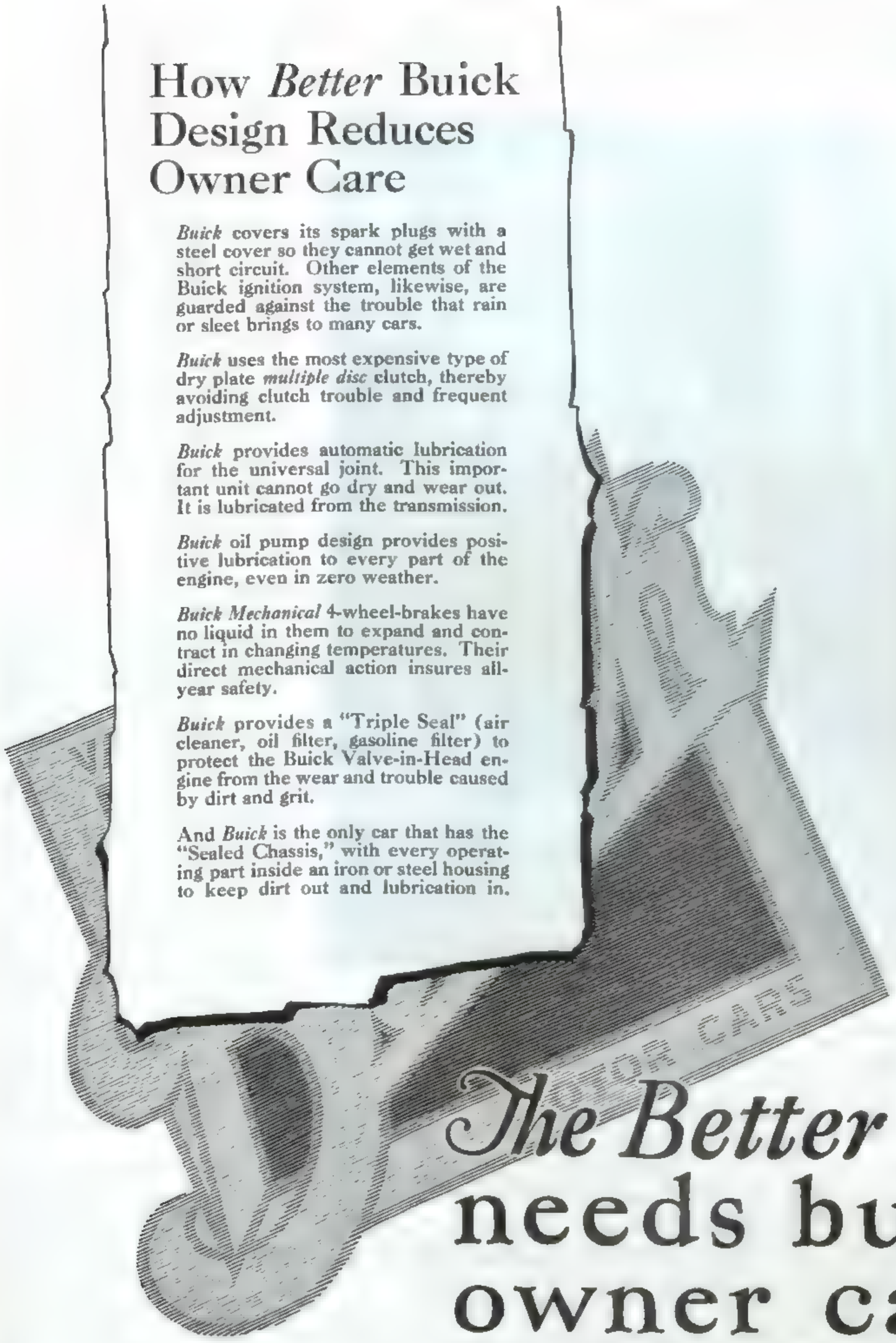

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

KEEPING TIME—By John Philip Sousa

AS I GREW in popularity a number of men and a few women began to do supposed imitations of me—some of them clever, some of them the broadest kind of burlesque. Walter Jones, a comedian with Rice's musical pieces during their stay at Manhattan Beach, was a constant attendant at my concerts and began giving imitations of me wherever he went with musical comedy. As his fame increased as a mimic and a burlesquer of my conducting, there grew up a host of others trying to emulate his example. Lafayette, Zimmerman and others took up the mimicry. On an occasion when Klaw and Erlanger's Round of Pleasure company was at the Knickerbocker Theater in New York, they gave a benefit for the Herald Ice Fund, and I volunteered and brought my band up from Manhattan Beach to take part in the performance. Walter Jones was the comedian of the play. After I had given my program, and while the audience was still applauding and I bowing, Mr. Jones walked on the stage made up in a perfect disguise of me. He came over, and with great dignity extended his hand and then spoke.

"Ah, Mr. Jones," he exclaimed, "I desire to congratulate you and your splendid band. I knew there was something in you when I saw the clever way in which you mimicked me last season in In Gay New York and I am glad to see you got such a good band of your own. Go ahead, my dear Jones, go ahead." And with another hearty handshake, the actor, still mimicking my walk, bowed himself off as the concert proceeded. It was so well done that for a moment the audience itself was surprised.

Mr. Sousa and Mr. Edison

The Mecca of Musicians

JUST after the Spanish-American War started, I applied to Gen. James H. Wilson to join the Sixth Army Corps, requesting that I be permitted to fulfill the engagements I had for concerts, after which I would proceed to the headquarters of the division at Chickamauga. Unfortunately I never saw one day of service. I sent the general some information as to the formation, cadence and duties of army bands, but just as I was about to go to Chickamauga I was taken ill with typhoid fever and for sixteen weeks was laid up. When I was restored to health, the war was over. I received the following letter from Major General Wilson, who had been informed by my doctors of my condition and why I had failed to report:

"HEADQUARTERS
"DEPARTMENT OF MATANZAS AND SANTA CLARA,
"MATANZAS, CUBA.

"JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, ESQ., "May 29, 1900.
"Paris, France

"*Dear Sir:* In as much as you accepted my invitation at the outbreak of the Spanish War to become the musical director of the Sixth Army Corps, I now take pleasure in handing you the headquarters badge, which you are entitled to wear upon all occasions.

"My idea, you will remember, in asking you to accept the above-mentioned position was to utilize your great skill as a composer and director in securing uniformity in the music of the regimental bands, without which regularity of time and step in marching, especially in parades and reviews, is impossible. The necessity for this needs no demonstration to military men.

"You will also recall that I recommended you to the War Department and the President for the commission of captain in order that you might have proper rank and consideration in the performance of your duties, but for some reason not explained and much to my regret the commission was not issued. It is understood that while this was a disappointment to me at least, if not to yourself, you were prevented by sickness alone from reporting for duty at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga.

"Wishing you continued success, I am,
"Very respectfully yours,
"JAMES H. WILSON,
"Major General, Vols."

On December 28, 1897, The Bride Elect, for which I wrote the libretto and music, was produced in New Haven by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. A number of New York critics attended to write up the initial performance. The success of El Capitan had been so great that naturally there was great interest in the question whether I could do it again. With a cast without a star in it, the piece made a wonderful hit. At the finale of the second act, "Unchain the dogs of war," the enthusiasm of the audience was very great, and Mr. Bunnell, the owner of the Hyperion Theater, came to my box and said, "Mr. Sousa, I'll give you $100,000 for your opera."

"Thanks, very much," I replied. "It is not for sale."

Next morning a newspaper man who was present deplored the fact that poor Bizet died in poverty three months after the production of Carmen, while I was offered $100,000 for The Bride Elect. In meeting the gentleman afterward, I said to him, "I do not know whether your remarks about Carmen were a reflection on my opera or on Mr. Bunnell, who offered me $100,000 for it. I think the reflection should be against the French managers who failed to see the beauties of Carmen and did not offer Bizet a huge sum for it. For myself I admire the American manager more for making the offer than the French managers who failed to do so."

And that characteristic belongs to America. Europe may call us infants in musical art, but America today is the Mecca of every European musician who has anything to offer. In fact, some of them come over when they have nothing to offer. Some theatrical managers drive close bargains, but I want to say a word about what I consider the greatest theatrical firm America has ever had. I refer to Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. When I wrote The Bride Elect, the first opera I wrote for them, a contract was drawn and every line of that contract was carried out to the letter. I afterward wrote for the same firm The Free Lance and Chris and the Wonderful Lamp, and never took the trouble even to discuss a contract with them. There would be a ring at the telephone the day after I played the opera for them, and either Mr. Erlanger or Mr. Klaw would say, "Well, we're going to produce that opera of yours very soon. How much do you want for it?"

"The usual terms," I would say, and I'm confident that every dollar I was entitled to for the production of any of my operas by Klaw and Erlanger I received to the very last penny.

In 1899, our tour stretched from coast to coast and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and at its close I returned to Manhattan Beach. On this tour, when we were playing in Los Angeles, I, having some friends in Pasadena, concluded one bright morning to accept an invitation from them to breakfast. Those who know me best know that I am very fond of horseback riding, and that I indulge in it whenever I can. So I thought instead of going by trolley or train to Pasadena, I would cross country on a saddle horse—which I did.

Bands on Parade

ON MY return to Los Angeles I was coming up the main street, jogging along at a very slow trot, with a trolley car directly back of me containing a brass band. Suddenly the band struck up and frightened my horse. The animal backed toward instead of working away from the torrent of sound, and the car struck him with sufficient force to make him plunge wildly forward and become almost unmanageable.

The street was crowded with various vehicles and the horse began plunging and rearing in a crazy variety of antics. The liveliness of the experience knocked my glasses off, not to speak of upsetting my dignity, which I cherish; and to my great concern the horse seemed trying to find a place to bolt from the tangle of wagons.

At this moment, very much alarmed, my glasses somewhere in the road and myself sitting in the vicinity of the horse's neck and not too sure of staying, I called to a Chinaman standing near, "Catch the bridle! Catch the bridle!"

With a face like a graven image, he looked at me and said very slowly, "I will not; it is not my horse."

During the existence of my band it has appeared three times as a marching organization. At the dedication of the World's Fair the first time, when the Cleveland City Troop went to the Spanish-American War, and when the Pittsburgh Volunteer Regiment returned from the Spanish-American War.

While I was on the road my manager was approached in New York to get the band for the parade in honor of Admiral Dewey. This manager gave them his figures, which were published in the New York papers, and excited the comment of some musicians owing to the price asked. I was at the Pittsburgh Exposition when I read these reports, and I immediately telegraphed my manager, "Tender my services and band free of charge to the committee. Admiral Dewey is an old friend of mine and I much desire to honor myself by appearing in the parade given in his honor."

I augmented my own band to 150 men and we headed the Olympia crew on that eventful September thirtieth. The march began at Grant's Tomb, and we went, after the parade was dismissed, with the Olympia crew down to the dock where the sailor lads reembarked on their ship.

I have always believed that we have never had a venal President; that whatever a man's predilection may be in seamy politics, when he assumes the office of President he becomes to himself a glorified being. The greatness of the office, the dignity and the veneration are such that any man is exalted to a very great degree. That belief has led me to say that all Presidents are heroes to their musical directors; but though I have believed in the greatness of all Presidents, the first time I ever saw the personification of glory was when I saw Admiral Dewey at the Washington Arch at the closing of this parade. He stood in his carriage as we passed, and as I gave him the proper salute he looked intently at me and a smile illuminated his face; and then

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(Continued from Page 48)

he seemed to grow taller and more imposing. It seemed as if his heart and mind were filled with the thought, "They have made me great. Nothing I have done compares with the honor they have bestowed on me." And he seemed to grow in height and grandeur, and stood a veritable giant. He became glorified, and, great man that he was, he passed beyond himself and became a superman.

A year later I dined with him and spoke of it. He said, "I felt greatly the honor that my country had bestowed on me. I was awe-inspired, and the event is one that will never lessen in my memory. The proud thought that I was loved by the people came to me repeatedly. I had served them faithfully and this was their great reward."

The Chicago Democrat said, "When Dewey's squadron sailed out of Mirs Bay on the way to attack Manila, the Olympia band played El Capitan." And the march we played in passing the reviewing stand was El Capitan.

After the Dewey parade, I finished my engagements and then went to Boston to give concerts at the Food Fair. It was there I gave the first public performance of The Fairest of the Fair, which has retained its popularity.

I was followed at the fair by Lieut. Dan Godfrey, the famous conductor of the British Grenadier Guards Band. His advance man, who had intently watched my methods of concert procedure, my quickness of responding to hearty applause with an encore, and no waits between, conveyed to Lieutenant Dan the importance of a similar response on his part if he expected success.

Godfrey listened, and said, "What do they like for an encore?"

"Oh, one of Sousa's marches will knock 'em silly," the press agent replied.

"All right," said the lieutenant; and turning to his men, when the performance was about to begin, he said, "Remember, immediately, immediately—now don't forget—immediately after the overture we will perform Mr. Sousa's march, The Stars and Stripes Forever, and be ready immediately to go into it."

At the end of the overture there was a round of applause. Godfrey bowed and sat down. Then rose and bowed again. The agent whispered to him, "Play the Sousa march." Lieutenant Dan got up slowly, asked each man if he had his part handy, and after rapping for attention twice, played the march. The audience had ceased applauding ten minutes before and dear Dan's "immediately after" was fifteen minutes after the close of the overture!

Our First European Tour

MISS HANNAH HARRIS, the manager of the then famous star course at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, is the one who suggested my composing the symphonic poem, The Chariot Race. After I had appeared with the Marine Band in Philadelphia, Miss Harris engaged me for a concert at the Academy. She wrote me the following, which justified her belief, because the Chariot Race, announced in several subsequent concerts, never failed to pack the Academy:

"Now I know how easily and how charmingly you adapt any fancy to music, and will you think of this suggestion? It is that you prepare a piece of music and call it The Chariot Race from Ben-Hur. No doubt you are familiar with the spirited description, and if you are not, a single reading will give you the inspiration, I am sure. You would have the preparation for the race, the start, the progress of the race, with the applause, and so on, of the vast audience. The unfair advantages of Messala, the blow to the steeds of Ben-Hur, and after all this, the victory of Ben-Hur, the Jew. There is opportunity for a grand climax, and anything with the name of Ben-Hur draws."

Her judgment proved correct.

In these Academy concerts I learned that the popularity of my marches had gone beyond the boundaries of my home in Washington. No composition of mine figured in the program. Instead, there was a list comprising gems from Wagner and other standard composers. During the first half of the concert regular numbers and encores were of the classic kind. During the applause that followed the first piece in the second half of the concert, an old gentleman rose from his seat in the audience and holding up his arm, said, "Will Mr. Sousa play the High School Cadets?" And I did, to vociferous applause.

While in a Pennsylvania town, just as I was going on to conduct a concert, I received a note written on the edge of a program. It read: "I came forty miles over the mountains to see the man who makes $25,000 a year out of his compositions. Kindly oblige me by playing them all."

Another time, I received the following:

"*Bandmaster Sousa:* Please inform me what is the name of those two instruments that look like gas pipes."

A musically inclined member of the African race sent this: "A colored lady would like to hear a coronet solo by your solo coronet."

Another sent the request: "Please play Ice Cold Cadets." I played the High School Cadets, and probably that was what he wanted.

The year 1900 was a busy year for the band. After making a tour up to April twenty-second, on the twenty-fifth we sailed for Europe on our first tour outside the United States and Canada. There seemed to be great interest on the part of the people as to how Europe would accept us, and I recall meeting John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden two days before we sailed.

He came up and said, "How are you, Mr. Sousa? I see you are going to Europe."

"Yes," I said, "we are going over and we hope we'll please them."

"Please them!" he replied. "Why, you'll knock hell out of them."

Although with these kind assurances that we were going to be a success, I left with a heavy heart, for only three days before sailing, Mr. Reynolds, the manager of the band, withdrew and took with him his financial support. He refused to continue because I would not sign an agreement to give him an extension of his contract until I returned from Europe. His contract still had a year to run, and I could see no reason why I should sign one with him at that time, as it seemed to me it would be better to have the matter of my future settled on my return. I said we were going into new territory and if he was successful in his management I would be very foolish not to sign a new contract with him; and if he was unsuccessful he knew me well enough to know I would give him an opportunity to recover his losses with an American tour.

But he was not satisfied, and declared himself out of the European tour. He told me to bring my check book to the office, as there was several thousand dollars for transportation and other expenses to be paid.

I came with my check book and suggested to Reynolds that possibly he was bluffing.

He said, "No, I'm not bluffing. Give me a contract for another three years on the same terms and I'll sign, but I won't wait until you return from Europe."

The Reynolds management came to an abrupt end. I immediately obtained two letters of credit, one for $25,000 and the other for $100,000, and we sailed on the St. Louis.

The publicity agent of the band was Col. George Frederick Hinton and he was then in Europe. We met him at Southampton. I appointed him manager of the tour and we went on to Paris. I went to the Élysée Palace Hotel, and Mr. Hinton quartered the men in various hotels in the city.

Mr. Ferdinand Peck, United States Commissioner General, had appointed my band the official American band at the exposition and we gave our initial concert on May sixth on the Esplanade des Invalides.

I had not been in Paris a day before I was called upon by Monsieur Gabriel Pares, the conductor of the Garde Républicaine Band, probably the greatest band in Europe. Mr. Pares immediately gave me a card for the Army and Navy Club and invited me to lunch with him the following day with a coterie of his friends. Of course I accepted.

This gentleman had scarcely left the hotel when the card of an interviewer was sent me. I invited him to come to my room. We talked music and bands in a pleasant sort of way, when he suddenly asked, "How do you compare your band with the Garde Républicaine?"

Of course it was a question that no gentleman or guest of France would think of answering.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "we have the greatest admiration possible for the Garde Républicaine. When they came to America as the representative band of France to the Gilmore Jubilee in Boston, everybody was charmed with their playing and the wonderful degree of perfection they had attained."

"But you have not given me any information as to the comparison between your band and them."

An Unfortunate Newspaper Story

"NO, I HAVE not; but you can rest assured no foreign organization was more welcome in America than the Garde Républicaine and its brilliant conductor, Monsieur Gabriel Pares."

We talked a few minutes longer and he withdrew.

Next morning, when his paper appeared, the interview with me said: "M. Sousa was asked how his band compared to the Garde Républicaine. He threw his American arms upward, pointing to the French sky, and said, 'We are much superior to the Garde Républicaine.'"

When I met Pares at the luncheon he was a most quiet and sedate man and carried a look of injured feeling in his face. He had read the article, and his pride and professional standing were hurt. I could see it plainly, so I said to a French gentleman at the table who spoke English splendidly, "Please say to Monsieur Pares that the article in the paper that he must have read this morning was a pure fabrication and a gross and uncalled for exhibition of yellow journalism."

I do not think he was able to get over the thought of the article, although it was made out of the whole cloth.

During our first engagement in Paris we played at the dedication of the American Pavilion, dedication of the Washington and Lafayette statues, and gave a concert in the famous Trocadéro Concert Hall by invitation of the French Government.

On May fifteenth we were assigned to proceed to the American Machinery Building in the Vincennes annex of the exposition to dedicate it. The American Ambassador, General Porter, chartered two Seine River ferryboats, known as hirondelles in Paris, and had them lashed together. On one were the officials and guests, on the other my band. A young society tad, with a great desire to become internationally famous, came over to me and made a most earnest request that I permit him to conduct my band in one of my marches.

Leading a band in a rhythmic thing like a march or waltz or polka or a piece of jazz, consists only in interpretation and not in time beating, if the men know how to keep together, for good orchestral and band players can mentally play a thing as strongly marked in rhythm as a march or waltz without the aid of a baton. Grinding out music does not require much direction; interpreting requires ceaseless effort.

I good-naturedly said, "All right, go ahead. As we are rather cramped, suppose you take my baton and go over on the other boat and conduct the band from there."

He climbed over the railings of the two boats, then rapped for attention, and then—some devil in human guise unlashed the rope that held the two boats together and they rapidly drifted apart, he frantically beating time from his boat, which was then at least sixty feet away from the band.

On this same day we serenaded the German commission in the German Building, which they were

(Continued on Page 155)

Father Neptune Greeting Sousa and His Band as They Crossed the Equator, 1911

DON'T *let winter* JAIL YOUR CAR!

All the annoyances that cause you to store your car during the cold months—hard starting, sluggish circulation, excessive wear and tear—*can be reduced to a minimum very easily.*

Make sure you have the right grade of Mobiloil for winter conditions.

Some motors, but not all (*see Chart at the left*), require a different oil in winter than they do in summer. It depends upon the design of the lubricating system. Such details as type of pump, its capacity and location; screen size, mesh, design and installation; delivery duct size and position are always of vital importance.

The use or non-use of an oil rectifier to reduce dilution has an important bearing on the choice of a suitable winter lubricant for the newer cars.

These purely mechanical features must be considered together with the influence of reduced temperature on the characteristics of the lubricant to insure winter lubrication satisfaction. Failure to weigh these lubrication facts carefully—inexpertness or inexperience in interpreting their significance—results in "guesswork lubrication"

Then when you start your engine your lubrication may be tardy and incomplete. Your oil pump may be overtaxed and the pump-shaft broken. Your oil screen or oil gauge may be ruined by pressures not contemplated in the design of the engine. Your battery and starter may be unduly taxed. Constant, continuous, rapid wear is certain due to unprotected rubbing surfaces.

You may trust Mobiloil absolutely to meet your winter needs

Your engine was the subject of painstaking study. Its design, its operating conditions, its running temperatures—every phase of its performance in cold weather was thoroughly gone into before any grade of Mobiloil was selected. The grade of Mobiloil recommended for your engine in winter was determined by our Board of Automotive Engineers and represents our professional advice.

He knows from experience

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil for your car knows from experience that it pays to sell the best. You can safely buy all your motoring requirements at his shop.

He sells Mobiloil from bulk at the fair price of 30 cents a quart, or he can supply you with 1-gallon or 5-gallon sealed cans and 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with faucet for your home garage.

The Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations which your dealer has handy tells at a glance what grade of Mobiloil you should use in winter.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

When you see this sign you will find exactly the right winter oil for your car

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB							A	Arc
" (other mod'ls)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	E	F	E	F	E	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	A	A	Arc			A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc			A	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

When water freezes it's time to drain and refill with the grade of Mobiloil recommended for winter.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

A *safe* candy for little folks

Children would have candy so we made candy safe for them. We added Post's Bran Flakes to pure milk chocolate and produced Post's Bran Chocolate—a genuine health confection.

Chocolate for the "sweet tooth"—bran for prevention. That's the winning combination. Just what the doctor ordered!

Children love this new health candy. Try them and see! Watch their eyes sparkle as they crunch this bran and chocolate confection. The bran gives the chocolate a delightful new flavor and reduces the danger of constipation.

Post's Bran Chocolate is the new favorite of the nation's candy counter. You'll know it at once by the red and yellow wrapper.

Buy two or three bars today and take them home. Better still, buy a whole carton. Post's Bran Chocolate is the new health confection—a safe candy for little folks and a favorite with all the family.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan

Makers of Post Health Products: Post's Bran Chocolate, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Postum Cereal and Post's Bran Flakes

Canadian Address

CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ont.

everybody everyday

eat Post's BRAN CHOCOLATE

5¢

a delicious health confection

Dealers Note:
If you have not yet received your stock of Post's Bran Chocolate write Post Products Company, Inc., Postum Building, New York.

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ENDURANCE VILE

(Continued from Page 33)

he turned right upon the double ribbon of paving leading toward West End, and there he stepped on the accelerator and let the car out. It responded nobly, albeit there was a hint of decrepitude in its manner of running. But Opus let her make all the speed possible, knowing that to the entranced Forcep this would more than atone for the squeakings and grumblings which came from under the hood

They reached the end of the avenue, effected a complete turn and started back. At the studio they alighted and Opus knew that his fish was securely and positively hooked. It was merely a question of when he cared to close the deal, and he had a profound hunch that it would be very soon.

Meanwhile Mr. Forcep Swain had been authoring at top speed. Excruciatingly funny ideas were not to be had for the asking, but after many nights of headachy thought, a real hunch came to him and he carried it posthaste to Director J. Cæsar Clump.

"It's this way, Mr. Clump," he explained: "I haven't elaborated all the plot details yet, but I think I have a fine idea for a funny climax."

"Now you're tootin', cullud man. Shoot!"

"The end of the story comes this way," explained Forcep: "The story itself is going to deal with the love vissitudes of two men who are affectioning the same girl. One of them is a villain and the other is a hero. Well, the hero and the girl finally plan to elope away in the former's automobile and the villain hears about it, so he plans to firstrate their scheme. So he gets him a long rope and ties himself to the back of the automobile, figuring that once they get started eloping, he'll run along behind and then pull himself up into the car and bust the hero on the head. You think that's funny?"

"Man, it's noble! Go on!"

"Well, it seems in the story that this villain is a note republic or something who has got the right to marry folks, and when the hero finds him tagging on behind the elopement car, what does he do but keep the car traveling while him and the girl climbs over into the back and pretty near run that villain to death; and finally they make him marry them. After which they cut the rope and leave him sprawling out in the gutter."

Mr. Clump waxed enthusiastic. He rose and patted his author on the shoulder.

"You an' Shakspere!" he exulted. "The on'y diff'ence between you-all is that they tell me he's dead."

Followed then a series of conferences regarding story treatment, then a laying out of sequences in strictly modern and highly scientific style. After which Forcep busied himself with the actual continuity. But busy as Mr. Swain was, he could not rid his mind of the gleaming car which Mr. Randall had hinted he might be willing to sell. Finally he went direct to the pudgy actor.

"Brother Randall," he opened, "did you really mean you would consider selling your glorious automobile to me?"

"Well, I didn't say I woul'n't. It's a spensive car to run, an' ——"

"For six hundred dollars?"

"If I sold it at all that'd be the price."

"Let's come down to business. I only possess four hundred dollars ready cash. How about accepting that and also two thirty-day notes for one hundred dollars each?"

Opus appeared to reflect. But the following day the deal was closed, payment made and two notes executed.

"And now," suggested Opus grinningly, "I advise you to hire a good mechanic to learn you what to expect fum this car."

Forcep promised to do that very thing. He engaged an automobile expert to teach him something about handling a car. At 5:30 they started out in the Crimson Racer. They started—and so did trouble.

For three hours the mechanic alternated between the underside of the car and the wheel. Occasionally the Crimson Racer consented to move, but never—not for an instant—did it give the slightest symptom of ever having been a racer. It coughed and spat and bucked and rattled; it slued unexpectedly and violently toward telegraph poles. And finally the mechanic gave vent to his feelings; he spoke in terms which were graphically unmistakable and Forcep listened in amazement.

"Do you mean to inform me," he inquired through a rift in the sulphur, "that this car is not in good shape?"

The laboring gentleman was off again. He explained to Mr. Swain that this was the blankety-blankest, gosh-blamedest, dad-awfullest,most-exclamation-pointedest whangety-whang imitation of nothing he had ever driven and he wasn't sorry for its purchaser, because any man who would buy a moving junk pile like that didn't have sense enough to appreciate pity.

The ride terminated abruptly somewhere out on the Oxmoor road when the Crimson Racer expired entirely. The mechanic alighted and stalked majestically up the road, inviting Forcep to wait with his senile property until such time as a wrecker could be sent from town. Eventually the service car appeared and Forcep had the pleasure of steering his purchase back to Birmingham.

Mr. Swain was a trusting and friendly individual, but he was beginning to suspect that something had happened to him which was not entirely accidental. An idea occurred that perhaps all Opus' boosting of this rattletrap had not been without design. Mr. Swain's large head roved around moodily on top of his elongated neck and he blinked miserably. It was hard to believe; very, very hard.

Morning dawned, and with it came an interview which brought out the whole ghastly truth. Opus Randall even had the nerve to chuckle to Forcep's recital of his troubles.

"Golly! Brother Swain, I sold you that car as is."

"Yes; but you never told me that it is rotten."

"Shuh! 'Twan't my place to knock what I wanted to sell. Besides, all what you tells me coul'n't be true of no car. An' that one come fum a good fam'ly."

"Perhaps it did. But it surely went wrong quite young." Forcep removed his glasses and gestured pleadingly with them. "Aren't you going to do something about it, Mr. Randall?"

"Sure I is. I suttinly is."

"Ah-h-h! I knew ——"

"Ise gwine lay back an' laugh at you fo' how much sucker you is. Up until now the joke has been on me 'cause I paid fo' hund'ed dollars fo' that car. But havin' sol' it to you at a two-hund'ed-dollar profit ——"

Forcep discovered that he was getting angry. It might have been bearable had he merely paid four hundred for the thing; but to have given his tormentor a sizable profit ——

"I won't pay that other two hundred," he announced.

"You says words, skinny boy, but they don't mean nothin'. You gimme two notes fo' that money an' I collects them even if I has to sue you in co't."

For perhaps fifteen seconds Forcep stared at him. Then, without a word, he turned and strode away. One might have gathered that Forcep did not consider himself entirely vanquished, but Opus saw nothing in the situation save his own triumph.

He and Florian repeated the story to all who would listen, and very soon Forcep's existence on the Midnight lot was being made miserable. From morning until night he was the target for every sinister automobile reference known to the comic supplements; somebody even offered to go into partnership with him in the taxi business—Forcep to furnish the experience. Outwardly Mr. Swain took it good-naturedly enough. Inwardly, however, he boiled over. The mere mention of the Crimson Racer was gall and wormwood to him; he desired to strangle every would-be humorist who inquired solicitously each morning what speed he had made on the way to the studio.

Quite naturally he neglected his authoring and J. Cæsar Clump inquired the reason therefor.

"Somethin' is shuah wrong, Brother Swain. You ain't even finished that new continuity yet, an' us is mos' ready fo' it."

Forcep shook his head mournfully.

"It's the motor car Opus Randall sold me. They won't let me alone about it." Cæsar grinned.

"He did kinder put one over, Forcep. But that ain't no reason why you should keep on mopin' about same."

Mr. Swain was willing to do his best, but he couldn't quite forget the car. It looked so well and ran so terribly! And finally he had the car towed to a first-class garage and thoroughly inspected. The head mechanic informed him that the car could be made to run very well indeed, but that it required vital replacements which would cost nearly two hundred dollars. Forcep hesitated only a minute.

"You guarantee absolutely to make the car run fine for two hundred?"

"Yes."

"Done with you. Can I get it in two weeks?"

"You can."

"Take it. And please, sir, give me a fine job of work."

Two hundred dollars was a considerable amount of money, but Forcep was easier in mind as he walked toward his boarding house. Better invest the extra two hundred and thus convince his torturers at the studio that he wasn't entirely an ignoramus. He envisioned Opus' expression when he should eventually roll up to the studio in the gleaming crimson car, its motor humming softly, gears meshing without clatter or clang. Anticipation of that moment was in itself worth the mechanic's bill.

And now that the automobile matter was disposed of, Forcep found his brain functioning nicely in the matter of concocting comical situations and funny gags for his first picture. Before he had completed the scenario Clump cast the picture.

Welford Potts, slender and dapper, was to be the hero. The company's ingénue, Iodinah Quartz, played opposite, and the ponderous Opus Randall was given the villain's rôle, a large part which amounted really to the comedy lead. The head carpenter was called into consultation and work was started on necessary sets.

Two days later actual shooting commenced. Forcep, smiling and genial and eager to learn, stayed with the company. For one so inexperienced, it was amazing the way his material screened; his written words translated readily into funny action and the daily rushes provoked paroxysms of laughter in the projection room. Whatever Forcep's business acumen, it became apparent that another thoroughly efficient person had been added to Midnight's permanent staff. Mr. Swain's popularity rose as those about the lot understood and appreciated that he had the ability to deliver.

There was only one small fly in Mr. Swain's ointment. It seemed to him that no one ever forgot. Also that no joke ever became old. Scarcely a day passed that he was not twitted unmercifully about his unfortunate automobile transaction, and though the chaffing was good-natured, it did not unduly appeal to the author.

But Forcep tried to be a good sport. He even joined in the laughter, and if his merriment was forced and half-hearted, there were none who could discern that fact. Only toward Opus did he feel the slightest bitterness; it was not what Opus had done

A New Day A New Car

See Pages 112, 113 and 114

Watch This Column

Hoot Gibson in "The Calgary Stampede"

I believe ***"The Calgary Stampede"*** with HOOT GIBSON in the hero's rôle will prove one of the best Westerns Universal has ever made. It has a historical interest in that the picture was worked out in Calgary with the great Canadian Rodeo and 50th Anniversary of the Northwest Mounted Police as a background. The plot of the story is a fine one and interspersed in its scenes are exciting events performed by the great riders from everywhere.

HOOT GIBSON and his entire company, likewise his favorite broncho, went to Calgary in a body and were received by the thousands of Canadians most enthusiastically. The picture for many reasons will appeal to real Americans and has a sweet love story which every one will enjoy to the utmost.

Frederick James Smith, in the Motion Picture Classic for this month, writes: "I am glad to award first prize of the month to Clarence Brown's interesting filming of Rex Beach's ***'The Goose Woman.'***" It is in this picture that LOUISE DRESSER rises to the highest point in her screen career. And again I advise you to ask the theatre manager to get this picture.

While I am talking, I would like to include those fine Universal jewels, ***"Sporting Life,"*** the big stirring melodrama of which I will tell you more next week; HOUSE PETERS in ***"The Storm Breaker"*** a magnificent story of the sea, DOROTHY CANFIELD'S ***"The Home Maker"*** with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK; ***"California Straight Ahead"*** starring REGINALD DENNY and a fine cast.

By all means, ask your favorite theatre when you can see the magnificent mystery spectacle, ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** with LON CHANEY.

Do you know of any stories of humorous character which in your opinion would make a good series of short pictures? If so, I would appreciate a letter from you.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

If you want a copy of our new "White List" booklet—just say the word—it's free—you can also have autographed photograph of Mary Philbin for 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

so much as the manner in which he had done it. And Forcep refused to answer any questions regarding the present whereabouts of the Crimson Racer. Someone suggested that he had towed it to the Warrior River and converted it into a submarine; but every night Mr. Swain visited the garage where the reconstruction work was under way and received the very favorable reports of his mechanic.

Work on the new picture proceeded merrily. Even Opus Randall admitted that Forcep was there when it came to writing swift-moving slapstick, and now the day was approaching when the big final scene was to be taken. Then came the evening when the mechanic informed Mr. Swain that his car was shipshape and running as smoothly as a new one.

Forcep was still doubtful. The mechanic took the wheel, seated Forcep beside him and took them thrumming over Red Mountain without a shift of gears and at thirty miles an hour. On the level road near Pine Ridge, Forcep watched the ancient speedometer climb to forty and hang there; he observed the ease with which the car steered and his heart sang with joy when the garage man touched the cut-out with his toe and the music of the nicely tuned motor sang through the valley.

Forcep felt that this was worth every dime of two hundred dollars. He was now possessed of a handsome car which promised to run for some time, and only the price worried him.

"What would you prognosticate the true value of this car as it stands?" he inquired of the expert.

"About six hundred dollars."

"Not eight hundred?"

"Not a cent over six. But it is easily worth that."

Forcep had already spent six hundred on the car, and he owed Opus Randall two hundred additional dollars. If only ——

Three nights later, on the eve of the shooting of the final scene, Forcep approached Mr. Randall.

"Opus," he reminded, "I owe you two hundred dollars for which you hold my notes."

"Boy, you remarked somethin' that time."

"I wish to pay them."

"Well, you ain't hearin' me tellin' you not to, is you?"

"Hardly. Of course it is highly unfair ——"

"Listen at me, Forcep Swain. I sold you a fo-hun'ed-dollar car fo' six hund'ed dollars 'cause I was slicker than you. Now the thing fo' you to do is find somebody you is slicker than an' sting him. You oughtn't to have no hard feelin's against me 'cause I is clever."

Forcep's eyes narrowed speculatively.

"Is that the way you look at it?"

"That an' none other."

Mr. Swain shrugged.

"Very well, we might as well close the books tomorrow. Suppose you bring those two notes with you in the morning. I want to take them up."

Opus promised gleefully. He was enormously pleased with himself, and when he arrived on location the following morning his vest pocket held two hundred dollars' worth of Forcep's negotiable paper.

Meanwhile the morning brought other surprises. For one thing, Director J. Cæsar Clump, about to crank his flivver, looked up as there came to his ears the roar of a perfect motor and his eyes popped as he recognized the Crimson Racer, with Forcep Swain at the wheel. The car slued to the curb and Forcep invited his director to ride. Clump, puttied and goggled, perched beside his author on the low seat.

"Man," he queried, "how did you do it?"

"I paid out two hundred dollars on repairs, that's how," responded Mr. Swain candidly. "Figured it was better to do that and have a real automobile."

"You've done got it now," enthused the director. "But even at that, eight hund'ed was a big price."

"Yes, sir; two hundred too much."

They drove on together. Just before reaching the spot on Avenue F where the company was assembled, Forcep made a suggestion.

"How about using this car for the big elopement scene, Cæsar? You see, I'd just like to impress Opus Randall that he didn't do me as thoroughly as he contemplates."

Cæsar agreed.

When they joined the company there was a chorus of oh's and ah's at the way in which the much-ridiculed car was functioning. Opus was more impressed than he cared to admit, but he hid his disappointment under a loud jocosity.

Now all was made ready for the big scenes. Shots were taken of the villain, Opus Randall, hiding abaft the house where Welford Potts and Iodinah Quartz were making ready to elope. The camera caught Opus in the act of eavesdropping, then filmed the scene where he obtained a large footage of rope and tied it to the rear axle. The other end of the rope he tied securely about his own waist, hiding himself behind a tree.

The elopers came dashing from the house and leaped into the rear of the car. Then there was a brief halt as final preparations for the big laugh of the picture were made.

An electrical expert, who was a good driver, took the wheel of the car. Forcep Swain procured special permission to sit beside him, which evoked a ribald laugh from Opus Randall.

"Reckon you wants to be with yo' car when it dies, don't you, Forcep?"

Mr. Swain smiled pleasantly.

"Guess so," he agreed.

The camera was lashed to the rear of the driver's seat to command a view of the elopers in the tonneau and also the ponderous figure of Opus Randall on the end of his rope. Then Clump gave terse and graphic directions for the action and the car started slowly up Avenue F.

Even in the taking, the scene was funny. The camera caught the love-making of the young couple in the back seat, and it filmed the fury and consternation on the face of Opus Randall as that gentleman discerned the affection which his photo-dramatic lady love held for her affianced husband.

Under Clump's orders, Opus howled an order to the elopers. He threatened them with immediate and complete extinction if they failed to call off the elopement. Whereupon, following the scenario, Welford Potts ordered the chauffeur to put on more speed, as the result of which the rope binding Opus to the car was tightened and Mr. Randall was jerked along at a terrific pace behind the car.

Immediately thereafter Welford forced the supposedly exhausted Opus to perform the marriage ceremony. Obeying Clump's orders, Opus executed several comedy falls. But finally the marriage was done. Opus, well nigh exhausted, called to his director.

"All right," he yelled, "go ahead an' cut the rope an' lemme do that las' funny flop. I is plumb wore out."

But now Mr. Forcep Swain emulated the famous worm and turned. He rose in his seat and spoke a few words to the driver. Then he stepped into the tonneau with the actors and addressed Mr. Randall.

"Opus," he remarked sweetly, "I just love to see you run. Chauffeur, give us a little more gas."

The speed of the car increased suddenly. Opus was jerked from his feet and for a few yards dusted the paved surface of Avenue F. A large and uncomfortable howl escaped from his lips.

"Hey! You're bustin' me all up!"

"Is that so?" Out of the corner of his eye Forcep saw that Cæsar Clump was grinning. "I don't think you need to have no worry, Opus. This car is liable to stop any minute."

But it didn't stop, and neither did Opus. That gentleman fumbled wildly with the rope around his waist, but the tension was too great for him to succeed in untying it. Every once in a while he tripped and fell, only to drag himself erect as the car immediately slowed. Then the forced chase went on once more.

Opus was in genuine distress. His lungs were bursting, his feet of lead. His body was nicely bruised and he saw no sign of mercy in the face of Forcep Swain. And not until they had traveled four additional blocks and Mr. Randall was crying for quarter did Forcep Swain show his hand.

"You got those notes of mine, Opus?" he inquired affably.

"Y-y-y-yes."

"Tear them up!"

Tears welled into the eyes of Mr. Randall.

"I won't do no such of a thing!"

"Chauffeur," ordered Forcep, "more juice, please."

Opus sprawled. He clutched the rope with both hands and capitulated.

"I tears 'em!"

The car slowed. With profound reluctance, but no visible hesitation, Opus produced Forcep's two notes for one hundred dollars each and tore them to tiny bits.

"And that," remarked Forcep conversationally, "seems to complete our little transaction, Opus. I now don't owe you nothing and have paid you just four hundred for the car, which is what it was worth, as was."

"Stop it!" roared Opus. "Ise most daid!"

"Are we good friends, Brother Randall?"

"Yeh, if you just leave me stop runnin'. I tell you Ise gwine collapse!"

Those in the car were laughing uproariously, and as the motion ceased and a thoroughly exhausted and defeated Mr. Randall flopped into the back seat, Forcep softly quoted his own words of a few minutes previously.

"You oughtn't to have any hard feelings against me, Opus," he said, "just because I'm clever!"

Mr. Randall looked around. He was all in, but there yet lurked in his mind some thought of settling the matter by the power of his fists. The laughter of his associates decided him against such a course. Opus determined to be a good loser. He summoned a grin as he extended the hand of friendship.

"Forcep," he gasped, "I know when Ise licked. You done me good, an' I congratulate you."

"Thanks, Opus. I think we're about square."

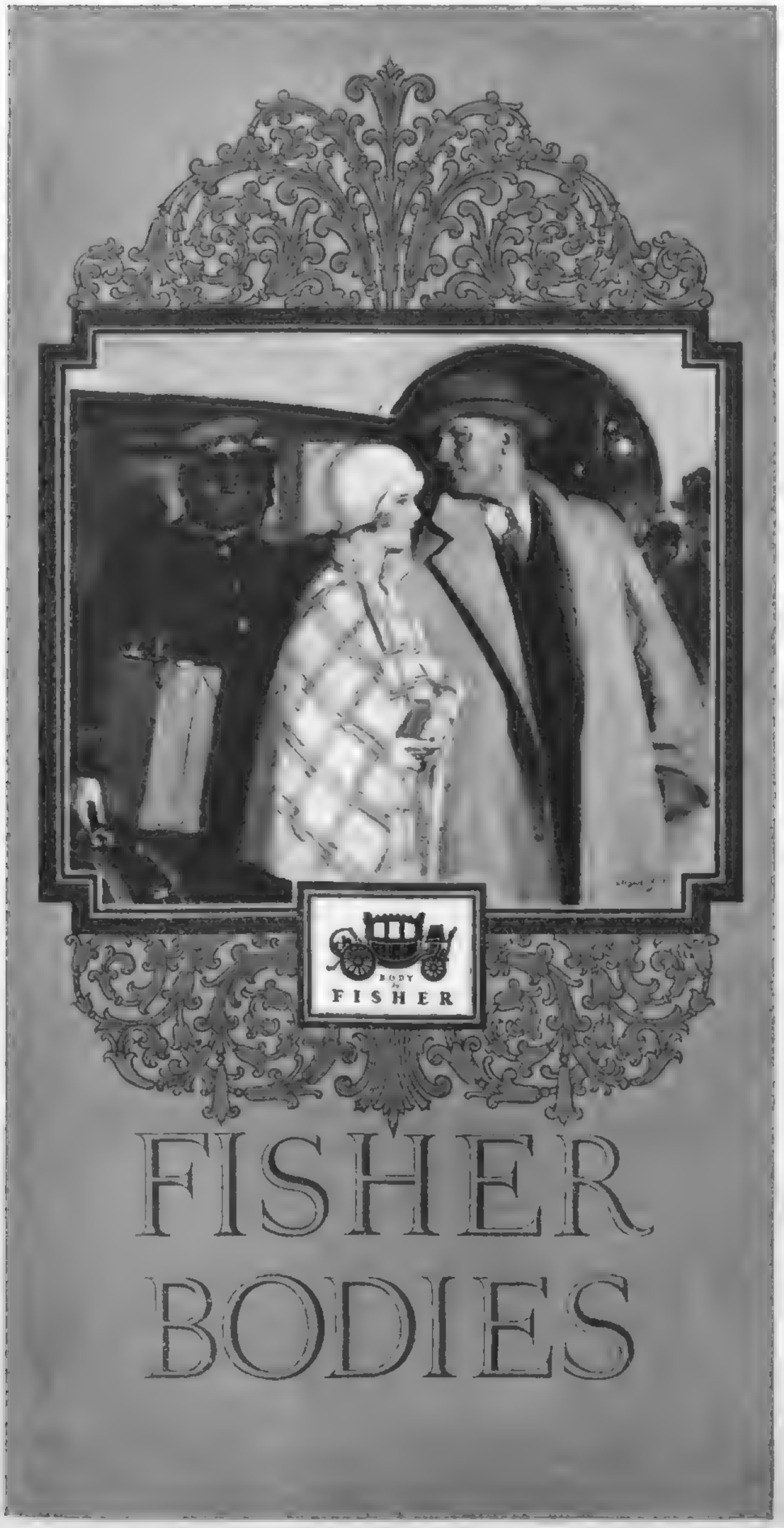
And then Opus shook his head in bewilderment.

"What I don't understand," he remarked, "is what has you done to this car. It runs simply elegant."

Mr. Forcep Swain matched compliment with compliment

"Well," he replied genially, "you don't run so rotten yourself!"

Zion Canon, Utah



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FISHER is an organization of specialists.

More than one hundred skilled trades reach their highest development in its service. Within it are found all the varied contrasts of industry.

The sheet-metal worker, at his giant toggle press, stamps out steel panels under thousands of pounds pressure. The skilled silver worker, with his delicate instruments, works out fine fitments for luxurious bodies.

In the forests of the southern and the northern states, Fisher lumber-jacks fell selected trees, which mill workers make into lumber for Fisher bodies.

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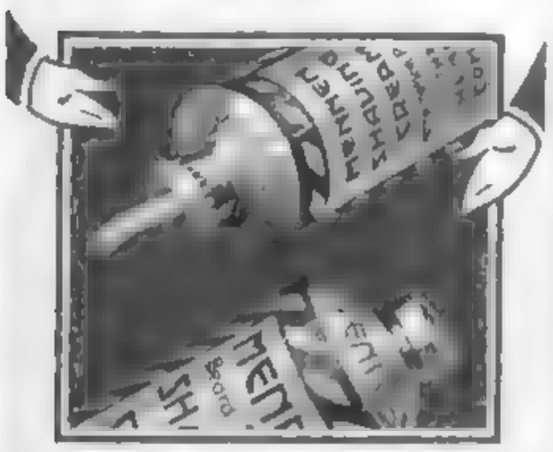
The work of all these expert workers is constantly checked by a veritable army of carefully trained inspectors who subject every phase of production in a Fisher body to closest and most critical scrutiny.

It is a fact that workmen in these more than a hundred trades work to such high standards that they have formed the habit of excellence in their work—a fact which in major degree accounts for the finer attributes of bodies by Fisher.

And now, Old Top, which top for you?



You pay your money and take your choice

I'm still dizzy after the job of deciding that "Roto-Plug" was the likeliest of all the 140,000 names shot at me for the new patented top on Mennen Shaving Cream.

Two bell-ringers got $100 apiece—and I got a headache. The prize went double just about the time I was starting to see double.

And then—just to make it more complicated—some good citizens began writing in that the new top was all right but they really preferred the old cap. Apologizing, sort of, for being old-fashioned, but explaining that the original screw cap was still batting 300 for them and they couldn't see any reason for retiring it to the bush league. (No pun on whiskers intended.)

On the other hand, swarms of enthusiasts tell me that the man who invented the new top is a greater genius than the inventor of 6% interest or radio. They even want to know why don't we sell this boon-to-mankind to non-competitive tube manufacturers on a royalty basis.

* * *

What do you think? That's what *I* want to find out. I want a vote from all Mennen fans as to which top is the better. Come on, be a good fellow. Just scribble your opinion on a post card and mail it to me. It'll help me a lot when I go up to talk to the boss about what these psychology fellows call "consumer reaction."

However you vote, you can buy Mennen Shaving Cream anywhere with the original screw cap or the new Roto-Plug top. Ask for the one you like. Your druggist carries both kinds. Price the same—fifty cents for a big tube of the slickest whisker tamer that you ever lathered over your face.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

P. S.—Personally, I think the new top is a wonder. A twist of the wrist and a hole appears for the cream to come out. Another twist and it's closed up. No threads to engage. Nothing to fall off and get lost down the drain pipe. But don't let my opinion influence you when you send in your vote.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

THE POETS' CORNER

Ballad of Jim Jenkins

JIM JENKINS lived in the Ozark Hills;
He worked at making hay;
He worked for old man Hopkinson,
For fifty cents a day.

He drove a rusty mowing machine,
And as he rattled along
He thought about the girl he loved
And sang a little song:

"I love my little Lulu Lee,
And Lulu Lee loves me;
Our wedding trip is all planned out,
Niagara Falls to see."

"Our wedding trip is all planned out,"
He often used to say,
"But how can I support a wife,
On fifty cents a day?"

When here there came a traveling man
Dressed up like a Christmas tree,
With silken shirt, and silken socks,
And diamonds, one, two, three.

He said, "Why not go north, young man,
A thousand miles away –
To far Detroit where Henry Ford
Pays five good bucks a day?"

Then Jim got off that mowing machine;
"The hell you say!" said he.
"If this be true, I'll go tonight;
A rich man I will be!"

He ran to find his Lulu dear;
He took her on his knee;
He said, "I'm going north tonight —
A thousand miles," said he.

"Where I will work for Henry Ford,
For five good bucks a day,
I'll get rich quick, and come right back
To take you far away.

"A journey to Niagara Falls
Our honeymoon will be.
Now don't you think Niagara Falls
A place we ought to see?"

"I'd love to see Niagara Falls,"
Said little Lulu Lee.
"It must be just the grandest place
For a honeymoon," said she.

So Jim he took the railroad train
A thousand miles away;
And now he works for Henry Ford
For five good bucks a day.

He dresses like a traveling man,
With a fancy red cravat,
And diamond rings, and a big watch chain,
And a pearl-gray derby hat.

He dresses like a traveling man,
And he's found him a little peach—
A little blonde from the ten-cent store,
That he met at Belle Isle Beach.

The little blonde is a kippy kid;
She waves a permanent wave;
She rolls her socks, and smokes too much,
And she can't make her eyes behave.

Oh, the sun upon Niagara Falls
Is shining bright and free;
The rain across the Ozark Hills
Is drifting drearily.

And little Lulu waits and waits
To see her Jim again;
Her face is wet with hot, hot tears,
And cold, cold rain.

—William Hazlett Upson.

The Purple Cloak

I HAVE not journeyed far from here
Nor learned the ways of men;
The worlds beyond the village street
Are worlds beyond my ken,
That sometimes lap my windowpane
Half-glimpsed and gone again.
My hands are gnarled from twisting flax,
Until they seem to curve and clutch
Like beggars' hungry, snarling hands,
Empty from snatching over-much;
The spinning wheel has splayed my foot;
My back is wryed to the weaving beam—
All to fashion the coarse gray stuff
That peasant women cut and seam.

I've made my joy of little things—
Things yourself mightn't notice or know:
I've cared that swallows have built in my thatch,
That chestnuts powdered my sill with snow;
I've cared that stars should swarm like bees
In my little twisted apple trees;
And when I hear them pause in the street –
Neighbors with clumsy, friendly feet—
Crossing my doorstone, tripping my latch,
I'm glad that the barley loaf is new,
That the kettle is singing above the peat,
That a twisted, coppery stream of tea
Is a pleasant and heartening thing to see
In old thick cups of blue.

I have not journeyed far from here,
But down the village lane
A ripple from the world of men
Came lapping at my pane—
A purple cloak, a scarlet hood
But glimpsed and gone again.
I saw a tasseled saddle cloth,
A scalloped bridle, hotly gemmed,
And streaming down the sudden wind
A royal mantle, ermine hemmed.

We knelt in the dust, we peasant folk,
To cry God save the king,
And the bishop who rode at his bridle rein
Bent down and we kissed his ring.

And if their eyes were dry of dreams,
Their shoulders bent as to a yoke,
They wore, these tired serving men,
The scarlet cowl, the purple cloak. . . .
Ah, we who've bent our straight young backs
Above our peasant webs of flax,
Clumsy stuff for a clumsy use,
Hempen twist for a hangman's noose,
We'd give the long stark years again,
The shoulders crouched to the beam that swings,
The fingers warped to the distaff's use,
For the grace of a purple cloak to wease,
To help a tired old world believe
Undemonstrable things.

—Dorothy Paul.

Mountains

RUGGED and cliff defended,
Always they daunt the dalesman;
Silent, serene and splendid,
Ever they call the trailsman.

Bowldered and granite sharded,
Cloven with wild crevasses,
See how the glacier guarded
Buffet the storm that passes!

High are their heads and hoary,
White with eternal shriving;
Who that has known their glory
Grudges the upward striving!

Will you, my fellow rover,
Climb to the peaks of wonder?
Here is my hand from over,
Here is my back from under.

—Arthur Guiterman.

To a Jester

THE world admires your jester's garb:
Its flowing lines of red and yellow.
Folk feel and praise each stinging barb,
And say, "He is a clever fellow."

Your cap's bells make a gay ado,
You wave your bauble at the sky
And make an epigram or two,
And all the world applauds, and I.

You mock the world and mock yourself,
You are the tea-room diner's fool.
We, only, know, who know you best,
In what red hell you went to school,

To learn the mots you tender forth
Before the clever folk who dine.
You flash your songs before their eyes
Between the blue points and the wine.

You stand with ribald harp in hand
And only foolery in your face,
And there is chatter of applause
And noise of laughter in the place.

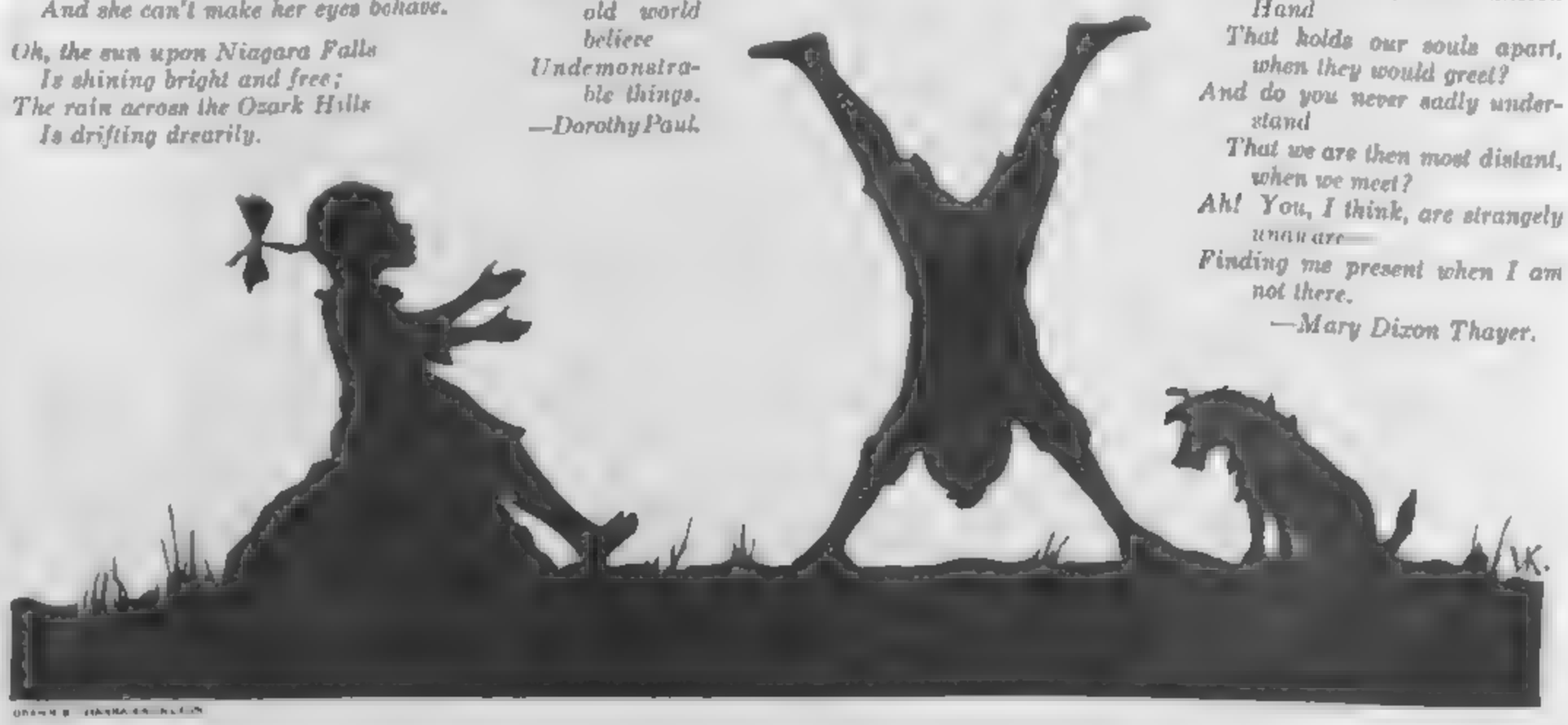
But as they laugh—because I once
A moment knew or thought I knew
Your soul, one day, I bow my head
Before the glory that is you.

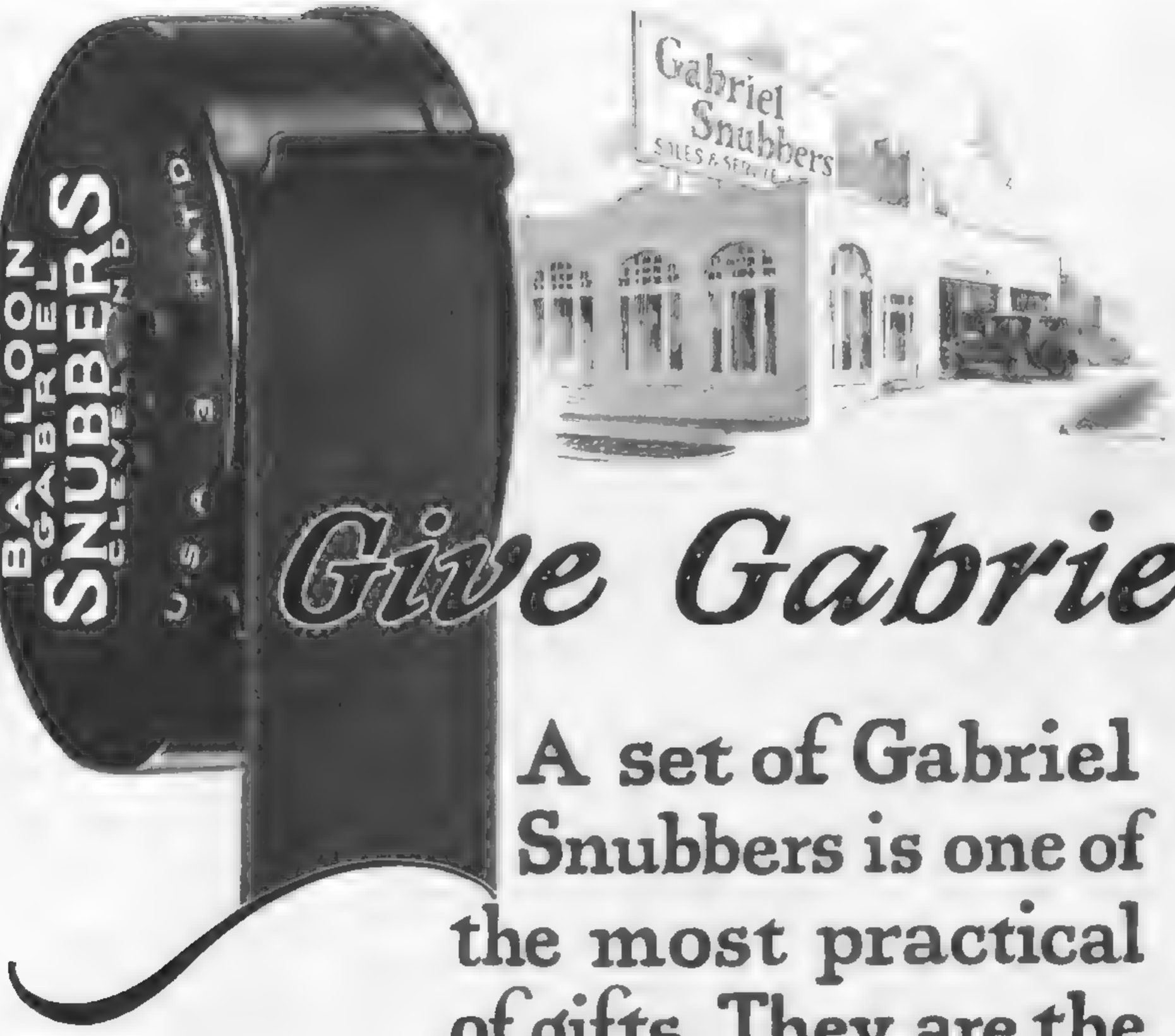
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Strangers

MUST it be always thus? And is it true
That only in a deeper loss, we find?
Know light but by its absence, and the blue
Of heaven prize more dearly, being blind?
Must it be always thus? Therefore, must we,
In seeking and in loving, always miss?
And even as our lips touch—suddenly
Become again as strangers in our kiss?
Or do you never feel the unseen Hand
That holds our souls apart, when they would greet?
And do you never sadly understand
That we are then most distant, when we meet?
Ah! You, I think, are strangely unaware—
Finding me present when I am not there.

—Mary Dixon Thayer.





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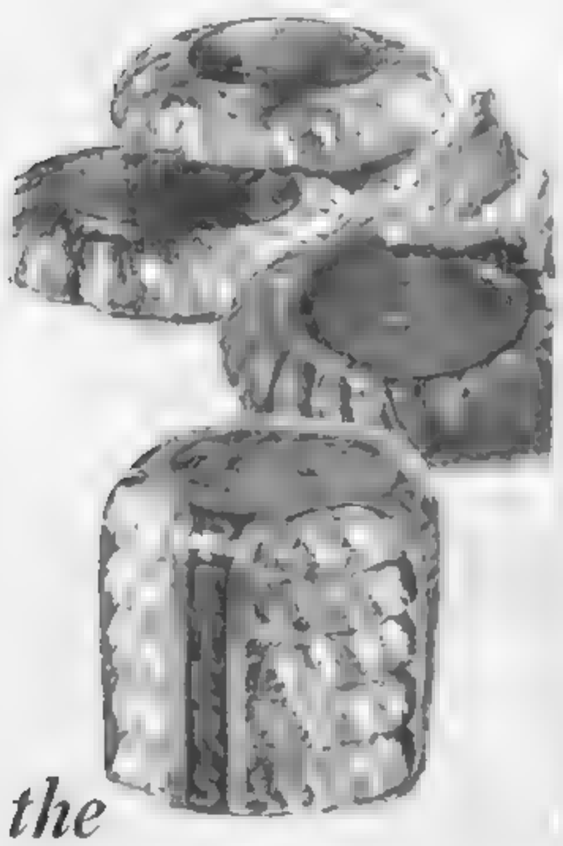

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PETER'S

MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality

I WANT TO BE A LADY

(Continued from Page 46)

"Lend a hand here," Judy ordered gruffly. She had her shoulder to the door and was shoving; but the door resisted. There was no lock—a lock in that woolly, untrod wilderness would have been calculated to rouse merriment. Who ever came that way? The only intruder to be feared was some marauding silver tip or a shambling quill pig perhaps; and to keep such out a latch sufficed. The latch, however, seemed to have jammed; and it was not until Farlow added his strength to hers that she was able to force open the door. As it fell open, she strode hurriedly inside.

One room. She struck a match and held it above her to look about. At one side was a window, a single pane brought hazardously over the miles of trail; and beneath this a table, hewn of two logs, ran the length of the cabin. A bench of the same construction was ranged beside it; and at the other end was a two-plate stove, one of the usual hay-burner type, its stovepipe unlimbered and lying on the floor and the hole for it in the roof neatly covered with a slab. At the other side was a double bunk—two berths, one set above the other. A couple of rude chairs, stools, completed the furnishings.

Judy Caswell struck another match. "We'll have to hurry," she remarked. Haste, in fact, still seemed to consume her. As the match flared she examined critically the slabs of the roof overhead. They were for the main part tight. True, the squirrels, the pack rats and the mice seemed to have run riot in the shack, and under the ridge pole at some time past an enterprising whisky jack had gone to housekeeping; but the shack was otherwise in order and habitable. As the match burned out she turned and bustled to the door. Farlow had not entered. The rain trickling from his shoulders, he stood beyond the door, the bridle of the pony he'd been riding still held in his hand. "Drop that; your hawse'll stand," she said hurriedly. She jerked a hand abruptly toward the huddled pack ponies. "Uncinch those pack saddles and fetch the packs inside," she directed, her briskness still evident. The nearest pony was one that bore the tent he'd slept in, that and the cook outfit; and he was fumbling with the girths when she called, "Never mind the gray; get the stuff off the others." Farlow did as he was directed. One by one he unhitched the lashings and heaved the loaded sacks inside the camp. He was again beginning on the gray when she came out at the door once more. "Let that hawse stand," she ordered sharply. "Come in here and help stow that stuff around." Still silent, Farlow obeyed.

Inside she already had produced a candle from somewhere; and in the dim glow from it he shot another look about. The sacks from the pack saddle had been hauled to the other end of the shack, and she had found time also to joint together the stovepipe of the two-plate hay-burner business and get a fire going. "The grub's in those packs there," she said abruptly, indicating the ones she meant. "If you're hungry you'd better get that set out first." As she spoke she reached the door, turning there to throw another look around.

"Where are you going?" asked Farlow.

She detached her eyes from the roof long enough to look at him. "Me? Oh, I'm going to tend the hawses."

Farlow dropped the sack he already had picked up and started toward her. "I'll turn out the horses."

"You? You will not!" she returned deliberately.

Farlow flushed. "You don't trust me? I suppose you think I'll bungle it."

She laughed, the laugh brief. "I trust no one, son—only myself. I don't figure to be left out here in these hills afoot if I can help it. You do like I told you now; get that grub laid out. That's your job."

"Thanks," said Farlow grouchily.

"Don't be touchy, son," she responded.

He turned his back to her without further words. As he tugged at the sacks he was conscious that she still stood in the doorway looking at him; but he didn't look her way again. A prolonged moment afterward he heard the door creak open, then close; and from outside the camp he heard her routing the horses together and driving them along the hillside. A moment or so afterward silence fell, and all he heard then for a while were the drip-drip of the rain and the gusting of the flame up the stack of the two-plate hay burner.

He had no idea how long he kept working. It may have been ten minutes, or again a half hour may have passed. It was clear she took her own time hobbling out the horses. Farlow's mind, though, was crowded with other thoughts, his sensations varied. He wondered if this was where she meant to camp down or whether at daybreak they would go on. The sack with the tent in it caught his eye. It was going to be rough business, camping outside in the wet. The best he would be able to do would be to cast the canvas over a stick of down timber and crawl in under it. This in mind, he was looking about for his blankets when it struck him she was taking an unconscionable time with the horses. Dropping the tent he went to the door and opened.

The night had grown black. A raw wind sifted in among the tree tops and the rain fell steadily, a slanting downpour. As he stood in the doorway, striving futilely to pierce the blank wall of darkness, a small chill all at once crept through him. "Judy!" he called. He called it again, his voice sharply lifted. "Judy!" Listening, from up the hillside above the cabin he heard a horse whinny. Then the third time he gave a shout; and this time he was answered.

Farlow's heart throbbed with relief as he heard her reply.

"Listen, Rand," she said.

Her voice came from the place where the horse had whinnied. "I'm up here on the hill; can you hear me? You can't get to me. I'm on my horse, and I have yours with me. You understand, don't you?"

Did he understand? He gaped as he heard her, the realization bursting like a bolt upon him.

"Rand, it's this way: I'm leaving you here and going back. I'll tell you why. I got a kink in my head, a notion that if you were turned out up here, turned loose and made to rustle for yourself like I'm telling, you'd fetch up in time, get decent. It wouldn't do to send you East, ship you home. It wouldn't have helped any even if I'd married you, let you marry me along with all that money. You'd just have gone back to what you were. You stay up here a while. There's good grub here for you; and if you stick close nothing's going to hurt you. You'll just get filled up with fresh clean air and health; and that's what you need, I figure. Don't try to get away though. You can't fight these hills; and you'll sure get hurt if you try. Mind, now. Be sensible, Rand. I'm saying so-long, but I'll be back. I'll come and fetch you. Then you can go home East if you like. Well, adios, Rand, like they say!"

A shout burst from him. "Judy, wait!"

"Yes, son."

"You can't start back, not tonight! In this dark! Are you crazy?"

There was a silence from up the hill. It grew while Farlow listened, striving tensely to hear if she was there. Then her voice again sounded out of the dark. "What say, Rand?"

He could have cursed. "Come back, do you hear? Wait till it's light, then you can go. I promise, give my word I won't try to stop you!"

Another pause. In it he heard her horse stamp, moving restlessly. Once more she spoke.

"Listen again, Rand; you can hear me, can't you? I told you I'd burned all your things, but I didn't. Look in the breast pocket of the other coat I got and you'll find something I saved for you. You understand? It's in the inside pocket, the breast one. You'll find it there; and —— Well, good night, Rand."

"Judy!" shouted Farlow. "Judy, d'you hear? Come back!"

This time there was no answer. Through the whisper of the rain the sound of a horse's feet moving up the hillside came to him and a shower of loose stone rattled down the slope; but though he shouted once again to her, the only response he got were the hollow echoes booming back to him.

She had gone, no doubt of that; and inside the cabin a few minutes later Farlow dragged out from the inside pocket of a coat stowed in one of the packs a scrap of folded paper.

If this was the one belonging of his she had kept from burning it took him a long moment to realize its import. The paper was a sheet torn from a magazine, one side of it double columns of type futilely conveying nothing. Once he turned it over, though, Farlow understood. From the page a face looked up into his. It was the face of a woman, young, handsome, smart, an opera cloak edged with fur drooping from her bare shoulders. "Adelaide Finlay," read the type beneath; and with a rush it all came back to him—the moment back in the junction lunch room when he had found that familiar face glancing at him out of the magazine, and he had acknowledged knowing the original. So he did, or had. So, too, surreptitiously, as he thought, he had torn out the page and thrust it into his pocket.

He did not put it back there now. Crumpling the paper in his hand he threw it from him and sped to the door.

"Judy!" he shouted.

There were only the echoes again.

XIII

FROM the first this had been her scheme. Wild or not, it at least had the merit of being thorough.

The rain whispering among the tree tops fell steadily, and up on the slanting hillside night fell pitch-dark, black as a hat. It was slow going in among the timber. A snowslide or a twister some time in the past had cut a wide swath along the slope; and at one part of it the fallen sticks lay criss-crossed together like jackstraws. The horse, however, knew its business well enough to keep out of a trap like that, and Judy gave it its head. Over the brow of the first rise was the hollow where she had left the other horses.

Getting the ponies back up the hill again had been a rough experience in the dark. That was what had kept her so long, in fact. True, she had planned to wait till darkness fell before she retraced her way toward the shack, for she meant to take no chances of having Rand Farlow try to follow; but in the hills there the clouded night had come on thicker and more confusing than she'd expected. The horses, too, had grown restless. Soaked with the rain, and the edge of the wind blowing raw, they had kept on turning tail to the storm and trying to wander. However, she had kept her wits about her, and having reached the hollow over the brow of the rise, there still had been light enough to enable her to round up the animals. She hadn't stopped to hobble them. The gray with a pack still on its back had a long line noosed about its neck, the slack tied in a loop to the pack; and unwinding this she had haltered both the gray and another of the horses to a stick of standing timber. Sheltered in the hollow and with the two horses tied she decided the others would stand till she came back. She had meant to be gone only a few minutes at the most. When she got back she would go on for a short distance, then

(Continued on Page 60)

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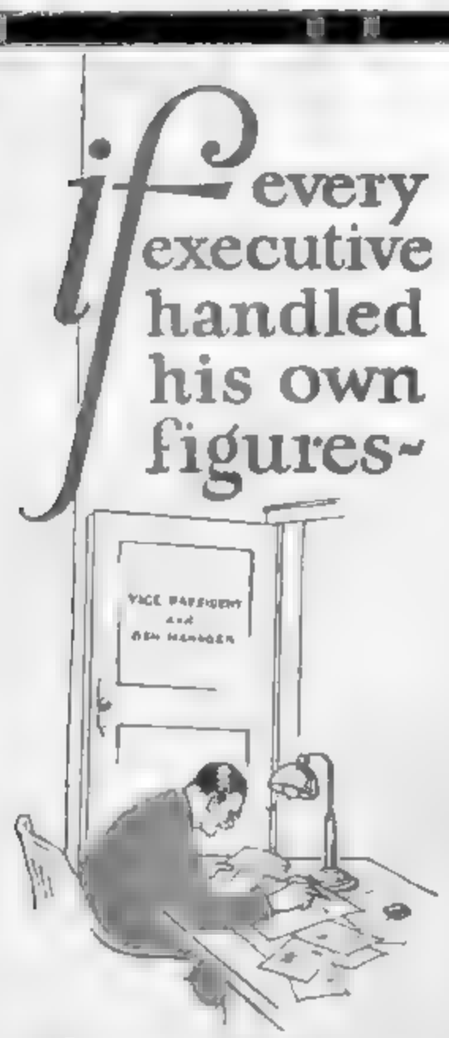

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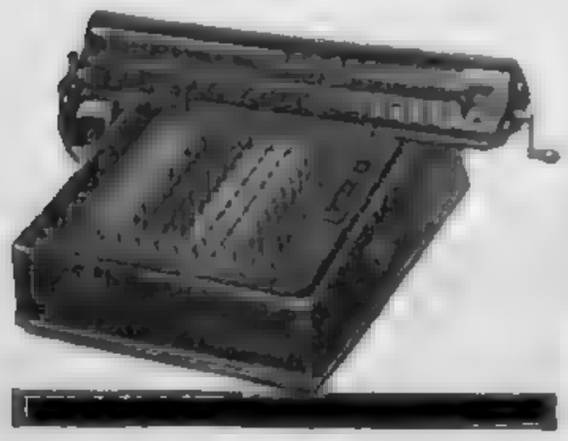

(Continued from Page 58)

camp for the night. At dawn she would strike back for the Cayuse.

To get back, however, was taking more time than Judy planned. Down near the shack during her parley with Rand Farlow she already had grown uneasy. It wasn't the darkness, though, that had daunted her. All she feared was that the dark might bring some hitch in the proceedings. For example, if any of the ponies strayed she would have to bat about at daybreak, hunting for them and taking chances of running into him. More than that, one of the strays might wander back to the shack; and it was not in her plans that the man she'd left there should get his hands on a horse. He must stay where he was put till she saw fit to free him.

Just how or by what train of thought Judy Caswell had been led to think out the scheme she had was more or less a question. It's been said that from the first this had been her plan; but in reality more than once she had wavered. Once was the moment in the junction lunch room when she had heard his mother inexorably refuse to help him and she, Judy herself, had offered him the money to pay his fare back East. It was her own indignation at the mother's callousness that had led her to do that; and out on the railroad when she raced after him she had wavered again. It was only for a moment, however. Once she had him back in Pinto she had felt convinced that if he returned East as he was he stood every chance of going back to what he had been. It might be different if he were wrenched away from his surroundings, then chucked out on his own. Good food; clean, bracing fresh air and rugged, hard work were restoratives of whose effectiveness she had little doubt. Taking it in the raw, too, a healthy body is brother to a healthy mind; and this was, in fact, Judy's own philosophy of life and living. One had only to take a glimpse at her to see that. Sound good health and a clean, sound, wholesome mind stood written out large in every line of her lithe figure, looking out, too, unafraid from the clarity of her frank blue-gray eyes; and it was because of this that she had gone her way impulsively to shape him also to that same health.

Yes, but why had she taken the trouble? That still was the question. Why?

Well, at a try one might guess.

The rain fell by now in a streaking downpour. She had not taken time to slip on a slicker; her shoulders were soaked, and the water beating on her face ran down it in rivulets. Walled in by the dark, she hardly would have been visible had there been anyone to see her; but as she rode on up the slope, her horse gingerly threading its way between the bowlders and the traps of the fallen timber, an onlooker might have marveled. Her mouth was wried. The air of absorbed, almost sullen preoccupation that had marked her during the day was gone; but though she knew, of course, the price she'd paid for doing what she'd done, the twist of her mouth was the only sign she gave.

It was all over, be sure of that. It might chance, true, that she'd saved him, set him on the road perhaps; but what good would it do her? Was there any good in any of it—that is, for herself? "Getting real thick, horse," mumbled Judy; "watch where you step, rabbit! Don't you go get yourself hurt now." The horse whinnied, its ears twitching as if it wished to get back to its mates; she gave it a friendly squeeze with her knees. "Just a little ways now, boy."

It seemed farther, however, than she'd thought. Then a new worry crept upon her. What if in the dark she missed the hollow where she'd left the other horses? That would be bad.

The horses wouldn't stand all night. More than that, in the pack saddled to the gray were her blankets, the grub for the return journey as well. She began to peer about, striving to pierce the darkness. She must hurry. It was going to be hard work to get a shelter set up in such blackness. In the rain she'd find it difficult to start a fire. The main thing, though, was to find the horses; and a gasp of relief escaped her as the horse she rode lurched over the crest and she recognized the dark bulk of a rock that marked the hollow. She hardly had identified it, though, when she pulled up sharply. A muffled cry escaped her.

The horses were gone. In the time she'd been absent the gray and the other had broken loose and wandered off with the others.

Here was the stick of timber to which she'd haltered them. A gasp, half a sob, escaped her; but it was only an instant that she gave way to it. She must find them at all cost. It was no time to snivel. In her pocket were matches; and slipping from the saddle she fished out the case. A moment later the bleak gloom was illumined by a tiny glow.

The match spluttered, but she crouched over, shielding its blaze between her hands. Yes, here were the ponies' tracks. The match burned out feebly, and she struck another. Its glow enabled her to see that the horses had headed out of the hollow up the hill; but as the light again expired, left blinded by its glare she lost both the tracks and the direction they had taken. Groping back to the tree, she struck a third match. As it flared up briefly she saw something else. It was an end of the rope with which she'd tied the two animals; and she was gaping at it stupidly when the match burned itself away.

The rope's end was not broken, neither was it untied. It had been cut. A knife had severed it; and striking still another match, she gave the line a swift glance to make sure, then threw the match away. The next instant the silence of the hills resounded with a cry shrill and penetrating: "Truby! Truby Cole! Come back, d'you hear? Truby Cole!"

No answer; only the echoes. Scrambling into the saddle she jabbed her horse with a spur. "Truby! Truby Cole!" The horse leaped forward, snorting as she gadded it again.

She had only a vague idea of the direction. The ponies' tracks had headed up the slope, that was all she knew. In the dark she could see nothing; but with an arm raised to shield her face and eyes from the tree limbs and branches that raked her as she lunged along, she spurred on recklessly. It was Truby Cole who had run off with the horses. Before now his presence had troubled her. She had no fear of him face to face; but she had not dreamed he'd do anything like this. Not that the loss of the horses was all of it. Violent and unrestrained, Truby would not stop just at that. Though she'd kept hidden when he rode past that day, he must have seen her. Truby, too, must have seen who was with her. She must catch him before he got out of reach.

"Truby Cole!"

The horse beneath her leaped as again it felt the spur. In the dark a branch struck her across the face; and as she shrank back, wincing with the pain, she had for an instant the impression of staring downward into blank bottomless space. There was a loud rattle of loose stone. She felt all at once as if the ground had been struck out from beneath her and her horse. Instinctively she yanked back on the bridle; and with a convulsive heave her mount reared. It was too late though. She was falling, falling; and as she clutched wildly at the air, with a crash she and the horse struck the bottom of the gully into which they'd tumbled.

One cry, a scream, left her as they hit:

"Rand!"

XV

THE Clawhammer, rising far back among the hills, springs at its source from a narrow gully high up on the horseback that divides its headwaters from those of the Cayuse. The latter stream, however, rather than a single current, is the combined outpouring of half a dozen others; these, for the main part, mere trickles where they begin, and acquiring breadth only after miles. To follow any of these confluents would be difficult. Then again, not all the brooks on that side of the divide run into the Cayuse. Some shoot off to the south and west; and here the country is even more broken and rugged, its heights formidable and the valleys beneath them a bewildering maze of narrow rock-choked gulches. Any green-hand wanderer astray there would have trouble in getting out of it; that is, if he ever did. Even on the more open, clearer Cayuse trail it would be a problem. Once, in times past, there had been a mining boom back here in the hills—gold had been struck somewhere; and though it had amounted to little, the pay streak having petered out in a season, there had been at least a couple, if not more of the adventurers prospecting in that battered region who had left their bones among the gulches. One of them had been seen last striking out for the country around the shack, Jeff Caswell's one-time camp. The camp was, in fact, set down in the thick of it.

Jeff, it seemed, had liked solitude. It's enough to say the supply of it was ample about that cabin.

The dawn came on tenuously, the morning sky leaden and sad. Rain dripped from the trees, and tattered wisps of vapor streamed vagrantly along the hillsides, the peaks themselves blotted blankly from view. It was on this prospect that Farlow looked when he threw open the door at daylight.

Left to his own devices the night before, he had cooked himself a meal and then spread his blankets in the bunk. He had slept little, however. Overhead, a lantern he had found swung from the ridgepole of the shack, the wick burning dimly; and his wits going at full tilt, he had stared up at the light, figuring out what he should do. The solitude didn't bother. He was not worried, either, by the trick that had been played on him—the way he'd been shanghaied, lugged off, then left to root for himself. What he thought about most was the ingenious, calculated method of throwing him definitely on his own resources. The only hand to help him now was his own. It was only by his own unaided effort that he could live; and to survive he must toil, work hard, hewing wood, hauling water, keeping himself otherwise occupied. Not that this staggered him though. Hard work meant health, renewed vigor; and he knew, too, he could not loll about and take it easy; an inventory of the grub in the camp left no doubt of that. The grub comprised only pork, beans, flour, coffee and sugar—not too much of it besides. Used sparingly it might last two weeks, hardly longer; and to keep himself going he would have to rustle—catch fish, trap birds and animals. He had no gun of any sort. He would have to fight for life with his two hands. She had seen to it that it wasn't made easy.

There were, of course, two alternatives. One was to hoof it out afoot to the railroad. The other was to wait till the grub gave out, then lie down and die. Farlow didn't wish to die. A new fire animated him, a fierce fever to live and make a fight for it. At the same time, though, when he let mind dwell on the ninety-odd miles of that hell hole that lay betwixt him and the railroad he sweated. He was no fool. Half a day out from the Cayuse he'd known himself to be hopelessly bewildered and lost; and he was not ready yet to face it. It would take study. He would have to plan. It might take him a fortnight to get strength enough to tackle it.

In the night the wind rose. He could hear the gale thrash and boom in the timber, surging down the hillside and whooping around the corners of the cabin; and his reflections grew curious. She, at least, had not feared to face it. Somewhere out in the night's turmoil was the girl who had tricked and misled him.

It was all clear to Farlow now. He saw from the beginning how she had led him on, taking advantage of his mental and physical weakness and his longing to get out of the slough he was in, to work out her

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Both the tires in the picture have traveled the same distance. On the tire at the left a Schrader Gauge was used regularly. This tire was always kept inflated to the recommended pressure. Now look at the tire on the right. Failure to use a tire gauge frequently, resulted in its running with not enough air and doomed it to an early death.

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In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

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schemes on him. He turned hot at the thought. What enraged him most was the way he'd let her dupe him; though in spite of that he still had a sneaking admiration for her grit and determination. Whatever her motive, she had nerve to get away with it as she had. It took nerve, then some, for example, to lie out in the hills the way she was doing tonight, alone, by herself. Hardly had he thought of that, though, when he turned hot again. Alone, pshaw! What an ass he was to have thought that too! With those two men, her cronies, she was of course camped down somewhere, safely tucked away for the night; though it was not worth thinking about. Women's vanity was nothing new to him; and had he been less a dolt he might have detected beforehand the form it would take in a woman of her ruthless vitality—bronze-haired, firm-jawed, passionate—Brunhild, Fredegunde. As good as any man, she had set out to show him she was, no denying it!

Hadn't she regretted she was not a man? She had, at any rate, made clear to him her father's wish that she had been a boy. True, for all to the contrary Jeff Caswell's mate, this girl's mother, might as well have borne a man child. Farlow had, in fact, only to reflect on what she'd done to him to consider that. However, he was frank enough to wonder that she'd picked him, not a more fitting object, for the demonstration. But now was not any moment to mull over that. The main thing was what he must do; and thinking hard, by daylight he'd arrived at a plan. It was to stick fast for a while. He would hang to the camp till the grub ran low; and if by that time no one came to his rescue he would make a dash for the railroad. Of course he might never get there; but, at the same time, he could try; and with a fortnight's hard work, fresh air and good, stout grub to make him fit he would stand some chance. And once he hit the railroad—if he did—he knew, too, what he'd do. The fever to get East, get home, still burned in him. He would work his way back East; and once there he would be in shape to put up a fight for himself. Now, however, first of all he must make sure just how much grub he had; and clambering out of the bunk he began to sort the contents of the packs. In the midst of it something else tumbled out of the pack, a book, of all things!

He was thrusting it aside when he stopped. The book in tumbling to the floor had fallen open; and on the thumbed, dog's-eared flyleaf was penned a line or two of writing: "Judith Meredith Tolliver. Christmas, 1895." His eyes all at once curious, Farlow turned over the pages.

Knights and ladies fair! The script was underscored on nearly every page; and there were notations in pencil down the edges. He knew that book. In his vanished boyhood he, too, had pored over its ingenuous, archaic phrasing, vivid for all that, of dim, historic times. The Holy Grail. The Siege Perilous. The Knights of the Round Table. There were the chapter headings too. "How a voice spake to Sir Launcelot, and how he found his horse and his helm borne away, and after went afoot." "How Sir Launcelot was shriven, and what sorrow he made, and of the good ensamples which were shown." Stories, legends! Romances, dreams! Farlow forgot any thought of taking stock of what the pack contained; and turning page after page, he read on. Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad! Gawain and Bors and Perceval! He saw them as in the cleaner, happier time of his boyhood he had seen them, bright in their shining armor and striving for God and their ladies fair. Something else he saw too. The writing in the pages was not the same as that on the flyleaf. It was more rugged and firm—Judy Caswell's hand; and was this the food on which that stout-hearted, fierce, determined thing had fed! Romance, dreams! His air was thoughtful when he laid down the book and went back to his bunk.

Queer? Dick's hatband couldn't express it! Throughout the night he kept on pondering it. Dreams, romance. It seemed to explain something anyway; and his face grew thoughtful. Half drowsing, half awake, Farlow passed out the night. Dawn was just breaking when he threw off the blanket and rose.

His first thought was of himself and of the way he once had lived, its habits instinctively recalled. The morning air was raw and penetrating, but he didn't hesitate. Below the camp the river boomed and gurgled between its banks; and it was only a step from the shack to the deep pool out in front. Convenient, all right. One could not have asked a handier tub. Stripped of the clothes he'd slept in, he took a header from the bank; and as he bobbed up into view a yell escaped him. It was a yell of acute and earnest pain. The stream was straight off the peaks above—a torrent made up for the main part of melted snow; and as he plunged back to the bank he yelled again. For all that, though, it had its merits; and his skin glowing and the blood surging in his veins, Farlow felt in him a tang of life and activity he hadn't felt for months. Once dressed, he got a fire going in the two-plate stove effect; and as the light lifted and day came on in earnest, the neighborhood of the camp grew redolent with the scent of coffee steaming and of bacon frying in the pan. He was humming to himself, too, as he cooked his breakfast. Not so bad, this shack. Nothing wrong, either, with the grub. He had tobacco, too; real thoughtful and kind for her to have seen to that; and grinning indulgently, clean-faced, brisk, easy-minded, he pulled up the bench beside the table and sat down to his first breakfast in the wilds.

A whisky jack fluttered down from a near-by jack pine and looked in at the door. "Hullo, Joe," Farlow greeted it. He chucked the bird a fragment of biscuit, which it collared promptly and flew off. A squirrel was his next visitor. It bounced in all at once, edged halfway toward the table; then leaped out with a sudden shrill chatter. A moment later, however, it was back again, when with a series of swift scurries to and fro it summoned up courage enough to climb to the table and investigate the sugar poured into a cup. "Help yourself, Bill," invited Farlow. The squirrel did. After that, through the window over the table he got a glimpse of something else that amused and interested—a deer drinking in the shallows of the bend below the camp. It was a doe; and she was heavy with fawn. Slipping out of the brush beside the stream she minced her way over the shingle, her head high and ears and tail twitching; and after she had drunk she came on up the bank, heading toward the cabin. As yet she had not seen or scented the smoke trickling from the roof; and the man inside watched her with interest. It gave him a hint of how long the cabin must have stood there unvisited if a deer would walk to its door in daylight.

He still was looking at the doe, now not more than fifty yards from him, when with an abrupt, inconceivably sudden movement the animal flung itself about, whistling shrilly, and bounded out of view into the cover back of the bank.

Farlow thought it must have scented the smoke. Then a sound caught his ear. It was a splatter of gravel from the high cut bank above the cabin. He heard it again. Idly he lit the cigarette he had rolled for himself; and the sound once more coming to him, he got up and dawdled to the door. As he reached it he stopped.

Halfway down the slope beyond was a rain-soaked, battered figure in chaps and a flannel shirt. Clinging to the tree trunks and bushes for support and dragging one foot along behind her, Judy Caswell was heading toward the cabin door.

"I've come back, Rand. I got hurt. Help me, won't you?" she said.

He got to her just as she fell again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SPRINTING AROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 27)

natural ability will not stand alone for very long. It must be aided and backed up by stamina and by the strength which training alone develops. The Japanese are, moreover, handicapped by their short legs. For generations they have sat upon their legs as no other people, and now it will take generations to correct the habit. But the athletic officials are busily at work striving to change a national custom which has proved to be hurtful.

Despite these handicaps and the short time that Japan has been interested in Occidental sports, a sprinter of renown has been developed in Hagati Tani, thirty-two-year-old hero of two Olympics and ten times Japanese national champion. Tani has learned to take advantage of his short stature in the start of a race, and it is doubtful if there is a faster man from his marks today than this sturdy little sprinter. But his stride is too short to carry him through in record time, though his fighting spirit makes him always a dangerous competitor. But Tani's best contribution to Japan is his willingness to coach and train other sprinters, who some day may reach heights that he can never ascend. Tani's experience with the best runners in the world has given him a good idea of how to sprint.

None of us know all about the running game, and none of us have ever learned how to do a hundred yards anywhere near perfectly. The world's record for the century is 9 3-5 seconds. It has been 9 3-5 for about twenty-five years. But sometime it will be broken. Sometime a man will run in 9 2-5 seconds, and then later on another will run in 9 1-5 seconds, and possibly in the generations ahead there will come the super-sprinter of all ages, who will cover a hundred yards in nine seconds! That man will be running his last ten yards better than forty miles an hour.

Five years ago, if I had read the above statement I would not have believed it. It seemed to me that 9 3-5 seconds was the greatest possible speed that any human being could make and still have his legs stand the terrific strain. I knew from personal experience what it was to fight all the way from starting gun to finish tape, and run in ten seconds. I felt convinced that no one could fight any harder, or at least not two or four or six yards harder. But within a year I had learned to do that very thing, and was not working as much as I had been doing in ten seconds.

The secret of that progress and the reason why the present time will eventually be improved are the mastery of the three essentials of a hundred-yard sprint. In order to sprint, a man must have, first of all, natural ability. Then he must have a certain amount of sprinting form. He must be in physical condition if he expects to get very far, and finally if he is to be a winner he must possess fighting spirit. Now anyone who wants to can make himself physically fit, and most Americans already know how to fight. As for natural ability, if you, without any preparation, can easily outdistance everyone you know who is likewise untrained, why then you can depend upon it that Providence has given you enough to build upon successfully.

There remains then but one field for extensive improvement, and that is in sprinting form. And here are what I consider to be the three essentials of short-distance running—the start, the stride and the finish. And herein are contained the secrets of

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"Dear me! What can I give John for Christmas?" exclaimed Sally.

"Does he shave himself?" asked Phil.

"Yes, and how he hates it."

"That's fine," said Phil, "for I know something you can give him which will make his shaving a joy."

"Really! I'm consumed with curiosity."

"Give him a Twinplex Stropper," suggested Phil.

"I don't believe he would use it. I've heard John say he wouldn't bother to strop his blades, new blades are so cheap."

"He won't say that after he has had one shave with a new blade stropped on Twinplex," insisted Phil.

"Does Twinplex really improve a new blade?" asked Sally.

"I should say it does. I never knew what a good shave was until I shaved with a new blade which had been stropped on Twinplex," said Phil emphatically.

"Will a Twinplex make a blade last longer?" asked Sally.

"You bet it will," Phil ejaculated, "Why I use one blade for weeks at a time."

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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

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sprinting. No man I know today is perfect in any one of them. Sometimes a champion will be just about perfect in one of the three phases of the race, but never in all of them.

The timers have unofficially clocked me in 9 2-5 seconds. Yet I am convinced that I did not do any of the three sections of the hundred yards perfectly. I never led in a championship race at thirty yards out. Therefore I know that I am far from a perfect starter. There are other runners with faster leg action and longer strides than mine.

As for the finish, which is my best part, I am perfectly conscious of doing several things wrong, though theoretically I believe I know how the thing should be done. And that is why I can say that the hundred will be run eventually in nine seconds, for sometime in the future someone is going to do all three parts of the hundred just about perfectly.

Instead of having to begin as we did and find out everything for himself, the future champion will have everything that we have learned to build upon. He will be ready to start at almost the place where we left off.

Learning How to Start

I ran three years before I learned how to better my finish. I ran six years before I found out that my stride was too short, and it was not until I lengthened it that I ever broke a record. And after eleven years of competition I have not yet learned how to start. And that was the first thing I tried to master. From the evidence it would appear that I had an excellent chance to win first place for all-around dumbness. However, I don't feel so bad about it when I look about among my fellow competitors and see that they are practically in the same position. For sprint running is, after all, a new thing. We have only been running in the present way for about forty years. Give us time!

Take the start. All that we know about getting away rapidly is to dig the starting holes far enough apart so that we will not be cramped, and yet have full leverage to get away with all our power. We know that the weight must be far forward on the front foot and the hands, so that we gain momentum as we leave the holes, because the hands, being lifted, cause us almost to fall, and the fall is only checked by a tremendous leg drive.

The best starters I know are Loren Murchison and Jack Scholz in the United States; Huber Houben of Germany, and Paul Imbach of Switzerland, a quarter miler. Joe Loomis was the best starter we ever had, track officials tell us, and yet he was often beaten by Irving Mahl of St. Louis, who was a flash of light for forty yards. But there was a football player at Notre Dame, a few years ago, named Mulligan, if I am not mistaken, who could spot Mahl two yards and beat him in thirty! But this football player could only run about that far. He tied up in knots and lost his wind in a longer race. But imagine what a sprinter of recognized ability could do if he only had possessed Mulligan's start.

A man throws away precious fifths of seconds in getting out of the holes and in finding his speed and momentum. The arm goes back too far or not far enough. His first step is too long or too short. He has not breathed properly. His head is in the wrong position and his body is at the wrong angle. His nervous reaction is not fast enough and his mental attitude is wrong. These and a thousand other things may enter into the start of a race.

There was one year when Jack Scholz was the fastest man in America from his holes. That was during the indoor season of 1920. He would lead Murchison, considered the greatest indoor starter of them all, by two yards at forty, and do it seemingly without great effort. Scholz had caught the idea of starting. But he did not know why it was, and the rest of us were unable to tell him. So after a few months he lost the knack, and he has never regained it. Murchison's success in starting is dependent upon two things—his naturally quick reaction to the gun, due to his nervous temperament, and his ability to take a number of short steps in very rapid order. His feet hit the ground in much the same way as when you let out your automobile clutch slowly and race the motor. He understands why he gets away, and so he remains consistently fast from his marks and maintains his supremacy indoors in short distance running.

Houben of Germany is another quick starter. When I saw him on the mark for the first time I thought that there was something different in his style, but I could not at first understand what it was. Houben was starting left-footed! He is probably the only left-footed sprinter in existence. Practically all hurdlers start this way in order to make their stride come right for the first hurdle.

But there is a real reason for Houben's starting in this manner. Practically all cinder tracks are soft where the sprinters dig their starting holes, and the first few yards are torn up where the spikes have dug in so hard. All of us start with our left foot forward and drive with our right leg. In all big championships there are a series of heats. The ground is stamped down for the finals, but this stamping only forms a camouflage surface. The earth underneath is treacherous and you generally have trouble getting holes with firm backs, and your first few strides you are very likely to stumble. Now all right-footed starters naturally have to use the same place in a lane. But the left-footed starter finds his ground for digging holes unused and his first few strides are on good solid ground. He gains tremendously on the rest of his field. A small thing, perhaps, but yet it means inches at the tape where inches count.

The professional runners in the old days knew a great deal more about starting than we amateurs have ever learned. It was their business to know these points, for sprinting was their bread and butter. But we do not, of course, take our recreation so seriously. However, the time is coming when sprinters will have to know all about starting; else they will be too far behind clever competitors ever to catch them in the course of a race.

It is still a moot question as to which type of man makes the best sprinter. It used to be that the tall man with the long legs was the ideal type. Bernie Wefers was like that, and Tommy Burke, the first 100-meter Olympic champion. Then came Duffey, Hahn, and a host of shorter men, with the present generation of sprinters composed of Scholz, Murchison, Hussey, Bowman and myself, all comparatively short men. But it has been proved that on a soft track the tall man has a distinct advantage. Joe Loomis used to win all his races on a soft track, and he was a sure bet in the rain.

The Importance of the Finish

Harold Abrahams won the Olympic hundred meters at Paris in the summer of 1924 on a soft track. His long legs took fewer strides than the rest of us, who were much shorter, and we never made up that handicap. This past summer Murchison and I, along with the German sprinter Kornig, who is also small, faced a Swiss named Borner in the Breslau internationals. The track was a sea of mud. The rain came down mercilessly. Borner did not get an especially fast start, but while the rest of us were plowing through the soft lanes, he was striding easily by us to win. He captured both the 100 and 200 meters that day, but on hard ground he failed to reach the finals in the other international match races of the season.

Stride is a tremendous factor in a short-distance race. It is very difficult for a man to determine just how long a step he should take in proportion to the length of his legs. If he takes too long a step he cuts down the rapidity of leg action, and if his stride is too short he is wasting perfectly good energy that might be used increasing his speed.

If it can be said that any one of these three essentials of sprinting is any more important than the others, then it is certainly the finish. For the man who gets away first often loses his advantage through the perhaps unconscious thought that the race is already won, and his muscles fail to give their best. And it often happens that the man who is paying so much attention to his stride becomes so engrossed in his form that he fails to fight hard enough in those closing strides, before the tape.

Show me the fast finisher and I will show you a prospective champion, because it is much easier to train a man in the start and in the stride than it is to show him how to finish. He must be a fighter to finish well. He must be able to do not only his best, but better than his best. He must put his whole soul into the fight and give of himself. Houben of Germany shuts his eyes as he nears the tape and blindly fights on for victory. Van de Berge of Holland, a coming star of the first magnitude, leans so far forward that he often stumbles and falls beyond the tape, but never before he has reached it.

How to Become a Sprinter

This fighting spirit and energy must be molded into some kind of definite style. Men formerly ran straight through. Arthur Duffey, the first man ever to run the hundred in 9 3-5 seconds, discovered that with the arms thrust back and the chest thrown out, many inches might be gained on the orthodox method of breaking the string. And he was successful in this form, calling it the "lunge." Houben uses it, and so did Abrahams of England in the Olympics. Van de Berge is another disciple of this style.

Bernie Wefers, the most consistent champion of his time, believed in the "shrug" method of finishing. This consisted in turning the side of the body into the tape, with the arm thrown up high in the air. The side seemed closer to the string than the extended chest, Wefers thought. He still teaches that method at the New York Athletic Club. Scholz, Murchison and Hussey all finish this way.

The finish has long been my own pet hobby. Years ago I saw a runner leap through the air from fourth to second place in the final stride. He jumped for the tape, in much the same fashion that a broad jumper would do. His body was hurled through space and into the string with tremendous force. He seemed to have the opportunity to put everything into that final effort. So often a man finishes a race and feels that he could have done much better. He has not had the opportunity to expend every bit of surplus energy during the contest.

I realized the advantages of the lunge and the shrug as Duffey and Wefers had perfected them. I wanted the best of each, and in jumping for the string I learned to throw the side of my body into the tape and at the same time get my hands up and back with my chest out as in the lunge. This final spring came natural to me. It was simply the last stride emphasized into a long, falling step.

I run very high, and jumping into the string gives me a chance to drop down, increasing my momentum and also saving the time of taking an extra step. This finish when properly done does not form an arc, but rather a straight downward line into the finish string. However, I very often jump in poor form. Sometimes I am tired and go up in the air instead of down, as in the Paris Olympic 200-meter finals. But I probably will always believe in this style of finish, even though it fails me sometimes at a critical moment, for it has grown to be my hobby.

The start, the stride and the finish! This is all you have to learn in order to become a sprinter. And with this, if you possess natural ability, physical condition and fighting

(Continued on Page 66)

The Keys to Happiness

A Glorious Christmas Gift to Make Myriad Dreams Come True

THEY'RE in a simple, oddly mysterious jewel box, these keys to the car of her own she has wanted so much. There may be other gifts that approach but none that rivals an automobile at Christmas. It is the one gift every woman wants most in the world. Yet . . . today it is one that even a man in moderate circumstances can give without financial strain

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The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

"Bull" Durham vs. Golf

Golf, that's what is doing the damage in this country. It ain't the Boll Weevil, or the Potato Bugs, or the Taxes, or the poor Movies, It's Golf. Men won't work any more. They're spending half their time lying about their Golf score, and the other half looking at themselves in the mirror in Knee Breeches.

Golf has made more liars out of people than the Income Tax. There's more money invested in Knee Breeches and Niblicks than there is in carpenters' tools and plows. Knee Breeches has exposed more bad shaped legs than a Burlesque show. If Golf was played as much as it was talked it would supplant Poker as our National game.

The reason some men don't use Caddies is not thru stinginess, but because they are ashamed.

Will Rogers

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

P. S. Use "Bull" Durham. It don't show up your funny legs; it don't make you lie; it's the top hole of tobacco; it's under Bogie every sack.

P. P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

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spirit, your chances for success are unlimited. And of all these requisites the one most noteworthy is fighting spirit. Catalon of the Philippines, four times the Far Eastern Olympic sprint champion; Helle of Finland, the best dash man his country has ever produced; and little Harold Lever of Philadelphia, intercollegiate champion and one of the best men the University of Pennsylvania has developed—these and many more are heroic examples of what fighting spirit will do for those who have not been overly blessed with natural ability or with the technic of running.

Fighting spirit! That was the quality we first missed when we visited the Chinese athletes. Splendid specimens of manhood, so many of them; natural athletes, with a large group of clever strategists in some fields of sport, they seem to lack altogether the ability to meet physical contact and to fight back. They are splendid fellows to play with, filled with good humor and sportsmanship. But they do not take anything seriously enough, according to our standards of civilization and of life.

The Fighting Spirit

They doubtlessly laugh at us as much as we laugh at them. For it is just as difficult for them to understand our philosophy of life as it is for us to grasp theirs. If they have plenty to eat and a place to sleep they feel that life has treated them well. They want to be happy more than anything else and they seem to succeed excellently well. And when they come to the place where they can obtain no more food and no dwelling place, why, they join the army—any army. It is immaterial. For in the army they will get food most of the time and a place to sleep part of the time, and there is always the chance that they might get some pay, though the latter condition is not very likely at present.

However, the average Chinese soldier does not take many chances. When ordered into the field he is apt to find himself a giant rock or bullet-proof shelter of some kind, and then he rests. Occasionally he points his gun in the general direction of where he imagines the enemy might be and fires. He does not permit himself the hazard of sighting the foe, and he is not greatly worried as to the length or result of the campaign in which he happens to be engaged. He knows that if his forces fight too near a white man's home and prove an annoyance, the white man is very likely to come out and take his gun away from him. But that is satisfactory also, because he is certain to receive a bit of money or a good meal in return. They tell the story in China of one old American line sergeant last winter who found a Chinese army disturbing his peace and went out one night alone with his gun. The next morning he walked into Shanghai with five thousand prisoners. He merely ordered them to stack their rifles and fall into line. No, the average Chinese soldier is not exactly what we would define as a fighting man.

And that spirit predominates in their athletic work. They do not try long enough nor work hard enough to succeed. Perhaps some day they will. And if that time comes, why, certainly they will no longer be just a horde of people living in the same country, but a nation of men, with a collective responsibility. For wherever you find successful athletic teams among the youth, you certainly discover a similar spirit of team work and unity in the national activities of that people.

Nowhere did I discover a finer example of this same fighting spirit than in far away Finland. Beyond the balmy Baltic, in the far northland, three million Finns live apart from the world. Through a thousand years they have maintained their individuality. First the Swedes and then the Russians tried to destroy their national pride and their racial unity. But the Swedes and the Russians dismally failed. They have fought for their living through the centuries, wresting it from stronger peoples and battling the elements of Nature in order to survive. Today these people maintain their same rigorous standards of living. They eat black bread, so hard that normal teeth of other peoples cannot crack it. They take Finnish steam baths, so hot that the sons of our softer civilization could not stand them. As a nation they retire in the winter time before eight in the evening, and are up at four and five in the morning. They work all day. They never have time for loafing. They take life as a serious thing. They are not given to spontaneity. Neither are the Finns dull-witted or dry. They have a keen sense of humor and make excellent sportsmen.

They do not develop very quickly. Their new sprint champion, Helle, is considered to be a babe in arms at the running game, and they say that he will be a good man when he grows up. He is already past twenty-five. Quite different that idea of maturity from our own, or our people in the Philippines. When we reached Manila they told us that they had a great champion, who unfortunately was now a veteran with his best days behind him. He had been the champion for ten years, and now he was in his twenty-third year! That was Catalon. One was through before the other commenced.

But be sure that Helle in Finland will make up for his late start. He is serious in his training. He has already set himself a purpose to win, and he is just as certain of making progress as his famous countryman, Paavo Nurmi. I visited the latter in Abo. I saw him as a simple citizen of his own little country, living in quiet seclusion. Nurmi seemed to be very happy. He always feels best when he is left to himself, and his neighbors in Abo cater to this whim. It is easy enough for them to do so, because the majority are like Nurmi himself.

Nurmi was very happy to tell me about his home-coming. "There was no demonstration. Only four or five were at the steamer. We had breakfast together, and then I went home."

The Phantom Finn

That was all. Different indeed from Nurmi's departure from this country, and from his reception in Stockholm, where thousands waved him greeting as he passed through the land on his way to Abo. Nurmi runs because he loves to. His people are fond of this form of exercise and Nurmi inherited the running instinct, it would seem. But he developed his own natural ability as few men have ever done in the history of any sport. His success he owes to himself. He trained himself. He punished himself. He sacrificed himself. When training for the Olympic games he went on the road at high noon on the hottest days—and it is very warm in Finland in summertime—and he wore heavy sweat clothes. He removed every ounce of water from his system. He dried himself out. He was taking no chances with the Paris heat. And when other runners with natural ability were exhausted, because they had not trained in such sacrificing fashion, Nurmi went on to victory, physically superb. And Nurmi typifies the spirit of Finland.

Today he has few rivals in the world and none in America. There is a school-teacher in Sweden, named Edvin Wide, who can beat some of Nurmi's times, but he cannot defeat the Phantom Finn. There are some great middle-distance stars in Europe who probably could beat Nurmi over a shorter distance, but who have not trained as Nurmi has done.

There is Paul Martin of Switzerland, the "Mel Sheppard of Europe." He is a great fighter. But he does not have much time to train. He is a medical student in Lausanne University and he has won about every honor in Europe in the 800 meters and in the 400 meters also. He will doubtless prove a sensation in America. But he is no Nurmi, because he has not trained as the Finn. And there is Paulen of Holland, and Peltzer of Germany, and Imbach of Switzerland, and Engdahl of Sweden, and

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But why?

SHE had known Jarvis for a long time. When they announced their engagement it was no surprise to their friends.

They had expected it.

Then, as the plans for their marriage were well along, he came to her one day and told her the engagement would have to be broken.

It came to her like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky.

"But why?" she asked.

He turned his head. It was something he could not bring himself to discuss.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually and fortunately halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only *never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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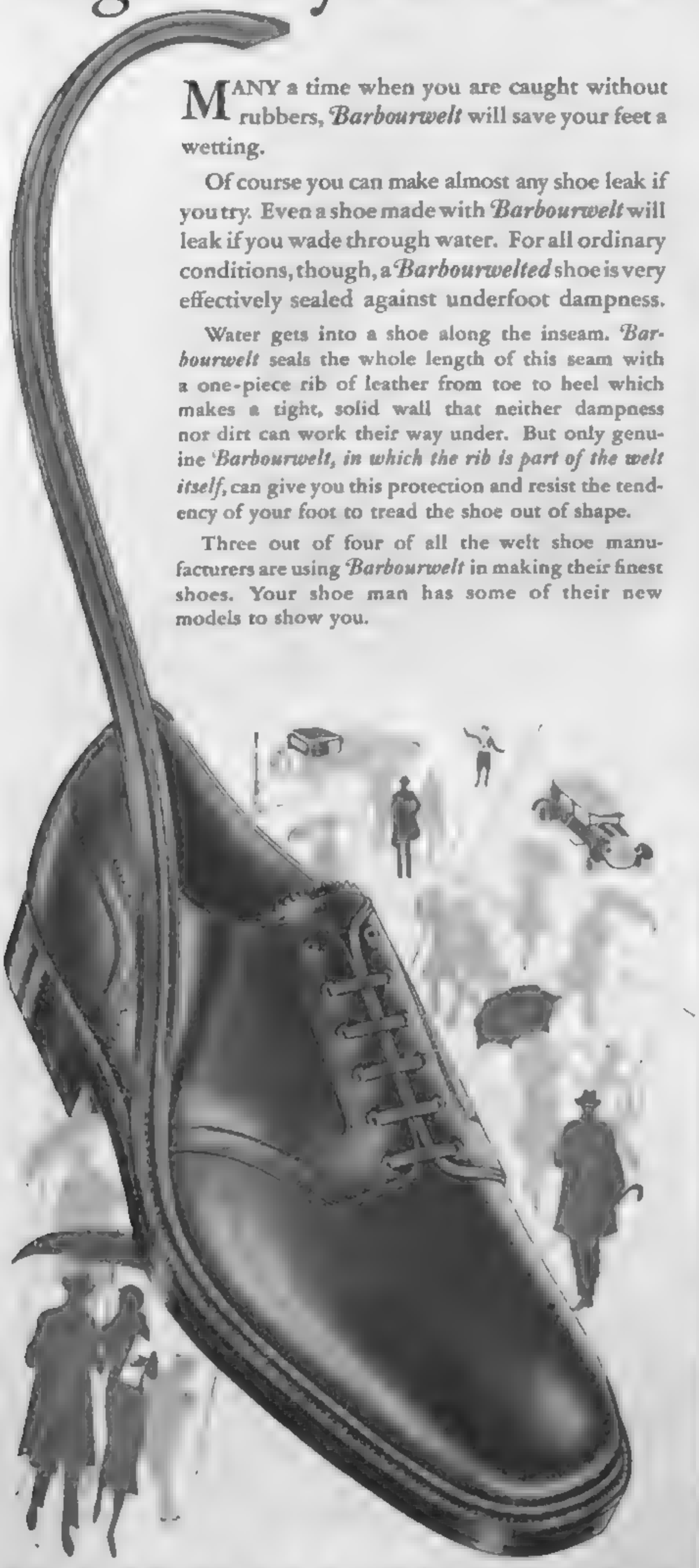

MANY a time when you are caught without rubbers, *Barbourwelt* will save your feet a wetting.

Of course you can make almost any shoe leak if you try. Even a shoe made with *Barbourwelt* will leak if you wade through water. For all ordinary conditions, though, a *Barbourwelted* shoe is very effectively sealed against underfoot dampness.

Water gets into a shoe along the inseam. *Barbourwelt* seals the whole length of this seam with a one-piece rib of leather from toe to heel which makes a tight, solid wall that neither dampness nor dirt can work their way under. But only genuine *Barbourwelt, in which the rib is part of the welt itself,* can give you this protection and resist the tendency of your foot to tread the shoe out of shape.

Three out of four of all the welt shoe manufacturers are using *Barbourwelt* in making their finest shoes. Your shoe man has some of their new models to show you.

BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* ✦ "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, BROCKTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 66)

Lowe of England, all with their various styles of running, all with their special training systems and their diets. But none of them put as much into their work as the man of Abo. And so none of them has succeeded so well.

When I think of Nurmi and his success I remember Guillemot of France, who has proved to be just as typical of his people. The first time I ever saw Guillemot was back in 1919. The French Athletic Association was about to hold the cross-country championship to select distance candidates for the French Olympic team of 1920. As the entries lined up in the Bois, just outside the city gates, early one morning, Vermuellon was the favorite to win. He had been the champion for many years. There was no one else to give him even a hard battle. But just before the start, a rather hilarious group of youngsters came trooping out from the city. They had probably been spending the night in the Montmartre, and some of them were still a bit doubtful as to their equilibrium. And one of their number had been dared to run in this race. Someone got him a pair of sneakers and he borrowed a track suit and commenced the race, amid a roar of laughter. So the runners were lost to view in the forest.

At last into sight came the first figure. Everyone thought it was the champion, but when the runner drew nearer, people were astonished to see that it was the young fellow who had started out in such a hilarious frame of mind a few minutes before. No one could understand it as he came on to break the tape, the new champion of France.

That was Joseph Guillemot, and overnight he became the hero of the French and the idol of Paris. He did not bother to train. His great natural ability and fighting spirit were enough to sustain him. He went to Antwerp and there he met the great Paavo Nurmi, who had never been beaten in his favorite distance.

A Superathlete of Modern Times

Guillemot ran Nurmi in the five thousand meters. Lap after lap he stayed close upon Nurmi as he had lingered behind Vermuellon in the forest the year before. Finally it came time to sprint and then Guillemot, with his youth and his marvelous natural ability, burst forth with a sprint that was too strong for Nurmi to withstand, and so the Frenchman won the championship of the world that day. Of course he returned to Paris more than ever the idol of the people.

Three years slipped away. I stood in that same forest again and watched the runners start on the distance race which would determine the candidates for the French Olympic team of 1924. This time Guillemot was the favorite. He had been living his same old Parisian life. He started out in his same gay fashion.

Finally into view again came the first runner. And when the people looked closely they saw that it was not Guillemot. Then came the next and the next and the next until forty-five runners had crossed the finish line before Guillemot came struggling in. He was completely exhausted and fell unconscious. He had failed to qualify for his own team to represent his country in the greatest Olympics of all.

So this time Joseph Guillemot had to sit in the stands and watch the man whom he had beaten four years before sweep on to victory after victory, Paavo Nurmi of Finland, the superathlete of modern times, who had set himself a goal and trained and sacrificed for it.

But Guillemot was a typical Frenchman with a Frenchman's fighting heart. He did not despair. He knew why Nurmi had succeeded. And though there was no Olympic race to be won, Guillemot started in to condition himself that he might prove to the world and Guillemot that he could come back and that he could set records for even Nurmi to think about.

This season Guillemot is running as he did of old. I saw him match strides with some of the best men in Europe in the Olympic stadium at Colombes, this past summer, and beat them easily. He says that he will soon be in condition to race Nurmi. He is happy now, for he has mastered himself. Fighting spirit and natural ability were not enough; he needed condition, and in getting it he is giving the youth of France a lesson.

Brothers on the Field of Play

Between France and Finland there is a nation of athletes springing up which is liable to eclipse the achievements of both in the years ahead. The youth of this country have taken a whole-souled interest in track athletics. The war held them back, but now they are making amends for the war. I speak of Germany. Never have I seen more enthusiasm over athletics. Recently, Murchison and I competed in Berlin before a crowd of 55,000 people. Young and old alike are following track. They want the development that track gives and they have found a champion to pattern after in Huber Houben of Krefeld. This brown-eyed, dark-haired German sprinter has been winning consistently for three years. Murchison and I have competed against him on several occasions during the past two years, and though we have been able to hold the upper hand in the 200 meters, the lion's share of the honors in the 100 meters belongs to Houben. He is doing a great work in Germany, for his string of victories have encouraged sport to an unprecedented extent.

In the sixteen countries that we visited we found interest and progress to some extent in track and field sports. We discovered all varieties of track technic, some quite odd and some that even surpassed the American style in many respects. Everywhere we found a spirit of fellowship and hospitality and friendliness. It made no difference to our competitors or to ourselves what political differences our governments might have had in the past. We were brothers together on the field of play.

And looking up at that ancient office building that still stands on the Boulevard des Italiens, I thought, just before sailing for home, that the dream of the good old Baron Pierre de Coubertin of a lasting international peace through the medium of athletics, was perhaps something more than just a dream after all.

"Well, how do you like it by now?"
"It's a Great Automobile!"

When you *see it*—it *looks* like a Great Automobile
When you *drive* it—it *feels* like a Great Automobile
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"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY

(Continued from Page 12)

Always His Honor dominated the room. I have never seen anywhere in American life such consistent, grave and reverent bearing. I had a feeling that this attitude was not due so much to the nature of this particular judge as to the traditions which have grown up around his office. He was a symbol, and conscious of it. Calm, serious, deliberate in thought and speech, aloof from personalities which possessed the litigants, he succeeded in impressing this same attitude upon the jurymen.

But never in American life had I ever before been conscious of such autocracy or been under the sway of such authority in civil life. No medieval king was ever more of a potentate than a judge in his court room. As far as the day goes, his decisions are final. Everyone within these four walls is subject to his immediate commands and may not even discuss them. An objector may take exceptions and appeal, but that does not affect the moment. It was pretty to watch His Honor silence aggressive and rebellious lawyers.

An indictment was now read to a bewildered defendant and he pleaded not guilty, whereupon the clerk proceeded to impanel a jury. Here again I was impressed with the dignity of the method, although it varied considerably in dramatic power with the personality of the different clerks. Some men rattle through the form as incoherently as some clergymen read the Scriptures, giving no heed to the meaning and making of it purely ritualistic patter. Others, on the other hand, bring out the full value of each word, with a result that certainly justifies the effort.

This was particularly noticeable in the two styles of administering the oath. In the press of business sometimes only the first two words are enunciated clearly, while the rest fades away into a meaningless jumble. I was to discover that, at best, an oath is strangely ineffective in a court room, and this careless delivery may partly account for the fact. In contrast, we had one clerk who really put his heart into this detail. Facing the witness, he met him eye to eye and spoke slowly and deliberately In a voice which could be heard distinctly through the whole court room, he made this oath mean something.

Standing for Your Country

"Do you swear that the testimony you shall give shall be the truth"—here he paused to let the word sink in and went on with added emphasis—"the whole truth"—he paused once more—"and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

The last four words, as he pronounced them, made every witness blink. The effect, however, wore off with the examination and cross-examination, for there was little in the attitude of the lawyers to sustain any such solemn standard.

The clerk began to read to the jurors the traditional recital of their duties and obligations. I remember only one line. The defendant was entitled to put himself upon his country, "which country you are." Those words stuck permanently, and I do not think there was a man among us who did not feel both pride and a sense of grave responsibility in being thus called to stand for his nation even in this relatively minor capacity. Furthermore, it was quite a different emotion from that associated with military duties, with which most of us were familiar. It was quieter and deeper. A few tried to turn away from it, half ashamed, as boys are of an exposed virtue, but to some extent it gripped every one of us. "Which country you are"—in what to me was a new way. I had, against my will, become part of the judicial system of my nation. It made of me, on the spot, a better citizen.

The names of the jurors, printed on small cards, were shuffled and placed in a wooden box. The cover was closed and the clerk mixed them further by a vigorous shaking. Then, standing with his back to the box, he picked out one card at a time, reading the name. As each man was called he crossed the room to the jury section. So twelve good men and true were chosen, the last one being appointed foreman by the judge. Both the lawyer for the prosecution and the lawyer for the defense carefully scrutinized each man and referred to notes on his desk. I had been chosen and was not challenged, and so became at once a real juror.

The cases argued before us were all of the same general nature, the result of a big liquor raid in a single section. The net thrown out by the district attorney's office had gathered in a varied assortment of big operators handling manufactured booze by the gallon, and little corner-store venders who sold it to a favored few by the drink. The group included both men and women, old and young, many of foreign extraction and at least one old-type New Englander.

The raid had been sensational, and in order to clean up a whole area, each case, whether big or little, was tried with equal care. This was due largely to the energy and courage of a young assistant in the district attorney's office who was in charge of the trials. He was fighting hard and with bare knuckles, because he was of that nature and because he had not yet had time to fall into a professional rut. I was told that he was only four years out of the law school.

The Psychology of the Jury

Stockily built, and somewhat indolent in his movements, with a slouchy bearing and a nonchalant voice, he promised at first to add about as much excitement to this summer court room as the droning flies on the windowpanes. He appeared bored with the whole proceeding, as though he were there only as a matter of routine, anxious to have it over with and get on to more important affairs. But it soon became evident that nothing escaped him. His eyes, his ears and his intellect were alert every second. It seemed to me that there was a bit of acting in this attitude of indifference. It was as though he said without speaking, "Gentlemen of the jury, you understand as well as I do that though we must give these men a fair trial, they are so obviously guilty that this becomes merely a formal and rather stupid procedure."

I feel certain, too, that he believed this; but, as we soon learned, this did not mean he was asleep on the job. If he was acting his little part, the attorneys for the defense were acting theirs; though by no means so convincingly.

My respect for the cleverness of lawyers decreased every day I sat in this court room. The men who appeared before us were, for the most part, of mediocre ability; but even the best of them—and we had one of the best—often did their clients as much harm as good as far as their effect upon me went. The worst were stupid, and some of the others were forced to resort to such barefaced trickery and professional hypocrisy that they prejudiced the average intelligent man from the start.

Of course in these particular cases they were up against it. The evidence against their clients was as conclusive as it is possible for human evidence to be, as the result of the intelligent work of a government agent whose testimony could not in the slightest particular be impugned except on the general ground that all paid agents might be unreliable. Each lawyer in turn used this argument and undoubtedly here worked upon a universal human prejudice.

Most men instinctively object to a spy. Snooping around is at best an underhanded business and it is difficult not to associate doubt with evidence procured under false pretenses. But in this case every lawyer overplayed his part by denying any virtue whatsoever to the agent and painting him

(Continued on Page 72)

FADING STARS

HE WAS in his glory at a convention, beating and heating the air. He was marvelous at parties. He knew many stories, and he told them well. He wore magnificent clothes, he was besprinkled with rich jewelry, he played a good hand at pitch or solo. And his customers were always glad to see him.

His trips through his territory were like grand triumphal tours. He made up his own routes, and he was as touchy as a prima donna about his privileges. He regarded advertising, vaguely, as "good for business." He had thousands of friends. Many present day businesses owe their success to his efforts, for he sold an enormous quantity of goods, that old "star" salesman. He seemed as solid and everlasting as the hills. . . .

But he has almost completely disappeared.

Business has speeded up. Merchants are busy. New men who know how to say "Good-morning" and when to say "Good-bye" have appeared in hundreds. They spread out their lines, look the buyer in the eye, and tell him the simple facts about their goods. And when he questions his own ability to sell a new line, he is shown a set of advertising proofs for his home-town paper, possibly a national campaign in addition.

For no one uses advertising with more enthusiasm and intelligence than the modern salesman. He knows how it works. He knows how to extract the last ounce of value from it. And he never expects it to do the impossible. For the shrewd salesman knows what any good merchandising man knows - that, while advertising will speed up sales and get a larger volume in a shorter time, *no amount of advertising will sell a product that cannot be sold without advertising.*

The indifference with which the salesman formerly regarded advertising has vanished. Salesmen not only expect advertising, they demand it. They carry proofs in their portfolios. They use it to prove a point or clinch a sale. They clip it when it appears. They quote it, using the new outside viewpoints in their own solicitation.

To be successful, an advertising program must work with and for the salesman. And in securing the facts, charting a sales plan, preparing a campaign of advertising, we keep always in mind the salesman's viewpoint—"Will it sell goods? Will it help me to sell goods? Will it help my dealer to sell goods?"

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

"The Nickel Lunch"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Wholesome Christmas Goodies!

HERE'S joy for you as well as for the children. There aren't any "don'ts" about Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts. Besides being supremely delicious, they are nourishing and wholesome too. Children can eat all they want.

Whole, well-roasted peanuts, prepared the Planters way, are one of the best of foods besides being deliciously good. Put them in every stocking. You don't have to hide them away any more than you would bread. Planters Peanuts are always fresh and crisp wherever you buy them. 5c everywhere.

They are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bags with the name "Planters" and "Mr. Peanut" on them.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co. Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco.

Canadian Factory, Toronto

Planters

SALTED · PEANUTS

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as a villain of the deepest dye who had sold his soul for a mess of pottage, while ignoring the fact that his appearance on the stand was very much in his favor. There was an air of sincerity and honesty about the man which it was absurd for them to attack in any such violent fashion as this. He might have been mistaken occasionally, and possibly at times he might have been overzealous—an attack along these lines might have created doubt about his facts in the mind of some jurors, even though he had taken very careful notes—but to accuse him of deliberate dishonesty was to go too far. He did not look the part.

I was surprised again and again through these trials at how often counsel for the defense failed to give us, as jurors, credit for possessing horse sense and failed to exercise it themselves in such matters as these. For me, at any rate, the eye counted quite as much as the ear in helping me to form my final judgment, and this extended to counsel himself. Bullying and unfair tactics employed in cross-examination of witnesses always put me in an aggressive attitude toward the man using them.

Yet lawyer after lawyer committed this mistake and by this much weakened his case as far as I was concerned. They forget, if they ever knew, that a jury is made up of men distinctly more sensitive to such impressions than court habitués. The character of counsel as exposed in his attitude toward the case as a whole plays quite as important a part as the character of the defendant.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a lawyer to antagonize a jury, and most of them did. They did not understand either our individual or our collective psychology. They acted as though we were a group of rather stupid school children or a gang of corner loafers subject to the tricks of the ward politician. To be sure, we probably represented only the average man of the street; but had any one of these attorneys ever served on a jury, he would have understood that we were in a different frame of mind from the common citizen.

Perjury From a Ten-Year-Old

Isolated for the time being from the crowd, and free to form our judgments without interference from outside influences and without regard to personal considerations, we were in an independent mood demanding respect. On the whole, I think we were a little bit cocky about our position. We were jealous of our rights, of our power and of our dignity. We resented every attempt to hoodwink, to bully or to flatter. We even resented being bored, as one long-winded, beetle-browed attorney discovered to his cost.

My first case involved an Italian-American in whose cellar the government agent claimed to have discovered many bottles and where he testified that he and a friend had bought several drinks. The defense was a complete denial—too complete a denial, I thought. The defendant swore that he had never seen the government agent, had never sold him or anyone else a drop of liquor, had never had in his cellar anything but a little homemade wine. The wife testified that she had never seen any men other than a few friends enter or leave the cellar and that she had never seen any liquor there. A large number of pint bottles, however, had been found. The ten-year-old daughter, frightened and white-lipped, was called to the stand to account for these. She recited as though by rote the following lines:

"Every day when I come home from school I put my home work on the sitting-room table and go out on the street and hunt for bottles which I sell to the junkman for five cents to buy ice cream with."

The district attorney, upon cross-examination, asked her to repeat this. She did, word for word. A little later he asked her to repeat it again. She did, without changing a syllable. Upon this he practically rested his case—and it was enough. The defense in his harangue to the jury made a sentimental appeal of half an hour which was absolutely wasted effort. By allowing this girl to go upon the stand he had damaged his case beyond repair. It was hardly necessary for the district attorney to call our attention to this obvious perjury or to the ethical standard of a family which would encourage it. In the jury room each man was handed two bits of cardboard soiled with long use, one inscribed with the word "Guilty" and the other "Not Guilty." Without any preliminary discussion, a ballot was taken and twelve cards marked "Guilty" were counted by the foreman.

To a layman, the lightness with which so many of these witnesses committed perjury—and the little account made of it in the court room—was a surprise. Apparently it was a convention that a defendant is entitled to lie to save himself; although if this is true it is difficult to understand why an oath is first administered.

In one case a little old man, lean and haggard and sickly, was a defendant. On the stand he made a pathetic figure, for he had an honest face and a simple bearing. He spoke with a naturalness and directness which carried conviction. He had been keeping a small corner drug store, where he had struggled on as best he could in the face of sickness, living alone in a room above. He brought in sheets from his ledger, thumb-marked pages made with some effort, showing that his receipts were only some twenty-five or thirty dollars a week, leaving a profit scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

Trials and Technicalities

A number of young men had been seen coming out of his place, but these, he claimed, were only young friends who helped him out now and then by running errands. Alcohol in small quantities had been found, but this he used only in his few prescriptions. Other bottles had been discovered containing an alcoholic mixture—splits—but this he explained he had used for himself on cold winter nights when he was faint and without fire. If ever a man seemed to be telling the truth it was he, and his young attorney sat down after the direct examination with confidence. But the district attorney had noted that some of the ledger sheets had been torn as though certain items were missing. At this point a recess was taken.

When the court resumed, the clerk rose to face the old man who had returned to the seat occupied by defendants upon trial.

"Do you wish to change your plea?" questioned the clerk.

"Yes," answered the old man.

"What say you now, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," came the reply without a tremor.

Upon his own confession, it was proved that in a simple honest fashion he had lied from start to finish. And yet no perjury charge was preferred against him.

In a good many other ways the traditions of the court appear to be at variance with the ordinary conventions of the layman. The juryman, as I saw him, is interested in only one thing—the truth of the matter at issue, judged by ordinary horse sense, from whatever source it crops out. The court and counsel, on the other hand, are bound by rules of evidence made, as His Honor pointed out to us, for the convenience and expedition of the transaction of business. Attorneys taking advantage of this seem to be playing a game of chess and to use it to make points for themselves.

It is not easy, however, to train in a few weeks the average juryman to this point of view. Take, for example, the rule that a defendant has the right to testify or not in his own behalf; and that if he does not, this shall not be considered prejudicial against him. This grew out of an earlier rule forbidding him to testify at all, in the belief that the evidence of a defendant was valueless, anyway, because he was sure to

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Old STEINWAY HALL

For half a century, old Steinway Hall was one of the musical centers of New York. Hundreds of celebrities in the world of music have been welcomed at old Steinway Hall, both as artists and as friends of the Steinway family.

Your piano, whenever you like

MISCHA LEVITZKI
uses the Steinway exclusively

ONE of the most remarkable things about the Steinway piano is that it may be yours so easily and so quickly.

It is true that the Steinway is the choice of all the notable pianists. Its miraculous singing tone and its astonishing durability are known all over the world. Five years and eleven months are required for preparation and construction A half-century of skill, knowledge and integrity is built into each model . . . yet a short visit to a Steinway dealer, or even a telephone call, will suffice to arrange for its purchase and immediate delivery.

The Steinway has always been sold at the lowest possible price as a matter of principle. To make it even more available to those true lovers of music for whom it is designed and built, the Steinway family added the advantage of time payments. And the terms upon which the Steinway is now sold are so remarkably convenient that a new music-loving public has been added to the long list of celebrated Steinway owners

Some of the many styles and sizes will fit the acoustic conditions of your home and the limitations of your income. Each is a true Steinway, conforming to all the Steinway principles and ideals. Each is constructed under the personal supervision of the Steinway family, who, now as always, own and direct the entire company.

And each will bring to you, as it brings to Paderewski, Hofmann, Rachmaninoff and hundreds of others, a new sense of the inner meaning and significance of music. A Chopin nocturne reveals unexpected and exquisite nuances. A Bach prelude takes on a more stately measure. A little song from the steppes becomes a thing of velvety depths and shadows. The strange stumbling rhythms of the moderns become plausible and pleasant.

Year after year, decade after decade, the Steinway makes its return in pleasure and delight. You will never want any other piano. You need never buy another piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up* *Plus transportation*

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

New STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th St., New York

New Steinway Hall is one of the handsomest buildings on a street noted for finely designed business structures. As a center of music, it will extend the Steinway tradition to the new generations of music lovers.

Walk-Over

SHOES *for Men and Women*

$7 $8.50 $10 *are the leading prices*

Walk-Over on every shoe

Take STYLE for granted in this smart shoe

YOU can see good style in every stream line and flowing curve of this Walk-Over shoe. You can take style for granted in any Walk-Over.

Yet there is something more than eight letters and a hyphen in the Walk-Over name. There is a promise of foot fit and shoe quality to make the style you like give you the wear and comfort that you want.

Any Walk-Over dealer will have a shoe style to suit you—and fit you. Walk-Over shoes are built to fit not merely a standard size, but real men's feet. There is a Walk-Over shoe to fit you as if it were made to order.

Slip your doubtful feet down into the friendly welcome of that shoe. Be surprised at the roomy feel of freedom that your toes can have in smart and stylish shoes.

Walk—and learn the comfort that a snug and narrow arch can give you in partnership with the clinging, non-slip, no-gap fit of the Walk-Over *pear-shaped heel.*

Ordinary heel not wide enough at the bottom. Your heel makes the sides spread, and the shoes gape at the sides and rub at the heel

Pear-shaped heel, wide enough at the bottom for your heel to expand under your weight, without spreading the narrow, clinging top.

Write for Style Book M, and the name of the Walk-Over dealer nearest you

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GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

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lie. Later he was allowed to testify if he wished. It is not easy to convince the man without legal training that a defendant will not avail himself of this privilege if he is anxious to bring the truth out, and that contrariwise, if he does not take the stand it is because he dares not subject himself to cross-examination.

Again, upon purely technical grounds, much evidence may be excluded after it has been inadvertently admitted. It is ordered struck out and the jury is instructed to ignore it no matter how pertinent it may be. But the impression made by these facts cannot be struck out of the minds of a juror by any order of the court. Many attorneys take advantage of this truth to introduce such evidence, although knowing that later it will be struck out of the record.

I heard of one lawyer who used this trick in a still more subtle way. He had an impossible case and was working for a disagreement. With this in mind, he deliberately violated rule after rule of court procedure in order to draw from the prosecuting attorney and from the court objection after objection. Furthermore, His Honor knew exactly what the man was about; and yet because he was clever enough to keep just this side of contempt of court, His Honor was powerless to stop him. As a result, the jury felt that this attorney was being treated unfairly and actually brought in a disagreement. Later this attorney apologized in private to the judge.

"I had to make them feel I was being picked on," he confessed; "it was my only chance."

We had been having our share of indifferent lawyers, but now we were to listen to another type—one who had established a reputation as one of the keenest criminal lawyers in the state. It is a question if on the whole such a reputation did not act as a handicap. I, for one, was immediately put upon my guard. From his first appearance I watched him with suspicion. Moreover, to speak frankly, I was more or less prejudiced against any client who employed him, feeling that no man would go to such an expense unless in a desperate plight. Of course, I knew nothing about his fees—although later he told me what they were in several cases—but there were many rumors afloat not far from the mark.

Twelve Good Men and True

In spite of this initial hostility, my admiration for the intellectual keenness of the man, his resourcefulness, his farsightedness, his fighting ability and his tact, increased steadily. From the start to the finish I could not see where he missed a possible point for his several clients. And he fought, tooth and nail, every second.

He made a point, apparently without affectation, of being gracious to everyone in and out of the court room with whom he came in the slightest contact. Toward court and jury he was invariably smiling and punctilious. A fact which both appreciated was that he never wasted a moment of time. Another fact which soon became apparent was that he was master of every technical detail of criminal law and of procedure, even when for his own purposes he chose to ignore them until warned by the court.

The trials in which he appeared partook of the nature of a duel between him and the prosecution as represented by the assistant district attorney, twenty-five years his junior. It was a battle of wits between seasoned experience and aggressive youth, with a defendant appearing to be scarcely more than a pawn in the game. We of the jury appreciated this contest, for it relieved the tedium of much that had become monotonous repetition; but never for a moment did this swerve us from the more fundamental issue of the prisoner's guilt or innocence.

It was interesting to me to note how stubbornly these twelve men, chosen at random, clung to this one question through all the technicalities and through all the stratagems and wiles practiced by counsel. Furthermore they did this in face of what might have been considered personal prejudices. For example, all these cases were violations of the Volstead Act, of which many of the jurors did not approve. And yet every man took the position that so long as this act was in force, violators of it when caught should suffer the penalty. Their only concern was to determine whether sufficient proof was offered of an illegal sale.

Both attorneys endeavored to break down the reliability of witnesses by attempting to show either that they were deliberately lying or that their memory was at fault. To the layman, nothing in court procedure seems more unfair than the tactics pursued to this end. The object, on both sides, obviously enough, is not to get the truth but to break down the witness. And the latter is at a tremendous disadvantage. More often than not, he is frightened, and the opposing counsel does his best to frighten him still further. Questions are roared at him behind a menacing finger; scowling demands are made for direct answers when direct answers are impossible; and claims are made upon his memory which not one man in a hundred could satisfy.

Tripping Up a Witness

In one case, counsel stood before an illiterate witness with a big pad of paper in his hand and impressively wrote down every reply, stopping often to make him spell out names and addresses, until in the end the man was scarcely sure of his own name. I cannot tell how effective such measures are with other jurymen, but with me they always put me in sympathy with the witness. Under such circumstances, when a witness did make a conflicting statement seized upon by counsel, I refused to give these slips much weight, wondering if I could have avoided half as many errors under the same conditions.

Another unfair advantage taken by counsel is the demand for an unqualified yes or no answer. There are few questions in everyday life to which such a reply can be made with impunity. But often enough the question is so framed as further to complicate such an answer. Take a detail like time. You are asked if you were at a certain place at eight o'clock—answer, yes or no. Unless there is some especial circumstance to make you positive the ordinary reply is, "About eight."

"I did not ask you that. I asked if you were there at eight o'clock. Answer yes or no."

To reply definitely is to commit yourself to that precise hour. If evidence is produced later which proves the time was ten minutes earlier or later, then you are convicted of lying. If, on the other hand, you try to save yourself by answering that you do not know, the reliability of your memory not only in this particular instance, but in all your testimony is called into question. Such a reply as "I can't answer" or "I refuse to answer" is equally disastrous.

But supposing you take the bull by the horns and run the risk of committing yourself, you answer, "Yes, I was there at eight o'clock."

Then, as actually happened in one case before us, the following line of query may be pursued:

"You are positive about that?"

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Ten Models
$50 to $460
Guaranteed
Unconditionally

TYPE 215

Remarkable for range [illegible] lowness. Six tubes. Built-in [illegible] Master Reproducer [illegible] mahogany cabinet [illegible] age battery compartment, concealing both batteries and charger

Without equipment $215

(Canadian Prices Slightly Higher)

A Happy Radio Family

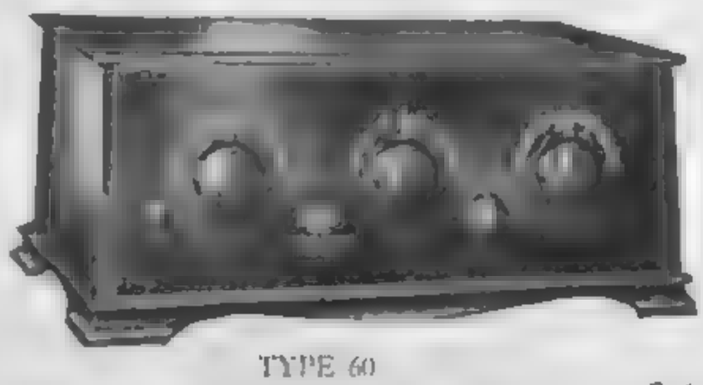
EVERY modern home is interested in Radio: the most forward step in the intellectual life of the race since the invention of printing—the world-fulfilment of the spirit of the Renaissance.

Every home has its highly prized radio set or plans some day to have one. Every family is at heart or in fact a Radio Family.

And now comes a representative family of Music Master Receivers, embodying the demonstrated principles of radio science and providing radio reception worthy of the full powers of Music Master Radio Reproducer—the *Musical Instrument of Radio*—for which there IS no substitute.

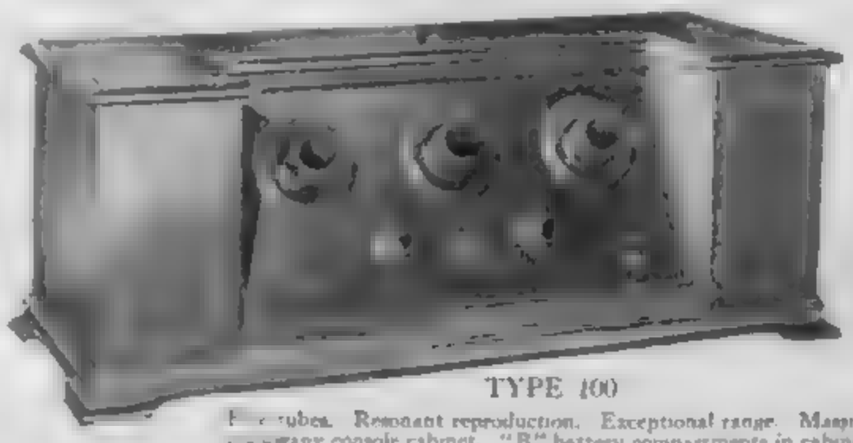
Every home, whether country estate or farm house, town dwelling or suburban bungalow, finds in some member of the Music Master Radio Family precisely the type of receiving set demanded by its particular radio requirement, in exactly the model expressive of individual taste or suggested by standards of expenditure.

Ask any authorized Music Master dealer to show you these receivers.
See Music Master—hear—compare—before you buy *any* radio set.



TYPE 60

Five tubes. Special Music Master design. Full, round, natural tone. Three selectors for precise tuning. Without equipment $60



TYPE 100

[illegible] tubes. Resonant reproduction. Exceptional range. Massive [illegible] mahogany console cabinet. "B" battery compartments in cabinet. Without equipment $100

Music Master Corporation

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

PHILADELPHIA, 128-130 N. Tenth Street

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH NEW YORK

Music Master RADIO PRODUCTS

PRIDE *of* ACHIEVEMENT

Tracks and trains and terminals make a railroad—but they don't make railroad *service.*

Because New York Central men take pride in their work, the New York Central Lines are able to maintain high standards of operation.

What measure of public good will the New York Central Lines have gained through nearly a century of public service has been the result of the spirit of achievement that has inspired the rank and file of New York Central men.

New York Central Lines

Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
and Subsidiary Lines

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"Yes, sir."

"What makes you so positive?"

"Why, I know, that's all."

"How do you know that you know?"

"I don't understand you."

"My question is clear enough, isn't it? You state that you are positive you were there at eight o'clock. How do you know that?"

How does one know anything? Doubt could be cast on most of the ordinary facts in any man's life when put to such a test. Of course, there is a limit to this line of cross-examination where the court will intervene, but on the whole His Honor is very cautious about interfering with the privilege of lawyers in either direct or cross-examinations. It is his job to get the case settled and out of the way if possible, and every objection by him offers counsel an opportunity to file an exception which may take the case up to a superior court. Often enough the defense will pursue these dilatory tactics with a view to bargaining for a compromise, knowing that in the present congested condition of the courts both bench and prosecution are eager to get on. Many consultations looking to this end are held in the judge's private office during recess between His Honor and opposing counsel. As a result the defendant will often plead guilty in the hope of a shortened sentence.

It is surprising how, through all the obstacles put in its path, the truth will trickle through to the mind of the average juryman and how receptive to this truth he is. This was particularly noticeable in the way the final harangues of both counsel were received. Upon this speech the distinguished attorney for the defense spent his best efforts. Feeling had run high at times during the trial, and the prosecuting attorney had made several stinging criticisms of the sharp practice pursued by his brother.

How to Tell Truth From Lies

"He is young," he commented in response. "But let me tell you, gentlemen of the jury, that after he has made his reputation in this office, you will find him in private practice, if you live long enough. And then you will find him handling just such cases as these of mine, and if he does his duty you will find him handling them in just this way, notwithstanding all he has said against my methods."

Whether this was true or not, it was a keen thrust based on his knowledge of human nature; and though it had nothing to do with the case, took the sting out of the gibe which had called it forth. But the remainder of the address, so far as an attempt was made to play upon either the emotions or the supposed prejudices of the jury, might as well have been undelivered.

It was done more skillfully than in other cases, and with finer art; but we accepted it purely as a *tour de force.* It played no part in our deliberations and did not influence, so far as I could see, a single man, which is contrary to the best traditions of fiction.

This held true also of the address of the prosecution, although in substance this was more in keeping with what we wanted—an analysis and review of the evidence. But I think every man had already pretty well made up his mind before this. In my own case I found no difficulty in reaching a verdict by ignoring technicalities and by using plain common sense. This was made easier by the fact that when a witness lied, he overdid it.

After all, from the point of view of pure technic it is more difficult to lie convincingly than to tell the truth, and only an artist can get away with it. Contrary to the belief of most lawyers, a little hesitancy on the part of a witness, a frank inability to record trivialities with the accuracy of an adding machine, a few contradictions on minor matters, seem more in harmony with an honest man's memory than glib and unfailing certainty. We listened to one such witness who convinced us all of his essential truthfulness in spite of the fact that every opposing lawyer was satisfied that he had shot his testimony full of holes. The witness claimed to have visited one place several times to procure a drink.

"What was the street and number?" demanded the cross-examiner.

"I don't know," he answered blandly.

"You mean to tell this jury that you went to this house several times and yet do not know the street or the number?" the attorney inquired in triumph.

"Sure!" he replied. "I didn't mind what the address was as long as I got a drink."

Counsel made a great point of this, but the reply sounded to us reasonable and we felt fairly certain that he got his drink.

What I Gained From Jury Service

This group of thirty men, taken from their normal occupations and surroundings, had been together now for five weeks. For that length of time we had associated on an absolutely free-and-equal basis, as so many citizens serving their county, their state and indirectly their country in upholding law and order. We had done this without the aid of brass bands, flying colors or any of the picturesque panoply of war that in military affairs makes this type of service such a romantic adventure. It had been on the whole a sober, matter-of-fact business.

And yet it had its romantic side, the more significant because so normal. There was romance of a sort in the unaffected camaraderie of lamplighter and retired business man, of writer and plumber, of blacksmith and broker, of shoemaker and assessor. In off hours we played cards together or talked of our wives and our children and of our business, of our good fortunes and misfortunes, of our hopes and our disappointments. We learned a great deal about one another because of an honest interest of man in man, and because for the time being these interests in no way conflicted. This was reflected in the unbroken good humor which pervaded all our meetings. Personal jealousies and personal prejudices were temporarily eliminated. Not once did I hear a bitter word spoken or observe a frown.

When we received word that our service was over, there was a note of sentiment in our parting. We found opportunity to express our appreciation of the consideration which the court had shown us, and His Honor, in turn, thanked us from the bench for the attention we had given to our duties.

"I am satisfied with every verdict you have returned," he said.

Our panel, known as the June Sitting, broke up. We shook hands and dispersed to pick up again the threads of our individual lives in a dozen different cities and in a dozen different social planes. But I, for one, picked them up in a new spirit.

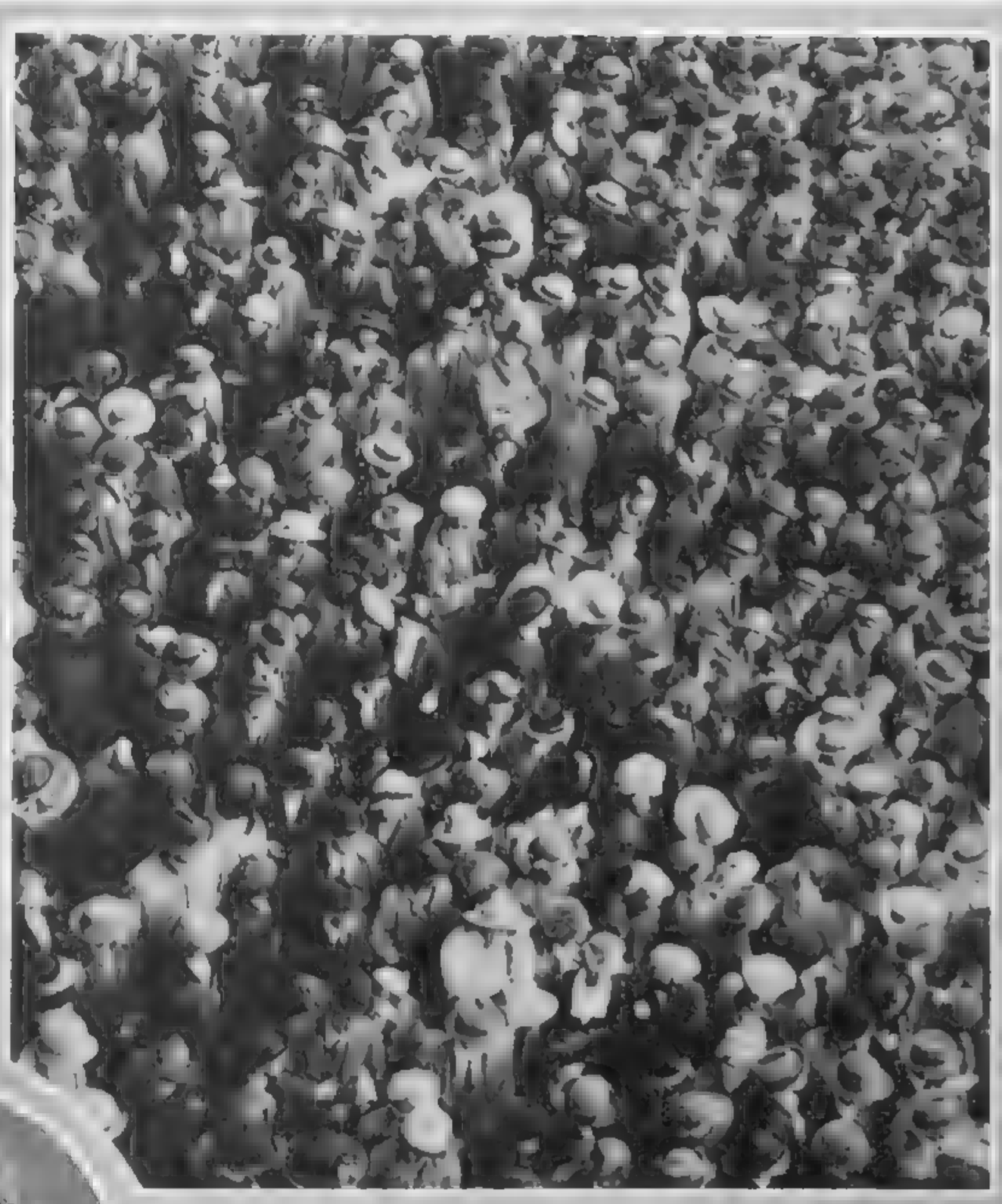
As I was hurrying through the corridor I met the attorney for the defense. He extended his hand.

"You were a tough old jury," he exclaimed. "But here's luck."

After all, I thought, there's a lot of good even in attorneys.

The People vs. "My Wife"

How do you settle questions of advertising and selling? On the basis of what your wife says or your partner's brother-in-law thinks? Or do you decide on the basis of what *many* people think and do?



HERE are a few questions that merchants and manufacturers are constantly expected to answer about their advertising: Should we include a return postcard with this letter?

Is a photograph or a color drawing the best way to illustrate these goods?

What is a good title for this booklet?

Wise opinions are expressed. Expert advice is sought and sometimes taken. But sooner or later argument over these questions gets around to what some man or some woman has said or done.

You would not bet on who was going to be elected President or Mayor on such a poll. But you might cheerfully spend a chunk of advertising money on the same sort of testimony.

There are ways to determine the value of a direct advertising program before any big money is spent. They may not be as exact as mathematics, but they are less hazardous than opinion.

You are not likely to fuss with your printer on the question of good printing and cheap printing if you know in advance that you are going to make money out of his work. There are few better money-making combinations than a sure and confident advertiser and a tasteful and competent printer.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Because Warren's Standard Printing Papers are known to be of standard and superior quality, S. D. Warren Company has endeavored to be of still further help to users of direct advertising.

Study into the uses and methods of such printing has given us information that has been condensed into a series of readable and useful books. One book, just issued, is entitled "The Arithmetic of Advertising." This book shows that it is possible to make exact tests of direct advertising at small cost; and shows you how to be sure that your program has the elements of success before a large sum is spent on it.

Copies of this book and others of an equally useful nature may be secured without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper
better printing

WITH OR WITHOUT

(Continued from Page 5)

Of course that didn't affect external relationships necessarily. One could make shift to get up in the morning, go about all day, even lie down at night, with a stranger of that sort—make quite a presentable go of it—except for evenings like this, when everything either of them said or did opened a new vein of irritability. Hideous, inevitable evenings.

Only, was it worth while, with life still heady in one's veins, to spend oneself making the best of things? Wasn't there still something, somewhere, which didn't have to be made the best of—which was already the best, a wave's curl, a silver path at the peak?

Sharp as jagged edge on new tin, the telephone in the corner ripped the silence. Harris sat still, Sally went.

She said in a cool well-bred voice, "Hello?"

"Hello," said a man's voice pleasantly. "This is Reck. How are you, Sally?"

"Splendid!" said Sally brightly. She cast a deprecatory glance across her shoulder at Harris and loathed herself for doing it.

"Doing anything this evening? Thought I might drop around for a while—just want to talk—haven't seen you in a blue moon."

"One moment, Reck," said Sally nervously. "I'm afraid—let me speak to Harris."

She put her hand over the mouthpiece and spoke to Harris with a touch of defiance.

"It's Reck Doone. He wants to come round and talk."

Harris slouched deeper in his chair.

"For heaven's sake, tell him we're going out! What does he want to talk for? Can't imagine anything worse."

Sally didn't argue the question. She turned back, tight-lipped, but her voice was gently regretful.

"I'm terribly sorry, Reck. Harris has tickets for a lecture or something. Call us up again, won't you? How have you been?"

"Oh, fair enough," said Reck slowly. She could tell he knew she was lying. She could tell he knew why. She could tell he was disappointed.

She tried to alleviate that without admitting it openly.

"I'd love to see you sometime, Reck—have a good talk."

"I'll call you again," said Reck briefly. "Sorry you're out this evening."

Sally went back to her chair. She picked up her magazine.

"I should think you'd enjoy a nice quiet evening at home once in a while," said Harris reproachfully.

"'Quiet' is good!" said Sally.

"Well, why don't you talk to me then? You were all ready to talk to Doone."

"I haven't seen him in some time."

She knew that was rotten of her. She knew it got home. She knew she was quicker on her feet than Harris. But she didn't care. She had wanted to talk to Reck, just innocent amusing talk, a fresh current in the backwater of her existence, and she hadn't been allowed. It came down to that. She could have talked to Reck at the price of another row. She had been too cowardly to pay it. She turned the pages of the magazine in silence, bitter and deliberate. If Harris had been jealous of Reck, she wouldn't so much have cared. That would have been at least a recognition of her personality. He wasn't jealous, only bored at the thought of Reck's casual meandering conversation, gossip of newspapers and studios, criticism of other people's stuff, better for the most part than his own, criticism always amusing if sometimes slightly feline.

"I'd like to have seen Reck," said Sally, studiously polite.

"Then why the devil didn't you?" retorted Harris grumpily, and turned a page of his paper with crackle and swirl.

The little French clock ticked on. Sound came up from the street below. Conglomerate, indeterminate sound—street-car wheels, motor horns, the breathing noises of a city.

"There ought to be bars across those windows," thought Sally. "I ought to have a yashmak over my face."

She began a story and read three pages of it without sensing a word. Harris was deep in his newspaper, really deep, honestly engrossed, with the man's faculty of dismissing an unpleasant subject when it interferes with his personal comfort. When the telephone rang again, he glanced up—that was all.

Sally answered it dryly, "Hello—yes, this is 7431—just a moment!"

"For you," she said to Harris, going back to her chair and her book.

Harris grunted, but after the first brusque, "Well?" his voice changed, became full of the warmest bonhomie—affectionate, even.

"Yeah? How're you?"

"No, nothing to speak of. Why, what's up?"

"Who've you got? When did he turn up? Pretty good, eh?"

"Sure! I'd like to. Don't know if I can make it though. Hold the wire, will you?"

Sally sat immobile, not lifting her eyes.

Hand over the mouthpiece, Harris inquired with a touch of embarrassment, "Sally—ah—this is Jim Boyden on the phone. He says they've got a little game going down at his place tonight—Carl Wheelock's in town—fellow Jim and I were in camp with. They want me to run over. What do you say? Prob'ly won't be late."

"Think not?" said Sally briefly.

"Got nothing on for this evening, have we?"

"That wasn't what I had to tell Reck."

"Damn it, I won't go if you don't want me to!"

"I should think you'd enjoy a nice quiet evening at home once in a while," said Sally tonelessly.

Harris cursed, short and deep. He removed his hand from the mouthpiece. He said in quite a different key, "Sorry, Jim, can't be done—can't get away."

"That's not true!" said Sally across the room.

"Yeah," said Harris succinctly, "needed at home. See you some other time. Tell Wheelock hello for me. Good-by."

The receiver struck the hook with a vicious abruptness. Harris went back to his chair and his newspaper.

"You needn't have stayed home on my account," said Sally aloofly.

"Well, I assure you I didn't stay home on my own," said Harris. They exchanged grim and resentful glances.

"We're like two people chained together," thought Sally dully—"chained together and hating each other for being so near. He wouldn't let me see Reck, I wouldn't let him go out—not because we wanted to be with each other—we're fed to the teeth—we bite and scratch like two cats in a bag. It's being in a bag together that does it. I want to get away from him." She set her teeth and read another three pages.

Presently Harris yawned. He muttered something indistinguishable. Then no one said anything at all for fifteen minutes by the little French clock.

"And all the rest of my life," thought Sally, "is going to be just like this!"

Tears of self-pity came into her eyes. She saw herself sitting through an endless procession of nice quiet evenings at home in a chair with a book—across the hearth from Harris, in a chair with a newspaper. The evenings when they didn't quarrel would be harder to bear, in a way, than the evenings when they did, being duller.

Harris' paper rattled suddenly in startled fingers. He cried, "Will you listen to this?"

"Listen to what?" asked Sally scornfully.

She felt the ignobility of Harris' being able so soon to resume a friendly relationship. Either their battle was a real one, with real wounds and real losses, or, as mere everyday friction, it shamed them both. If he meant the things he said, how could he next moment expect her to forget them while he read her some silly newspaper paragraph, some far-off scandal, some pseudoscientific discovery? Things she had said still smoldered in her consciousness. Harris whistled long and softly.

"For heaven's sake, what is it?" asked Sally with keen irritation.

She closed her magazine over an impatient finger and sat waiting.

"'After twenty years,'" read Harris, an excited tremor in his voice, "pastor of St. Stephen's Church in Blankton, California, exposed as an impostor. Much-beloved minister, it now appears, was never ordained at all. Has been preaching twenty years without authority of church—hundreds of couples whom the saintly John Collins married now find themselves living together without benefit of clergy ——"

"What?" said Sally, just above a whisper. Color left her face. Her eyes went black under their heavy lashes.

"The old scoundrel!" said Harris, and added an ugly word.

III

THEY sat and looked at each other like two people on the edge of a suddenly disclosed precipice.

"It's the same, all right!"

"Yes, that was the name—John Collins—St. Stephen's Church. Does it—say any more?"

Harris stared down intently.

"That's about all—he's been kicked out. Somebody with a grudge got hold of his record and showed him up. He's an ex-jailbird. That's melodrama for you, isn't it? Remember the neat gray beard and the gold-rimmed spectacles?"

"I remember," said Sally.

"I gave him ten dollars—the son of a gun!"

"Did you?" said Sally.

"I'll say I did! Look here, do you remember the names of our witnesses?"

"His housekeeper, I think, and a man burning leaves in the yard. I don't remember their names."

"Be on the certificate, wouldn't they? Not that the certificate would do any good under these circumstances."

"In any case," said Sally quietly, "I haven't the least idea where it is."

"Good Lord!" said Harris. "This is a sweet mess! Nice thing to happen to two perfectly respectable citizens! We rode over there from Sacramento, didn't we?"

"As I remember it," said Sally. She kept her eyes on her hands, locked together in her lap upon the gay cover of the magazine.

"As you remember it!" jeered Harris pleasantly. "Of course we did! Because we wanted to avoid a lot of fuss and feathers. Well, we seem to have avoided 'em pretty thoroughly. Drove back to Sacramento that afternoon, didn't we? And caught the train for San Francisco that night. Wrote your mother from the hotel—she was in Boston at the time. Wrote your Sacramento cousins same day."

"Yes," said Sally.

"A week later, we came back East," said Harris

"Yes," said Sally.

"And we've never been in California since. Not a soul we knew in Blankton."

"Not a soul."

"Sounds like a movie!" said Harris.

It did—like a throwback on the screen, one scene standing clear through the outlines of another. Sally felt the walls of the room she sat in dissolve and fade, felt once more stark around her the drab-papered walls of that ministerial parlor in Blankton. A picture of the Good Shepherd bringing home the ninety-and-ninth lost sheep, a photograph of St. Stephen's Church, small, wooden-framed, vine-embowered. Rather shabby curtains at the windows. A faded brown-and-gray rug on the floor. A few theological books on a table, a pile of papers, a glass paper weight, hemispherical, inclosing a cluster of shell flowers.

John Collins—not Reverend—had set his stage well. What was there in that dull little place to make twenty years of lying worth his while? What made a lifetime of lying worth anyone's while—anywhere?

Harris' eyes had been tender, his laugh unsteady. He had fumbled when he slipped the ring on her finger. The housekeeper, if that was her status, had worn a gray gingham dress and a mussy white apron. She had had a gold tooth. It had glittered convincingly when she smirked as soon as the ceremony was over, "Hope you'll be very happy, I'm sure."

Sally had been quite sure she was going to be happy. So had Harris. They had kissed each other, half shameless, half shy, before the neat gray beard and the gold-rimmed spectacles, before the Rev. John Collins, who had no more right to be saying those solemn words over them than had the overalled man brought in out of the yard, leaf mold on his hands and the knees of his trousers, for the signing of the certificate.

Those words, in the mouth of John Collins, if that was really his name, had meant just nothing at all. No wonder, with such a beginning, life had gone askew, happiness had crumbled, beauty had tarnished and love gone stale.

"Well," said Harris briskly, "there's just one thing to be done. Simple enough. No need to take anybody in on it. We'll go to New York tomorrow, run over to Jersey, take out a license and be married again. Justice of the peace this time! Nothing to worry about. Not another soul except ourselves will know. Lucky for us I ran across this story in the Herald! Might have been awkward. Now I can take care of the whole thing—— What?"

"I didn't speak," said Sally.

She hadn't. She sat and looked at Harris in a kind of speculative calm.

"Now see here, Sal," said Harris masterfully, "there's nothing for you to be upset about."

"I'm not upset."

"Yes, you are. I know you! You're worried to death and there isn't the slightest reason. We'll simply take out a license—Harris Devlin—Sally Courtenay ——"

"Would it be in my maiden name?"

"Why, yes, of course! Wouldn't be legal otherwise. Nothing to be excited about. Nobody knows you in Jersey."

"I am not married now, then?"

"Mere matter of form, dear."

"It's been that—for a long time," said Sally.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing—if it requires explanation."

Harris looked sullen for a moment, then thawed into an attitude of generous indulgence.

"I can understand how you feel."

"Can you?" asked Sally curiously.

"Of course I can. It's simply taken you off your feet for the moment. I got the shock of my life when I read that heading and realized who the man was. However, as I say, it'll be the simplest thing in the world to run up to New York. We might stay on another night and see a good show What do you say?"

Sally said nothing at all. She looked at the opposite wall in silence.

"Kind of a second honeymoon," said Harris, small-boy mischief in his grin.

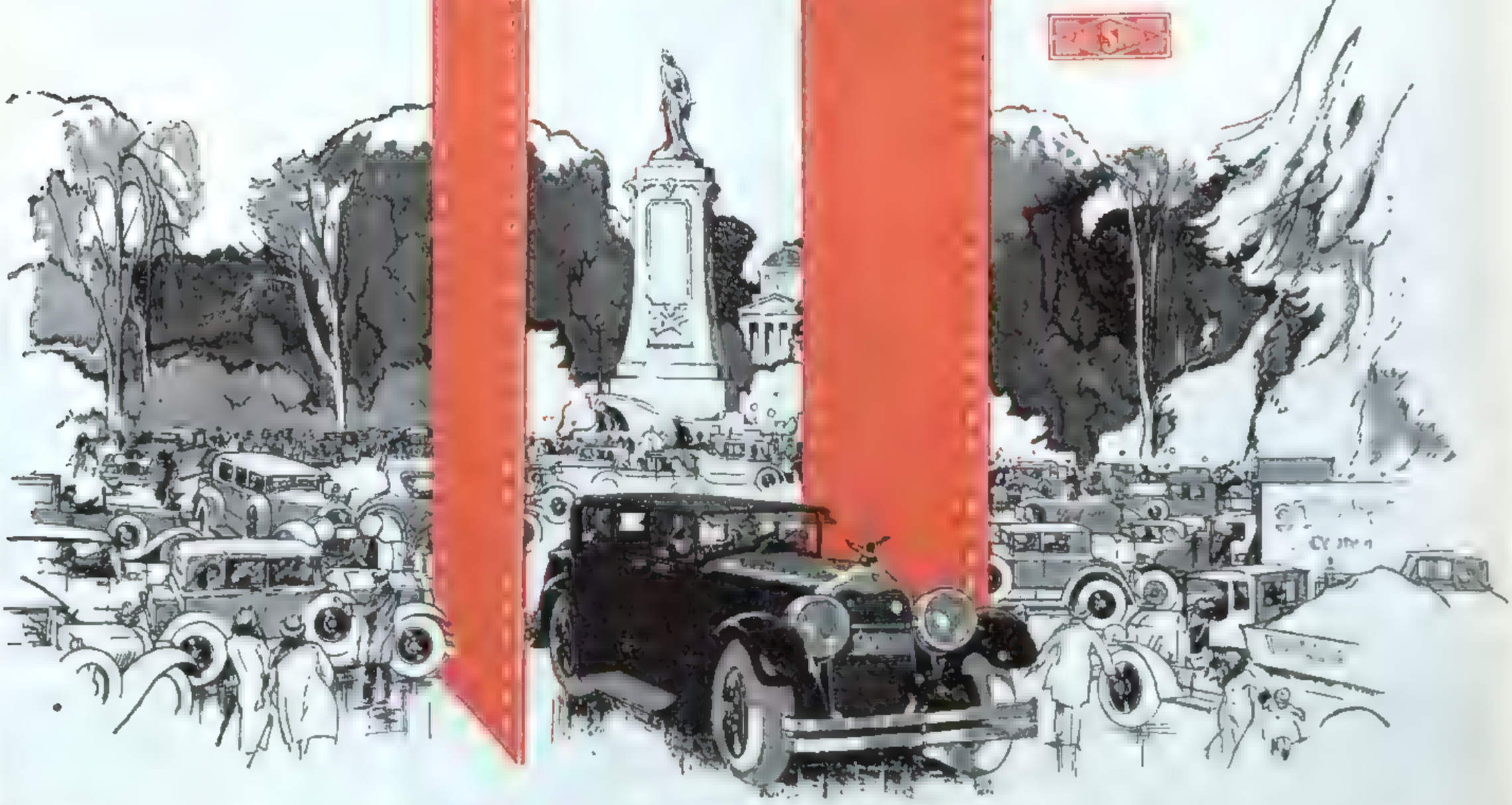
Sally's mouth set itself hard, after a quiver.

"I'll make an honest woman of you, Sarah Courtenay." The small boy grin grew to a chuckle.

(Continued on Page 83)

Your wife

. . . you want her to drive a car . . you know how much she enjoys it . . how helpful it is in her daily life. Yet how often have you worried about her, driving alone through today's maze of traffic? 19,000,000 cars crowd our roads. One out of every 34 meets an accident some time each year. Isn't it your duty to see that the car your wife drives gives her the greatest possible protection against injury . . the protection of the all-steel body?



Put the strength of all-steel between you and the risks of the road

TWENTY YEARS AGO the need arose for greater safety in railway travel. Coaches of wood were changed to coaches of steel. Thousands of lives have been saved by the change.

Today the need arises for safer automobile travel. And the all-steel automobile body is ready to meet it.

Almost every motorist recognizes the safety, the desirability of the all-steel body. Many think they are getting it when really they are getting bodies of wood. This mistake is easily explained. To all appearances both types of automobile bodies are metal. But one is a shell of metal over a wooden frame. The other is a single welded unit of solid steel—the modern Budd All-Steel Body.

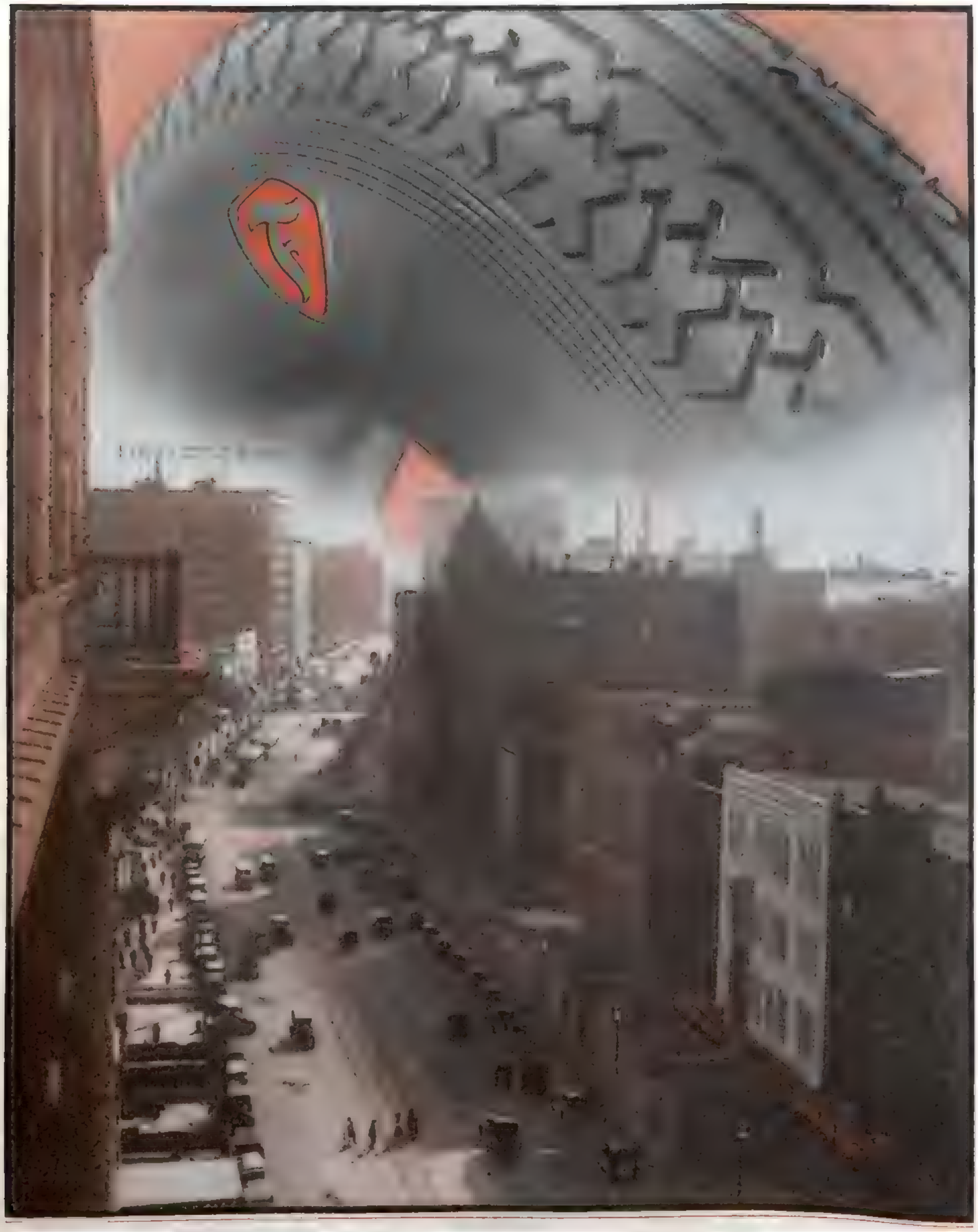
In the Budd Body there is no wooden frame to splinter in collision. It is steel reinforced by steel—all-steel. There are no joints to work loose and rattle—or to give way under impact. All-steel is fireproof. All-steel is safe!

Budd all-steel construction helps to prevent accidents. It gives a better vision of the road. For bulky, wooden corner-posts are replaced by slender, stronger columns of steel in the Budd Body. All-steel!

Budd all-steel construction makes a more beautiful body. More graceful in its lines. Handsomer in its finish—whether paint, lacquer or enamel is used. The Budd Body is lighter in weight. Has greater endurance. Slower depreciation. And it is safe! See that the next car your wife drives has a Budd All-Steel Body.

BUDD
ALL-STEEL
Body

Detroit—EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY—*Philadelphia*



R43

The Mark of Quality

MOTORISTS bought, in the first ten months of the fiscal year—110% more Gum-Dipped Cords bearing this trade mark than in the same period of 1924.

This remarkable increase was due to quality built in by exclusive manufacturing processes—carried out by over 13,000 stockholding employees who, having a definite and direct interest, hold to the closest standards of painstaking, accurate workmanship in making every tire of Firestone's mammoth output a perfect product.

They use the best materials obtainable—highest grade rubber direct from the plantations and special fabric made in the Firestone Mills.

It is only natural, with such a high quality product, that Firestone has attracted the best tire dealers of the country to serve the motoring public, in keeping with the Firestone pledge.

Go to the Firestone dealer, whose service will still further increase your tire economy.

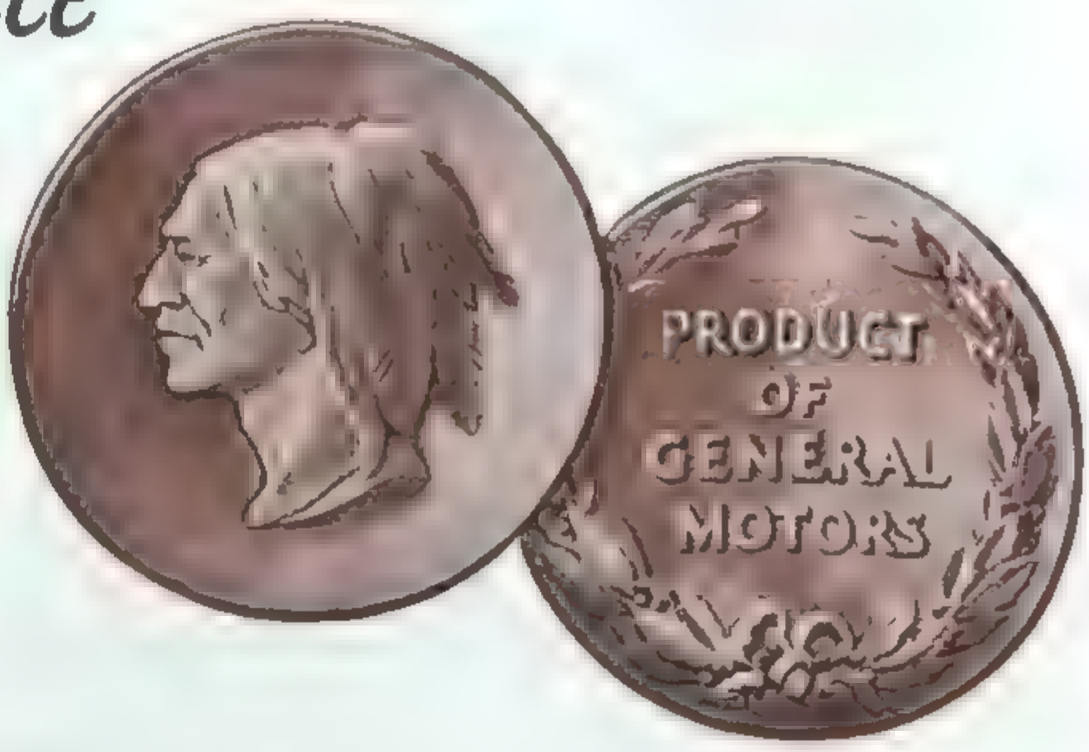
THE MARK OF QUALITY

Firestone

THEIR OWN RUBBER • • • H. S. Firestone

General Motors' New Six

— *distinctly new and unusual in appearance performance and price*



Embodying the full scope of General Motors resources and experience, this NEW SIX *brings into being elements of appearance, performance and stamina hitherto undreamed of at its yet-unannounced price. It will be produced and marketed by the Oakland Division as companion to the present* OAKLAND SIX *and will be on exhibition at the principal Automobile Shows. Dealers interested in the double franchise should write the* OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Pontiac, Michigan.*

(Continued from Page 78)

Sally got up and walked out of the sitting room into her bedroom, hers and Harris'. Her cheeks were suddenly scarlet.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake!" muttered Harris to himself remorsefully. He followed, dropping the fateful newspaper on the floor.

Sally was on her knees in the clothes closet, dragging out a bag –two bags—of black patent leather neatly initialed S. C. D. They were the bags she had had when she was married –when she was not married—when she had thought she was married, by the Rev. John Collins, of Blankton, California.

She wiped them off inside and out with a rag she took from the mysterious shadows of the closet, left them open on the bed—her bed, not Harris'—and began to collect clothes, undergarments, blouses, and so on, from drawers and hangers, all this in utter wordlessness, while Harris sat on the side of his bed and watched her, a scowl of perplexity deepening between his eyebrows. After a little longer he went over and tried to put his arms around her.

"Sal, you're being a little fool."

Sally gently disengaged herself; she selected half a dozen pairs of neatly rolled clean stockings and added them to the contents of the nearer bag.

"Don't you know," insisted Harris, folding his arms, but still regarding her with affectionate amusement mingled with kindly tolerance of another's weakness, "that you're my wife in the sight of—ah—heaven, no matter what some crooked old bird in California happened to pull on us?"

"Heaven hasn't had much to do with it lately," said Sally. She continued to pack her things.

"Don't be so damned sensitive!" Harris implored her. "Don't you know a thing like that couldn't alter my respect for you one way or the other? Marriage isn't just a matter of words."

"It seems to involve a good many of them," said Sally. Her soft voice was slightly husky. The hands moving between bag and drawer shook.

"Why, what a minister rattles off over you is not the thing of real importance!" Harris argued earnestly. "It's what's been between two people that counts."

"Or doesn't count!" said Sally.

She began putting her toilet things, imitation amber, into the smaller bag. She went into the bathroom and came back with her toothbrush, her tooth paste, a jar of cold cream and a bottle of talcum.

"This is absolutely the limit!" said Harris, increasingly dumfounded, and leaned against the foot of his bed and watched her darkly.

IV

THE pretty bedroom sheltered them both in what should have been delicate quietude. Ruffled white curtains at the windows, pale soft rugs on the floor. Twin beds of painted wood, dull green with old-fashioned wreaths on head and foot piece. Sally had painted the furniture.

"Give me a white-enameled bed and spend your money on the mattress," Harris had observed.

Upon discovering that Sally had spent her money on the mattress, among other things, he was none too well pleased.

Dressing table and chair, small desk and chest of drawers, Sally had painted them all. It was really rather a sweet room. Harris' picture in the uniform he had worn overseas—lieutenant of marines—stood on the desk in a silver frame. A good-looking picture. Sally let it stand there undisturbed.

She packed her handkerchiefs and hairpins and powder. She had never bobbed her hair. Brown, soft, silky, with a deep natural wave in it. She was vain of her hair. It came just below her shoulders when she loosed it. On the honeymoon—which it now appeared had been no honeymoon—Harris used to brush it for her. Probably most men brushed their wives' hair—on honeymoons.

"Look here," said Harris suddenly, "what are you going to do? Don't you think I ought to know?"

"I am going to a hotel," said Sally. She stood looking about her for something which she might have forgotten.

"What—what the hell! A hotel!" said Harris.

"Don't be poetic," said Sally. Her mouth twisted.

"Why?" said Harris. "I ask you—why?"

"I'm not going to discuss it," said Sally. She knew if she did he might wear her down. Harris could always talk louder and longer than she. Besides which, like a good many other women, Sally, when angry, always cried, and crying defeats a good fighter sooner than anything in the world. So she merely said, "I'm not going to discuss it"; and clenched her hands and said to herself, "Sit tight!"

"Which hotel?" asked Harris, reasonably enough.

"I haven't decided," said Sally.

"You mean you won't tell me?"

"I mean what I say."

Harris left his embattled stand at the foot of the dull-green bed and came over and lifted Sally's chin in one hand. She let him. One can't resist that especial masculine gesture without a wildcat struggle and a good deal of facial distortion. Sally was too proud for either.

"Look at me," said Harris tenderly, but there was the echo of a chuckle in his tenderness. Sally looked at him—a detached glance—disconcerting him slightly. "Do you think I don't understand?" he told her.

"You haven't—in some time," she replied.

He continued, ignoring the pertinence of that:

"Do you think I don't appreciate what you're going through? However silly it may be of you —— Sally darling ——"

Sally drew away a little, lifted her eyebrows.

"You won't stay with me," said Harris softly, "until you're really mine, with bell, book and candle—with benefit of clergy and all the rest of it—isn't that so?"

"I won't stay with you," said Sally. She stood immobile, her chin in the palm of his hand, so that it became directly rather a ridiculous attitude and he relinquished it, sliding his hands down her arms and holding her prisoner.

"You're a sweet foolish child."

Sally said, rigid under his hand, "I can see you're getting quite a kick out of it; a Gallic situation, after seven years of matrimony."

Harris flushed. He shook her slightly, uncontrollably, then dropped her arms as he had released her chin.

"That's pretty rotten, isn't it?"

"I think so," said Sally.

She went to the closet and got out her coat, got out her hat and took her purse from the drawer of the dressing table. There was fifteen dollars in the purse, besides a powder compact in a slim metal case, a lipstick, a small silver pencil. She didn't open it. She knew its contents.

"Don't let's row any more tonight, for the Lord's sake!" said Harris.

Sally put on her hat before the mirror. Then she went back to the two bags, closed and locked them. While she was busy with the last fastening, the telephone rang. Sally paid no attention to it. Eventually, profanely annoyed, Harris responded. She heard him, curt and decisive.

"Yeah. . . . I told you I couldn't come, Jim—another time. . . . No. . . . Matter of fact, I'd rather come another time. . . . No, there's nothing wrong. Why should there be? . . . Much obliged for asking me. . . . G'by!"

He came back into the bedroom, where Sally was taking a key from a little Dresden box on the desk and laying it in a conspicuous place on the dressing table. Her dark felt hat with its cluster of gardenias on the left side was pulled low over her eyes, over the soft wave of her hair. She had put on a slim dark coat over the dark silk frock she had been wearing all evening and she looked the picture of a dignified and discreet young woman, ready to go out to a concert, to call on a sick-a-bed friend, to do anything, in short, rather than the extraordinary and revolutionary thing which Sally was approaching.

"Jim Boyden, again!" observed Harris with deep-seated irritation. "I told him once I couldn't make it this evening."

"There's no reason now why you shouldn't," said Sally. "By the way, there's the key to the front door."

She spoke coolly, but her heart raced in her breast.

"What?" asked Harris incredulously.

"The key," said Sally with breathless distinctness, "to the front door. I shan't need it."

"Shan't you? Why?" asked Harris.

He walked across the room and stood very close to her. He stared down at her till Sally felt as if all the blood in her body were throbbing in her throat.

"What sort of rot is this?" he inquired, and lost thereby any advantage his honest amazement might have gained for him. They grew tense, facing each other—tense and quiet.

"I'm not coming back," said Sally.

"Are you crazy?" asked Harris.

"Not any more."

"Then what do you mean by saying you're not coming back?"

"I mean exactly what I say."

"You mean—you are leaving me?"

"Yes."

"For good?"

"Yes."

"Because of that mess in Blankton? Haven't I explained to you, so far as I'm concerned, that doesn't alter our relationship one iota?"

"I'm sorry," said Sally, "because so far as I'm concerned –it does."

"Haven't I told you we can get married in Jersey without any question of publicity?"

"I'm not going to Jersey. I'm not going to marry you."

"You don't know what you're saying."

"I do know what I'm saying."

"Then how can you say you're not going to marry me? You've been married to me—for seven years."

"I have not. According to this evening's paper, I've been living with you as your wife—for seven years—but I haven't been married to you at all."

"How can you be childish enough to let a thing like that affect you? Is the letter of the law everything to you and the spirit nothing?"

"It's just because," said Sally doggedly, "the spirit isn't there any more that I'm going away. The letter means nothing to me but—a way out."

"You mean you'd take advantage of a technicality?"

"I'd take advantage of anything I could lay my hands on that would help me to get away."

Harris demanded almost with a gasp, "From me?"

"From you."

"You mean—you never loved me? Sally!"

She cut short that bitter cry with a desperate gesture of denial.

"I never said so. I did love you; I was mad about you; I changed my whole plan of life to have you."

"Then what on earth —— Have you lost your mind? Don't you think I love you?"

Sally looked at him straight out of hostile eyes.

"I don't know whether you love me or not. I don't much care. We're not friends any more. For a long time now we've been just a man and a woman living together. We were lovers the first year and a half perhaps—a lifetime is too much to pay for a year and a half of happiness."

"You have been happy with me—since then—that's not true!"

"At times," said Sally. "But the times we were happy didn't make up for the

Make Some Tool-lover Happy this Xmas

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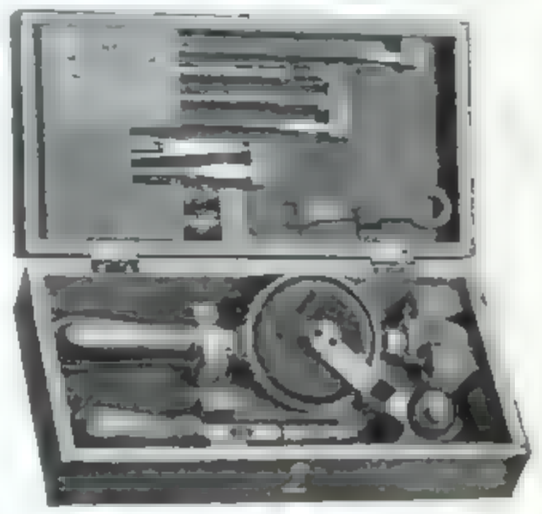

"Yankee" Radio Tool Set No. 106.
Comprises "Yankee" Radio Drill No. 1431, described below, and "Yankee" Ratchet Tool Holder with radio attachments as follows: Long screw-driver blade, small screw-driver blade, heavy screw-driver blade, countersink, reamer, wire bender, two socket wrenches, and one flat wrench. Packed in a handsome mahogany-finished tool chest.

Man or boy wants such a set, because "Yankee" Tools are those which skilled mechanics use.

And he'll tackle many a long neglected household job if these tools are in his hand.

For this same set, so handy for radio work of all kinds, is one of the most useful sets around the modern home with its electric equipment and appliances.

"Yankee" Tools for Christmas will be appreciated. Ask dealer to help you in your selection.

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"Yankee" Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver. For quick, easy screw driving.

No. 1431
"Yankee" Radio Drill. Four to one gear for speed. Special radio chuck. Capacity, 9-32 inch.

No. 2100
"Yankee" Ratchet Bit Brace. Smoothest ratchet ever made. Finest tool of its kind.

No. 41
"Yankee" Automatic Push Drill, with eight drill points.

No. 1555
"Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill. Five ratchet adjustments. Two speeds.

No. 1993
"Yankee" Vise. Swivel base—can be locked in any position.

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability

Tool Book Free
Contains interesting facts for tool lovers about all the famous "Yankee" Tools. Write for it.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Will you catch cold this winter?

You hope not. You need not, if you take this preventive measure.

A-CHOO-O!

This is nature's warning that a cold is on the way.

That sneeze tells you that you have been neglecting a very important duty—the regular, systematic care of nose, mouth and throat.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants that form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

Used regularly, Glyco-Thymoline prevents these weak spots from forming.

Cleanses, soothes, heals

Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic, the ideal kind for counteracting acid irritations of the mucous membrane. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply.

Enjoy greater freedom from colds. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline from your druggist. It has an agreeable taste. It refreshes. It soothes.

And, what is most important, it keeps the membrane of nose, mouth and throat in sound, vigorous condition.

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times we were bored, or annoyed, or at each other's throats. There's no beauty in life the way we've been living it. There's no decency, even. It's a makeshift. It's second best. Why stay with it, if one doesn't have to? Well, it seems now we don't have to."

Harris said mordantly, "If we had a child, you'd see things in a different light."

"It's your fault as much as mine," Sally answered doggedly, "that there isn't a child. At first, when I rather wanted one, you thought we couldn't afford it. Later, when you thought we might afford it, I didn't want it. I had learned, by that time, what sort of trap we were in." She met his angry stare with taut defiance. "If there were a child," she said, "we might think it a fine brave thing to go on living together, love or no love, because it would be both inconvenient and difficult to break away. As it is, it's not difficult at all. I'm glad," said Sally chokingly, "that there's nothing -to hold me now—that I don't have to lie—to a child—and for it."

Harris did not pursue the question of offspring. His dark eyes besought and threatened Sally stormily.

"Leaving all that aside," he said, "you can't just walk out on me, you know. Look at me!"

"I can and I will walk out," said Sally, "and it makes no difference if I look at you or not!"

"Oh, doesn't it?"

SHE struggled against his sudden fierce hold, turned her face against his shoulder to avoid his kiss and sobbed, against her will, once.

"Let me go! It's too late for that sort of thing. It doesn't prove anything."

Harris held her slim shoulders close.

"It proves you're mine. All the crooks in the world can't make you anything else."

"I was yours once. I'm not any longer."

"I'll get you back!"

"You'll have to go a long way to do it."

They were breathing like runners. The tears Sally hated and dreaded were hot on her cheeks. She stood limp in his arms, utter disdain on her averted face, until, with a muttered word, Harris released her.

He said grimly, "Who is it? Your friend, Doone?"

"It's no one at all," said Sally, wiping her eyes and straightening her hat.

"I don't believe you."

"Of course, you don't. You'd rather think another man had taken me away from you than to admit you'd lost me, just by your own carelessness."

"You've got no right to say a thing like that."

"I've a right to say anything that's true. Harris, listen! You might at least listen quietly. If you had a business partner and he wanted to dissolve the partnership, you'd give him a hearing, wouldn't you?"

"Marriage is something more than a business partnership. It's a solemn contract."

"You forget—we've never been married—that way."

Harris turned on his heel and went over to the window, a gesture of barely controlled impatience, of submerged violence.

"Go on, I'm listening!"

Sally followed him, stood at his shoulder.

"You see, as things were, we had everything but grounds for divorce. . . . Let me finish, please!"

Harris shoved both hands deep in his pockets.

Sally went on, locking hers together before her.

"Neither you nor I would ever have done anything to make a divorce possible. We had already done most of the things that make marriage impossible. Living with you has made me hard and bitter and cold. Living with me has made you overbearing and selfish and cruel. I could be a different person under other circumstances. I know if I were happy—I could be sweet." Tears almost overcame her again. She said to herself, "You self-pitying fool," and went on stubbornly, "I'm willing to admit, you might be different, lovable, interesting, everything, with some other woman. We just ruin each other, that's all! We're no good together and here's a chance to break away, quietly, without a judge and a court and the newspapers, without any fuss or unpleasantness. Just separate. You go your way, I'll go mine. Two people never had a better chance to wipe the slate and start over."

"You're mine," said Harris, not looking at her. "I don't care to start over."

"That's not love; that's your sense of possession. I'm not even flattered by it. I'm not yours, I'm not anybody's. I belong to myself. I could cry for joy this minute!"

All at once her nerve broke; she began to tremble violently.

"Poor little girl!" said Harris, touched to tenderness. "Poor little Sally! Don't you know I'll take care of you?"

He caught her to him with a forgiving smile and Sally, crying bitterly, struck him across the face. After which they drew apart and looked at each other. Harris took out a handkerchief and wiped his cheek.

He said gently, "You little devil, you!"

Sally took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

She said, with no apparent connection, "I'm going to call a taxi."

She went to the telephone and spoke to the boy at the desk downstairs: "This is Apartment 37. Will you call a cab for me? And will you send up for some bags?—at once, please!"

Harris was still standing at the window. He turned slowly as she came back.

"This is final?"

"Quite," said Sally.

She unlocked one bag and locked it again in order to occupy fingers and eyes.

"You won't say where you're going?"

She shook her head. "I'm not sure myself."

"Our seven years together—doesn't matter?"

"It's the thought of another seven like it that gives me courage to go." Unexpectedly to herself, she added, with a break in her voice, "It hasn't been so bad for you. You've had another sort of life outside."

"You're going back to work?"

"Please don't ask me what I'm going to do. I'd rather not talk about it."

"This," said Harris thickly, "is absolute lunacy! Have you got any money?"

"I have fifteen dollars," said Sally, "though you've really no right to cross-examine me—which I won at bridge at the Daneels' party."

"Fifteen dollars? Judas Priest! How far do you think that will take you?"

"Far enough!" she told him coldly. "It will take me out of this apartment, and after that ——"

"Yes, after that?" Harris was white under his healthy tan.

"After that, I can take care of myself. How I do it is nothing to you."

"Do you realize what you may be up against, alone, under these circumstances? So long as you wear my name—you have at least ——"

"I'm not going to wear it any longer. Why should I? It never belonged to me. My own is quite good enough."

The telephone rang once more. Harris turned toward it quickly, Sally more quickly yet.

She said, "That's my taxi!"

"I won't let you go like this!" he muttered.

At the little table where the instrument stood they came together, faces set and furious. His hand crushed hers on the receiver while the bell, out of sight on the baseboard, kept up all the time a thin and querulous summons.

"Harris, you have no right—it's no good your trying to stop me."

"We'll see about that!"

He held her fingers helpless to the obligato of the bell. He stared hotly down into her eyes. She looked back unyielding.

"You can send it away if you like. I'll walk."

"With those two bags to carry?"

"With a trunk on my back—if necessary."

The bell rang steadily and sharply, infernal accent to question and answer going on above it.

Harris wrenched Sally's fingers from the receiver and lifted it off its hook. He handed it to her with a courtly ironic gesture.

"There you are!"

She took it and lifted the telephone to her lips, spoke carefully, with a desperate effort at naturalness, "Hello—yes? . . . Thank you very much. Will you send a boy up for the bags? . . . Never mind—there he is now."

The bell at the outer door added its reticent murmur to the moment. Sally moved to answer it.

"Please!" said Harris briefly.

He admitted the boy and bestowed the two bags upon him, bestowed also a coin, said, "Take those down to the taxi for Mrs. Devlin." After which the boy departed.

Sally once more settled her hat, picked up gloves and bag and turned, with her lip between her teeth. Something in Harris' face, some look of stricken pride and inarticulate hurt drew her to attempt a smile, to put out her hand to him.

"Let's say good-by."

Her hand fell back, ignored. Flushed with shame and resentment, Sally swung round to go.

Harris' last word, his final comment on the situation, caught her at the threshold.

"Good God!" said Harris slowly and with illimitable bitterness.

"Yes, isn't He!" said Sally passionately.

Unlike Ibsen's Nora she did not slam the door behind her. Closing it sufficed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The World is forever at work --White Trucks are with the workers

WHILE this side of the globe sleeps, laboring Chinese toil with cable, pole and conduit to modernize old Pekin with telephone and street car .... White Trucks are toiling with them.

Off towards the farther pole, on the South African Rand, miners wrest mineral wealth from earth; empire builders push their habitations farther and farther out over the veldt .... White Trucks are with them—working, building.

American enterprise decides to hew a modern city out of the forest on the Columbia River. By the magic only workers know, Longview, Washington, springs into being .... a White fleet labors with the magicians.

Charity stretches her long, benevolent arm over the steppes of the Caucasus .... White Trucks carry the succor for the starving Russians.

Above the clouds in New Mexico gold miners unload supplies and mine props from White Trucks at the shaft of Old Baldy Mine.

In India's "sunny clime," the White winch truck labors alongside its forerunner, the sinewy trunk of the elephant. Whites with mail are scaling the slopes of the Andes in Chile and Peru; Whites are flushing the streets of Rio de Janeiro, building roads in Labrador, laboring in the muck of Cuban sugar plantations, freighting through Norwegian winters, rebuilding the quake-wrecked cities of Japan.

And the millions of workers themselves must have transportation—swift, safe and comfortable. Hand in hand with the steam and electric railways White Busses carry their human loads. For White Busses are workers, too.

Not so spectacular, because you see them every day, workers are doing big things of the world right here at home—building cities, feeding them, fueling them, linking them together with wires and roads. Around the clock, from the poles to the tropics, throughout the seasons and the years, the world is forever working, toiling, building .... White Trucks, everywhere, are with the workers.

White Trucks and Busses *are* workers—demanding low pay, taking working conditions as they find them, seldom laying off, outlasting the job.

White Trucks and White Busses will work for you. They will make money for you. There is a White Bus or a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Terms may be arranged. Truck Chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Model 50A Bus Chassis, $4,950; f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

THE MOTO CAR

(Continued from Page 35)

he fell in behind us and chased along after as hard as he could peg it, apparently just to see the fun.

As for the hyena, at first he can't believe it, and contents himself by loping slowly along. Then as the realization comes to him that we are actually after him, he lets out a link and commences to run. About this time the one of us who is driving begins really to concentrate on the job. We gain; we are fairly alongside; the hyena abruptly doubles back. The driver turns as sharply as he can without overturning. We skid wildly in a cloud of dust. Talk about racing corners! Off on a new tack. He dodges again. We follow on two wheels. Now the archers—or the man with the .22—begin to shoot. And when a lucky shot brings the hyena low we come to a stop, and look about, and exchange the opinion that this is a damfool trick and some day we are going to hit something hard, and then where will we be, away down here with a busted flivver and—but it has been fun!

One such beast does us for a long time; we've got it out of our systems. After all, a man can have only about so much luck, and we'd better save ours for lions.

There is one striking exception to all the foregoing elaborate psychology. Baboons have little or no curiosity as to *moto* cars, and they have more than a strong suspicion that flivvers are dangerous to life. But as to that, after all, they are really almost human.

This suspicion becomes conviction if we turn in their direction. Then they go away from there. Their long arms reach out in front just as far as they can stretch; with their hands they fairly seize the landscape and hurl it behind them; their black, worried-looking faces turn back anxiously over their shoulders. You'd think such a panic as they are suffering from would infect the whole surrounding country, and that every beast therein would wildly flee. It does not. Nobody ever pays any attention to baboons.

In our mileage about the wilder parts of Africa we came upon one little animal that not only considered us as another and strange sort of beast but actually held us to be preferable to the rest of the gang and wanted to adopt us. On this occasion we were making our way through a country wherefrom the wildebeest rear guard had withdrawn only a week or so before. The landscape just here was totally free of them; even the morose and solitary old single bulls that like to show their independence by hanging about in places where no reasonable wildebeest would find the smallest attraction, had reluctantly concluded that nothing more was to be hoped for here. All the testimony of the great armies that had passed was the grass close cropped where beforetime it had grown rank and high. But in place of *nyumbo* was Tommy in his multitudes. He has no use for rank high grass. His preference is for the sweet, short, tender growths near the roots; and until these have been exposed by the removal of the other, he finds the pickings not to his best taste. Therefore he follows *nyumbo's* mowing operations.

Adopted by a Wildebeest

Now among the dainty, fragile, almost phantom-like forms of these tiny gazelles grazed a wildebeest calf. He was only about half grown, but in contrast with his companions he loomed up as big and black as a buffalo. A prize fighter at a fairy's tea party was about the impression he gave. Furthermore, he looked sad and uneasy and lost and out of place.

The moment we hove in sight he put his head down and began to gallop diagonally toward us in the conscientious lumbering fashion of the species, just as papa and mamma and uncle and aunt always did. We applauded his sense of convention. We thought that he was nobly going to do the good old cross-in-front stunt, enacting in his own person to the best of his single and childlike ability the part of a whole band. But when he got near us, instead of passing our bows, he dropped to a trot and paralleled us about twenty-five yards away. Thus we continued for some little distance, when we had occasion to come to a halt. The *toto* stopped also, and remained standing there until it pleased us to go on. Then he trotted along too. We tried this twice more, both times with the same result.

Then the solution dawned on us. We were large and black and substantial. Obviously we were not a wildebeest, but we were a whole lot wildebeestier than those superior and infinitesimal Tommies. We looked like the kind of people who might go in our shirt sleeves occasionally or put our feet on the table; and it was self-evident that a Tommy would always dress for dinner. Tommies must be most difficult to live up to when one is comfortably plebeian and snorts when he wants to. So, thankfully, that poor lost baby wildebeest had adopted us, and was going to accompany us in the confidence that we, too, might have low tastes and would probably be heading in the direction of de gang, where a fellow could snort out loud without being looked at askance.

A Hate on Hyenas

We knew where the wildebeest herd had gone and we headed in that general direction. After going some distance, however, we came upon an opening in which grazed a herd of topi at a considerable remove to our left. The *toto* wildebeest caught sight of them and promptly deserted us in their favor. They were nice and big and dark colored, and the *toto* had seen them before, consorting with his relations. He had never seen anything like us before, and the somewhat staccato language we constantly uttered was unknown to him. We probably most resembled the rhino; and the rhino, though a solid character, is too conservative and unamiable for permanent adoption.

This distrust of the rhino, I must confess, I shared. For I, too, realize that a *moto* car is not far off rhino size and color, and I never could guess whether the genuine article would look on this new beast as an ally or a rival. I did not especially wish to find out; not by practical experiment. Fortunately rhinos in the country immediately surrounding Nyumbo are rather scarce. The few we came across we saw at a distance.

But one day when out alone in the car I ran on one at closer range. Art and I were off on *safari*, and Art had elected to potter around a reed bed on the chance of getting a reedbuck with the bow. So I left him there and went off on a slow and leisurely cruise just for to see and for to admire. After proceeding for a few miles on a ridge between two dongas I came to a narrow, shallow tributary donga, which I crossed. This brought me to a sort of elevated island between this shallow donga and the fork of two big ones. The island was about fifty acres in extent. In the middle of it sat a hyena.

Now I was not out shooting particularly, but I hate hyenas and would like to shoot everyone I see. In a remote country where ammunition is scarce and hyenas are many, one must restrain such desires in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred. However, this hyena offered a tempting mark, and I was ahead on my cartridge allowance anyway, so I shut off the engine, rested over the wheel and abated that hyena. Very satisfactory shot! I turned on the switch, unwound myself from pedals and levers and things and sauntered leisurely to the front to crank up.

Then for the first time I saw that at the report of my rifle a rhinoceros had risen from his recollections of the Pleistocene period and was standing facing me about fifty yards away. His absurd ears were cocked and his shortsighted little pig eyes were fixed intently in my direction.

The situation would seem to demand alteration. It seemed to me unlikely, knowing the absurd ideas of rhinos as to exclusiveness, that fifty acres was going to be enough for two such large animals. After all, he was there first. I had come over merely to kill his hyena for him, and was perfectly willing to leave the job at that. Besides, Art probably would appreciate a lift to camp. But in order to move I had to start my engine, and that involved turning my back in order to crank up. All my instincts warned me against turning my back, but it had to be done. A two or three ton rhino hitting a flivver would certainly be a spectacle worth seeing, but I doubted whether Art would like the idea of walking home. So I gave her a hasty twist—and she went first turn, which was not her invariable habit.

At the sound of the engine the rhino uttered a loud snort and advanced three paces. I sneaked rapidly back to the driver's seat.

Now a rhino in his intellectual processes belongs to the haw-haw grade. An idea with him, even an accustomed idea, is a matter of incubation. Only his instinctive reactions are prompt, the reactions learned through a hundred thousand years of reiterated experience. I indulged in a hope that a motor car was novel enough to require ratiocination. In that case I had several moments to the good while he was making up his mind. So I turned around very slowly and drew off at a snail's pace, directly away from him, so as to offer a minimum of apparent motion. Perhaps he would not observe that I was going away—merely becoming smaller. This was not easy. I had by an immense effort of the will to restrain myself from opening the throttle wide. That would be no good. Should he really start on one of his rapid plunging charges he would catch up very quickly, especially when I tried to cross that shallow donga.

This much for external appearances. But I went farther. Since, in final analysis, I was really the personality, the brain, the consciousness animating this *moto*-car beast, I tried to assume a meek and humble attitude of mind. There did not seem to be much chance that a rhino could be open to psychic influences, but there could be no harm in trying. So I tried telepathically to project the general notion that although the flivver was rhino size and color and all that, it was a nice gentle feminine one. Surely no bull rhino would attack a lady! Perhaps I was successful in this—almost too successful. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that he was following. He was not charging, merely following along at a jog trot, his head up, his puzzled mind obviously still in the throes of being made up.

One Radiator Vs. One Rhino

At which point my radiator dipped down into the donga and up the other side and to the level beyond. Then, careless of the possibility of broken springs, I turned sharp to the right and gave her the gun. In two seconds I had the deep part of the donga between me and him. I left him there still staring, still snorting, still making up his mind. Rhinos have an idea every other wet Thursday. I thanked the gods that this one had had his idea for that month. But perhaps some day I may be so placed as to gratify an ambition. I want to take a very old flivver for which I have neither use nor affection and drive it up to a rhino and slip out the other side and let Nature take its course.

On the way back I blew in another .30 caliber cartridge on another hyena, just to celebrate, and to see if my hand was steady. It was. That rhino had not bothered me a bit. Art, however, doubts this. His grounds seem to me far-fetched. His claim is based on the fact that when we got back to camp I made this entry in my journal: "On the way home I picked up Art and another hyena." He says that no literary man in normal condition would make a break like that in writing. How does he know it was a break?

I believe I mentioned the word "donga." In so doing I indicated one of the two curses of wild Africa from a *moto*-car point of view. Mountains and rivers and other rough country you can stand. You either get through on your own power or you don't. In the latter case you try somewhere else; or you turn out a tribe of friendly savages to carry the darn thing, if necessary; or you sit down and wait until the water goes down or the mud dries up or something else happens. All that is interesting, an adventure, to be expected. Your mind is made up for it, and you have already discounted it in your bank balance of patience.

Three-Man Power in Bad Places

But a donga is so confoundedly gratuitous. You are barging along at a magnificent and satisfactory six or eight miles an hour with every reasonable prospect of going exactly where you want to go in approximately the time you want to take to get there when—whango! another donga lies across the way. It may not be more than ten feet wide and ten feet deep, but there it is; and it must be negotiated before you can resume that magnificent six or eight miles an hour. What one really needs to supplement that patent axle is a sort of grasshopper attachment by which you could make one grand hop —— Oh, what's the use? Get out and get busy!

Getting busy in this connection may mean almost anything. It may mean a detour of ten miles to a possible crossing. That is not so bad; you merely lose time and gasoline. But more often it means that you let that flivver down a young precipice unfit for the perambulations of even a mature and experienced goat, and then try to get it out again.

First, everybody but the driver pushes. The driver occupies himself in killing the engine. The spectacle of three men pushing at a motor car which is clinging to a precipice by capillary attraction is not reassuring; but it is astonishing what three-man power can accomplish in bad places, and it is equally astonishing how very often one finds oneself so placed that the difference between go and not go is measured by those few pounds of pressure. The final inch-by-inch crawling surmounting of the last two feet has taught our boys the good old word "hurrah!" In such moments of triumph we all cheer together.

But often and often we strain to the last six inches only to die at the very moment of fulfillment. Then the *moto* car retires backward to the donga bed and the pushers yell wildly and scramble out of the way. Nobody has been caught yet, but some of us can show the marks where wildly we have leaped. It must be understood that throughout all these maneuvers the equatorial sun goes right on shining.

From this simple beginning the situation is capable of many variations. There is the great block-and-tackle drama; there is the thrilling eight-reel educational feature wherein the principals and no doubling for them, either will show you how to make a roadbed out of thorn brush, neatly obviating the danger of punctures from the thorns by collecting all the said thorns in their fingers and legs. Or the interested visitor may, between the hours of eight and four, view the chain gang showing how with one toy trench shovel and three sharp sticks a whole new grade may be constructed

(Continued on Page 91)

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Recharging puts back the current your set has used, and keeps your Willards fresh and full-powered. No need to tell you the difference this makes in the *quality* of reception. You've noticed it every time you have had to buy new batteries.

And Willards are just as easy to install. Simply snap their standard clips on to your present battery wiring and your set is ready to operate.

for batteries better reception

With an occasional recharge Willard Radio Batteries can be depended upon to give years of uninterrupted service in your radio set.

Because of their ability to maintain their steady current for the entire period of each charge, and their freedom from electrical leakage, Willards are used by over 200 leading broadcasting stations for standard amplifying equipment—a job which is identical in every respect with that done by the batteries in your own receiving set.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

DIO

BATTERIES

Sales and Service through

The **Willard Battery** men

and their Authorized Radio Dealers

CHEVROLET

Quality –

determines whether the price you pay is economical or uneconomical

Real economy in the ownership of an automobile depends upon a quality of materials and construction that provides fine car performance over a long period of time at a low cost of upkeep. Chevrolet combines such quality with a very low selling price—and thus affords the highest ideal of economy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Coach
$695
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Touring	$525
Roadster	525
Coupe	675
Sedan	775
Commercial Chassis	425
Express Truck Chassis	550

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICH.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 86)

These are what might be called chance dongas; dongas-by-the-way. In case of crossings we use regularly, we send out men to construct us a regular road. The nature of the places sometimes makes even of these a difficult problem. We have one, across the Oranji River, called the Styx for the simple and sufficient reason that there we always do stick.

It is to be understood that the equatorial sun goes on shining.

After taking a *moto* car over several thousand miles of trackless Central Africa, one is tempted to adopt as his motto, Life is Just One Donga After Another. But I don't know. It isn't entirely that. It is also just one damn puncture after another. Africa is strewn with thorns; nice, long, stiff, sharp thorns. They have insinuating needle points. You pick these up by the score and gradually they work in until the very tip of the needle point touches the inner tube. Then imperceptibly the confidence of that tire oozes away, until from behind you hear the pessimistic voice of your N'Dolo saying, "*Tirey m'baya ngini, bwana.*"

You'd never know it otherwise. The usual symptoms of side drag, swerve and bump by which in civilized life a tire instantly signals its distress to the man at the wheel are here completely overlaid by the mammoth side drags, swerves and bumps normal to the boulevard. Then you descend, jack up, plug, patch and pump, while the equatorial sun goes on shining, and the other dozen thorns imbedded in the casing utter low chuckles of anticipation. A week-old tube looks as though it had had the measles.

These occasions are almost invariably inopportune. One day we surmounted a low grassy ridge to look across a shallow cup to a thin grove of trees only a quarter of a mile distant.

"There," remarked Leslie, "are two very fine lions."

"And here," supplemented Art, who had rashly been looking overside, "are two equally fine punctures."

It was too true. There was nothing to be done about it except to get out and get busy. We worked feverishly, for they were good lions and we feared they would go away and that we would see them no more. Go away? Not they! The show was too good! They sat there and enjoyed us. We were not near enough to hear their undoubtedly raucous peals of laughter, but our ears tingled just the same. Finally one got up and walked over to the other and said something, probably that it would be a good idea to come back along about evening when the sun was not so strong and our meat had had time to cool a little. Then they sauntered off together.

By this time, however, we had finished the job. We raced—"racing" means at at least twelve to fifteen miles an hour—around the hill, headed them off and got one. So part of that joke was ours after all.

Cars for the African Market

Another of our little anxieties was to keep the water supply up to normal. We carried alongside two big galvanized tanks from which we constantly assuaged the abnormal thirst of that *moto* car. *Moto*, it must be remembered, is the Swahili word for hot. Thus *moto* car is a much more appropriate term than automobile. "Auto" means "self" and "mobile" is "moving." Self-moving—at times. By the witness of donga, mud, steep hill, sand and the sweat of our brows, not invariably and always, not by a long shot. But *moto*, yes; and thirsty as a delegate to a political convention.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, blessings upon our *moto* car. It never broke down. In three days I covered a journey which in 1913 it took me just six weeks of weary foot slogging to accomplish. And when, after a hard morning's hunt, its battered and disreputable figure came into view under the tree where earlier we had left it, we climbed to its worn cushions with deep gratitude that we had not to measure with our own two legs the long miles to camp. Home, James!

If I were an automobile inventor I should, I think, design a car especially for the African market. The price of it would be about $500 less than my prospective purchaser possessed. I would take it all—and be sure of getting it—but the man would have to have something left with which to buy gas and food. I should not try to sell it in town, before he had had experience, so my sales stations would be, say, about ten days' journey out in the wilderness. By that time he would be psychologically right. Of course I would have to take his old car in part exchange; but that would not matter, as he would by then be willing to let it go very, very cheap. Anyway, the used-car problem would not bother me. I should probably keep them to amuse rhinos

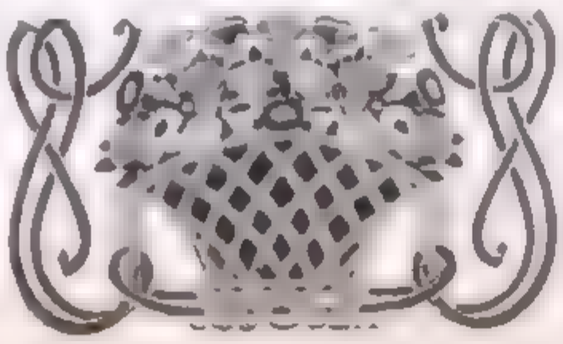
My car would possess the following features; item, unbreakable springs, no matter what country I hit or how hard I hit it; item, unpuncturable tires; item, positive air cooling; item, a grasshopper jumping arrangement for dongas; item, a comfortable steel cage into which by pressing a spring the passengers could be projected in case of lions; item, a small but accurate Minenwerfer attachment for the propulsion of tear bombs. The latter would be for the discouragement of rhinos. A weeping rhino would not only be safe and sorry but distinctly amusing. It would be handy if it could be manufactured to run on the hope that the men carrying gasoline would get in not more than ten days late, but the details of that accomplishment are not very clear to me. However, I do not believe I'll do it. I don't care for money; and anyway, I'm through, and why shouldn't the other fellows suffer some of these well-known African hardships too?

Our Master of Motor Transport

But seriously I should, for the curiosity of the thing, like to try an armored car on lions. I'd like to see what they would do if permitted to charge home. Would they try for the human passengers? Or would they continue in the illusion that the whole machine is alive, a new and strange and large beast that is killable? And in the latter case, how would they go about the killing? Where would they tackle the thing? A certain number would, I think, swerve off at the last moment. Indeed, some of them did so. But others came right in and were killed so near that we could have jumped off the running board onto their dead bodies. One was shot just over the radiator. They appear to charge at the front part of the machine, which would seem to bear out the theory that they consider it a large beast. The lion generally kills by breaking the neck.

One cannot but admire the magnificent courage of the beast. It takes nerve to tackle single-handed a brute of our size, an unknown brute of unknown powers.

Art was elected master of motor transport. That was his job, just as my job was to run the natives and Doc's was to run the hospital. The question of spare parts proved to be an interesting one. The parts one wanted were never the ones at hand. The art of improvisation was therefore carried to a high pitch of development. Art possessed a wooden box full of junk he had swiped from a garage at Nairobi. The theft was not morally reprehensible, for I am convinced that thereby the garage was saved the expense of hiring somebody to carry the stuff out of town and bury it. It looked like something a very powerful and imbecile magpie had collected. Nevertheless, in case of trouble Art could and did paw over this rusty and greasy aggregation and from it evolve something "just as good."



Broken springs were nothing in his young life. He had no drill, so he used to make his bolt holes in the leaves by shooting them with a hard-point bullet. This required rather nice calculation. He placed the leaf solidly against a tree and then withdrew to that cunningly estimated point near enough for the required accuracy, but still far enough away so that the spring, on impact of the bullet, did not bounce back and bean him. It bounced all right, but the jacketed bullet made a neat hole that only needed a few touches of the rat-tailed file.

Once in a while something dropped off that could not be replaced. Then we sent back our expert trackers over the route, and be the object never so small, they found it in the grass. Once Sale, my headman of *safari*, on returning from one of our sixteen-day gasoline expeditions, brought in a broken cotter pin which days before Art had thrown away in a dry stream bed, but which nevertheless his sharp eyes had discovered.

Sabakaki was, of course, Art's especial slave, and worked under his supervision. He and Art seemed to understand each other and to coöperate very well. This was the more remarkable in that Sabakaki had no English whatever, and Art's Swahili pertinent to *moto*-car occasions was limited to two words. One of these was *mizouri*, which means "good," and was applicable to all approbations. The other was unfortunately somewhat ambiguous. There are two words in Swahili very much alike. One is *funga*, which means "to close, to do up, to tighten"; and the other is *fungua*, which means "to open, to undo, to loosen." Art never managed to distinguish between the two, and used them indiscriminately. Sabakaki, however, seemed never at a loss. He solved the problem quite neatly. If the thing was already tight he loosened it; if it was already loose he tightened it. Nothing could be simpler.

A conference of the powers was most interesting to hear. Art talked English and Sabakaki talked Swahili. Only by the rarest chance did they hit upon the same subject of conversation. But, curiously enough, they always did the same thing. This must indicate something profound—telepathic power of conveying the essence of thought rather than the mere vehicle of thought, or the influence of the flivver toward universal brotherhood, or something like that. Only rarely was I appealed to for the purpose of bringing such diverse subjects as the excellence of wart-hog meat as a human diet—Sabakaki—and the undesirability of transmission lubricant in grease cups—Art—to a common ground.

Bits of American Magic

Naturally our contraption was of tremendous interest to the natives. When we happened to be in their vicinity, they gathered like flies to look us over. They were not greatly astonished; it was only another of our bits of inexplicable magic, and it seemed moderately safe, at least when the engine was not running. When we started on again, they often ran for a short distance, trying to keep up with it, just to test by a comprehensible standard exactly how fast the thing did go. I think they imagined it to run on water. Our own private joke was to wait until the examining committee had gathered thickly all about and then to blow the horn. I recommend this maneuver to anyone desiring to witness a complete collapse of dignity.

But when next I get on an asphalt or concrete boulevard I am going to be scared to death.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr White. The next will appear in an early issue.

DIXIES you bet!

TRUST the red-blooded American youngster to spot a good thing when it comes his way!

Manufacturers of good ice cream all over these United States are now putting the tastiest combination of two popular flavors of their ice cream in DIXIES—distributing DIXIES through their dealers everywhere—and selling them for just a little nickel apiece! And a small, handy wooden spoon comes with each.

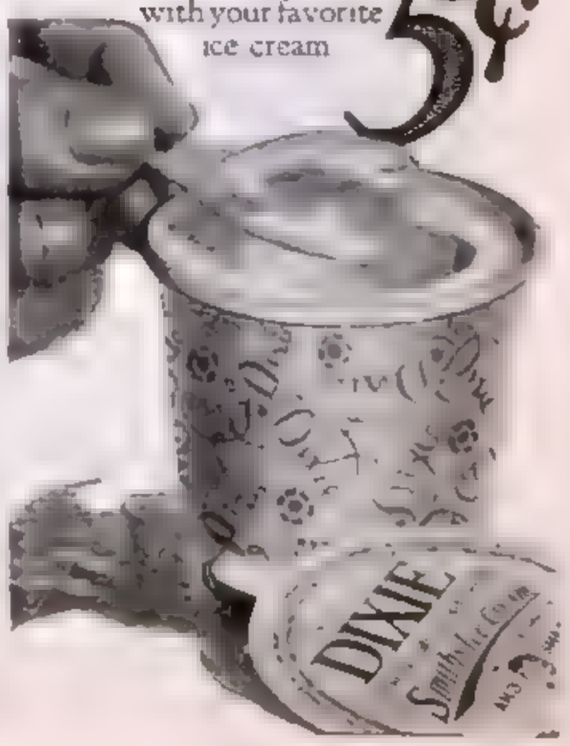
It's the biggest treat you can buy. Ice cream, as you know, is the most healthful food anybody can eat. Sealed and frozen right at the plant and kept wholesome in a dainty DIXIE until you open it, ice cream becomes also the safest and the most delicious food you ever tasted.

The ice cream maker's name is on the top to insure your getting what you ask for. If you don't find your favorite ice cream in DIXIES, send us the maker's name.

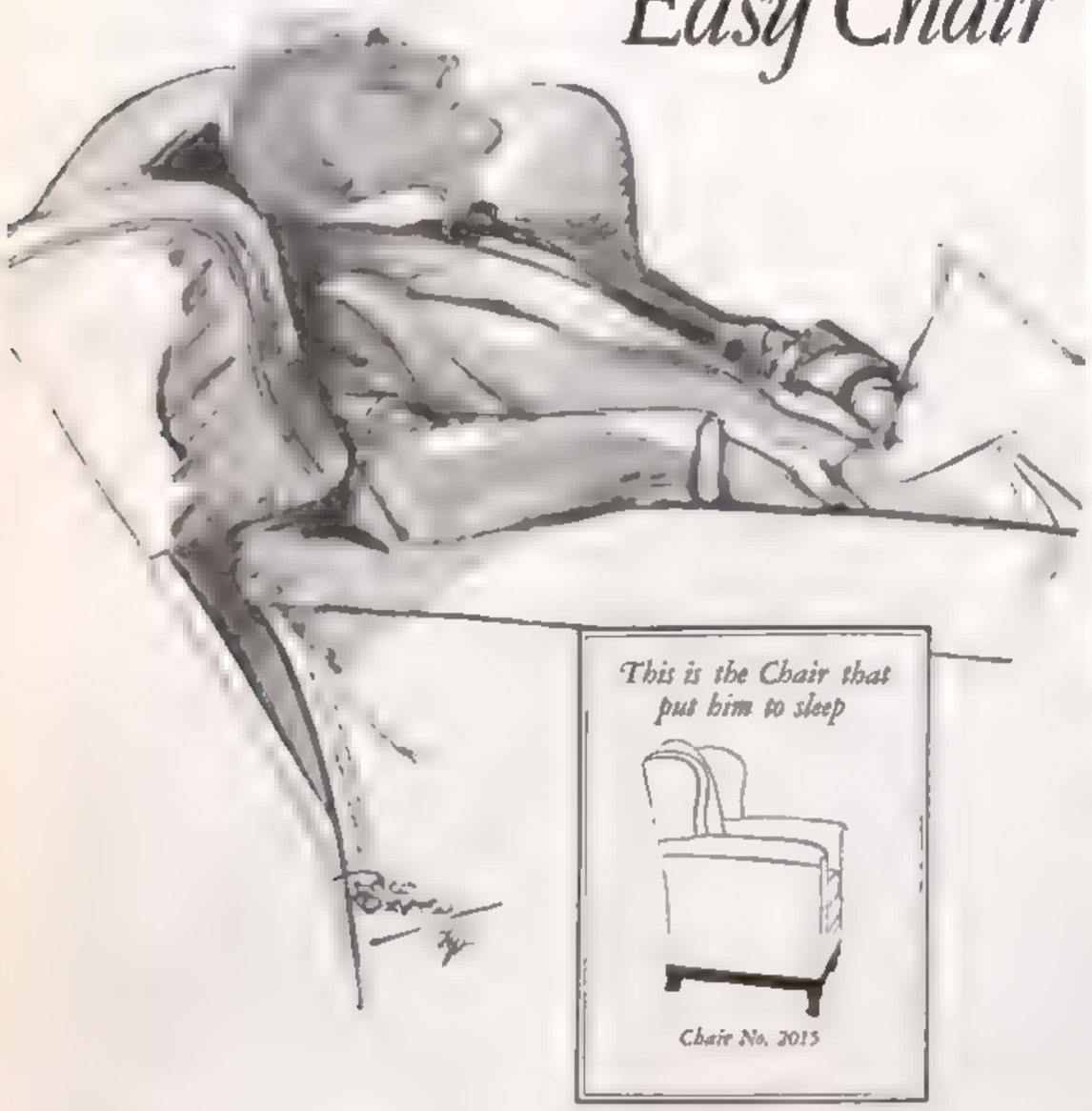
INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

DIXIE Individual Drinking Cups are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in theatres, hotels, restaurants and at the better soda fountains. At most drug, stationery and department stores, you can get DIXIE Drinking Cups in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

ICE CREAM
DIXIES
Packed with your favorite ice cream
5¢



"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"



He'll prove how much he appreciates his Royal Easy Chair before Christmas Day is over! Try him! Let his Christmas gift be a Royal Easy Chair. He'll steal his "forty-winks" in a brief half-hour of sheer relaxation after dinner, and be ready, refreshed and eager, for any gayety you may propose—*any* evening! Mail coupon below for your dealer's name and *free* style book, "Royal Comfort".

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY, STURGIS, MICHIGAN
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Royal Easy Chairs

Royal Easy Chairs have style, grace and distinction. They may be had in a wide range of designs, finishes, coverings and prices. Sold singly or in Bed-Davenport suites, by 5,000 leading furniture dealers.

CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

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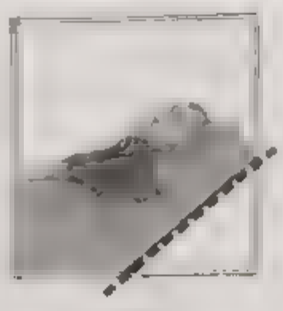
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point



DOZING
Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

Mail this COUPON

Royal Easy Chair Co., Sturgis, Mich.
Please send me your FREE style book.

Name

Address

THE ROARING HOLE

(Continued from Page 15)

He was interested now, friendly.

"Six feet six," Blair replied impatiently.

"Then I don't see—oh, I've got it. That westerly. She's been blowing hard outside for three days. That hurries up the flood and makes it bigger. Luck, all right. Without that westerly there wouldn't have been more than five and a half feet with a nineteen-foot tide. The wind boosted it just enough to let you in."

"Then she'll boost it enough to let us out in the morning," Blair declared.

"The westerly's blown out. Eighteen-point-seven is the best tomorrow, and that won't give five feet."

He was still friendly and interested, and as soon as he stopped speaking he began searching through the tide tables.

"You mean I can't get out of here tomorrow?" Blair demanded.

There was a belligerent note in his voice and the young man glanced up in surprise.

"It's just luck you found the deepest place coming in," he said. "There are a lot of bowlders and ledges."

"Cut out that talk about luck!" Blair commanded furiously. "What I want to know is: When can I get out?"

The young man looked steadily and coldly at the yacht owner.

"I've only got the stumpage here."

He said it so innocently and with such apparent irrelevance, Blair turned away in disgust.

"I've only got the stumpage," the young man repeated in an even tone. "I don't own a thing here except my outfit. Most of the land belongs to the Government, but I guess you couldn't blame even the Government for getting caught in here. You'll have to go back to a glacier or an earthquake—whatever it was that dug out this lagoon and gave it such a shallow entrance."

"I wasn't blaming you," Blair said more civilly.

"Glad to hear you say it. I had only your voice to go by."

"The point is," and Blair was intent on his problem again, "when can I get out?"

The young man studied his book for a moment.

"Like I told you, it was just luck that you got in," he said, repeating his reference to chance without apparent malice. "It'll take a twenty-two-foot tide at Port Simpson to give much more than six feet here, and that," his finger moved down a column, "won't come until August—Wednesday, August fifth. That's it. Twenty-two-point-three."

"August fifth!" Blair shouted. "You're crazy. Lie here for a month!"

"There won't be enough water before then and, like I said, I've only got the stumpage here."

Blair was silent during the instant necessary for his decisions.

"I go out tomorrow," he announced.

The young man on the float stiffened, crouched. For a moment Jo believed he was about to spring into the dinghy.

"Try it and I'll knock your pretty yacht into kindling!" he cried harshly. "Throw away all the seventy-foot gas boats you want to. That's your business. But when you try to get out on these low tides it means you're going to hang up, swing sideways and block the channel. And that's my business. I've got logs I'm going to take out of here."

Nelson Blair's knuckles were white where they gripped the gunwales.

"If you think I'm going to rot in this hole until August fifth, I'll show you, logs or no logs," he said furiously, and then to the deck hand: "Back to the Cynthia."

The young man laughed as they pulled away.

"Better have your flunky take you around to the entrance," he suggested. "It'll do you good to have a look at the roaring hole."

Jo Blair had not been conscious of any sound. Now the thunder of plunging water filled the space between the island and the mainland, thrown back by the granite cliff. There was menace in it.

"It's hard to improve upon Nature," she remarked. "What a wonderful orchestral opening she is giving us."

"Rot!" Blair snorted. "That cub! A lumberjack! Speed up!" he commanded the deck hand. "And when you get aboard lower the power tender."

Once on the Cynthia, Blair went to the pilot house and examined the chart. Jo got into the tender as soon as it was brought up to the accommodation ladder and in a moment her father and the skipper joined her.

They found more than a rapids at the entrance to the lagoon. It was a waterfall, so wholly unlike the placid channel of an hour before that even Nerland stared in wonder. Blair was steering, and before he was aware of the strength of the current it was sucking the tender into the maelstrom. An open throttle and a quick rudder saved them, and they landed.

Blair was no longer angry, nor did Jo taunt him. She knew he was in action, was content to lie back and watch him.

He and Nerland found where high water had been when they entered, and set a mark. Then they studied the channel. It seemed impossible that the Cynthia had ever gone through. Broken water indicated bowlders and ledges, swift, straight chutes the deeper places. Intent but amiable now, Blair traced the course with Nerland and together they fixed each obstruction in mind and marked it with an object on shore. Then Blair studied the tide table.

"There's an eighteen-point-five tide early in the morning," he said at last, "and an eighteen-seven in the evening. Be here in the morning and see where high water comes so we can tell if that westerly caused a tide higher than normal today. Then at noon there will be low water and we can see exactly what this channel is like. In the evening we'll leave."

"How high is the tide day after tomorrow?" Jo asked.

Nerland opened the book, discovered it was eighteen-point-two.

"And the next day it is lower still," Blair said. "It's got to be tomorrow night."

They returned to the yacht in time for dinner. Blair was in the best of humor.

"It's ridiculous!" he laughed. "Hanging us up here for four weeks."

Jo did not comment, but after dinner she took the dinghy and rowed to the island. The young man heard her oars and came to the door of his house.

"No one was very polite this afternoon," the girl laughed. "This is purely a social call, and my name is Jo Blair."

"Glad to meet you," the young man laughed as he held her dinghy against the float while she got out. "My name is Ned Wayland. I suppose that was your dad."

"Yes, Nelson Blair."

"Doesn't like to be crossed, does he?"

"It's more than that. He isn't crossed by anyone who knows him."

"That might do with people, but when it comes to saying what you will or won't do about the tides it's a different matter."

"You think dad will wet the hem of his royal robe?" she asked.

Wayland stared his incomprehension, then laughed when Jo explained.

"But you seem to think he might interfere with your own business," she added.

"He can't get that boat out!" Wayland protested. "He's got to wait for enough water."

"He's going to try."

"Then he'll wreck her sure, block the channel."

"And you'll prevent his trying?"

Wayland searched her face.

"He sent you over here to find out, eh?"

"He doesn't even know I have come."

The young man laughed.

(Continued on Page 94)

A and B radio power from your house current

Philco offers either or both

Philco "A" and "B" Socket Powers are plugged permanently into a lamp or wall socket. They change your bumpy alternating house current into the smooth, hum-free *direct* current necessary for your radio.

One switch controls everything—"A" power, "B" power, even the radio set itself. Snap it ON and you get a strong, uniform flow of both "A" and "B" power. Snap it OFF and your power is shut off—your radio is silent—and current feeds gently back into Socket Power "A" from your light wires.

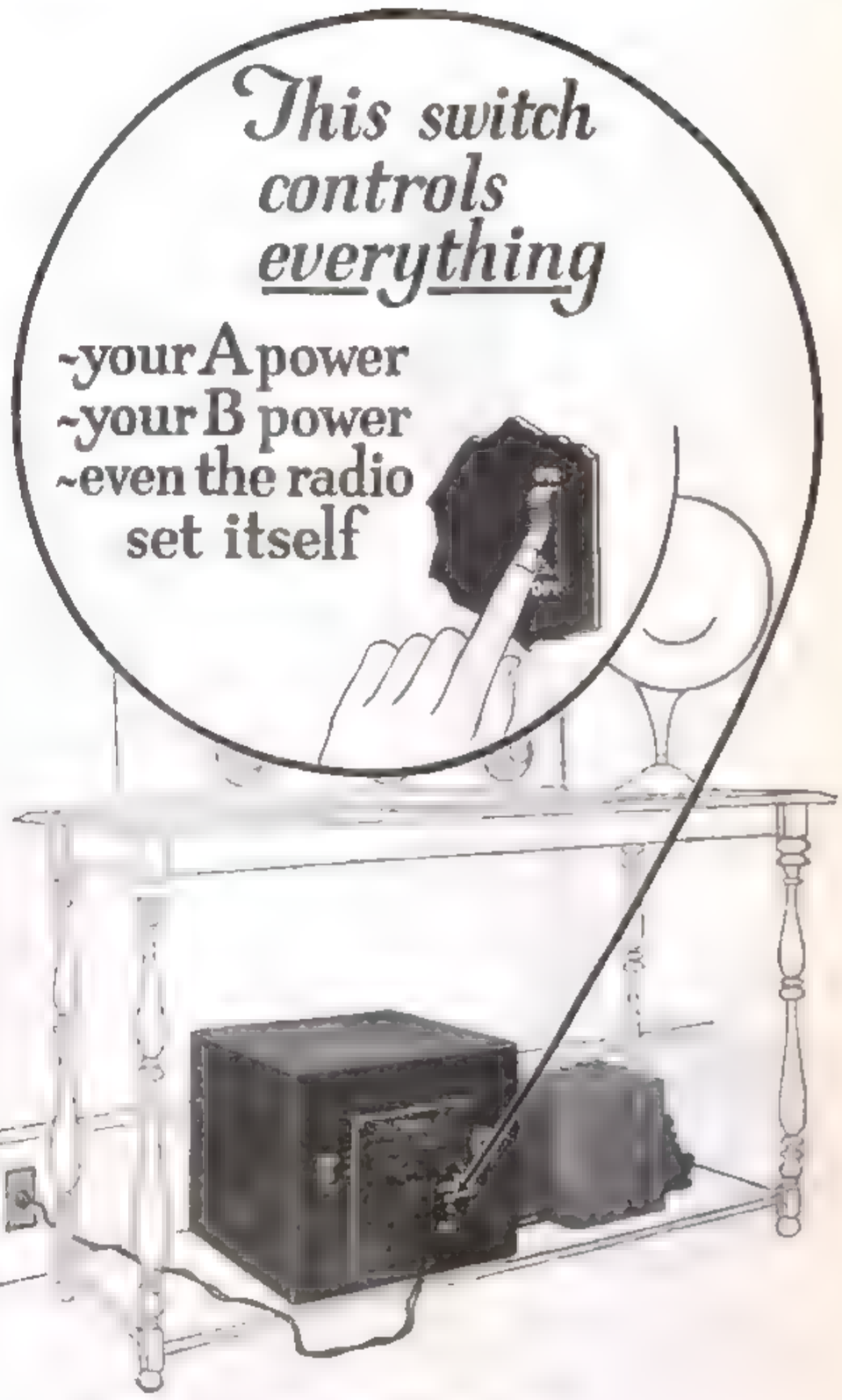
No high-voltage transformers—no moving parts—no hum—no distortion—no falling off in reception. As dependable as your electric current. Turned on exactly like an electric light.

Philco "A" and "B" Socket Powers are built into one cabinet for dry-cell tube sets—and in separate cabinets for storage battery tube sets. If you now have a good storage "A" battery and charger, buy Philco Socket Power "B". *It can be used on any set.*

Once you connect Philco Socket Power to your radio you never need change a single wire. You forget all about getting wires mixed and burning out the tubes of your set. You forget that radio is mysterious and technical. You just enjoy it.

Sold and demonstrated by leading radio and music stores and by Philco Diamond-Grid Battery Dealers.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia*



Snap it ON and enjoy your radio
Snap it OFF and go to bed

For Radiola Super-Heterodyne (old and new models) and other sets using 3-volt dry cell tubes, buy Philco Socket Power "AB" shown above. Both "A" and "B" power built into one cabinet, satin-finished in brown mahogany. Connect permanently to your radio—plug into a light socket—then turn on your radio switch and leave it on. Nothing more to think about but the one socket power switch. Snap it ON and enjoy your radio. Snap it OFF and go to bed.

Socket Power "AB" for 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current $65.00

Socket Power "AB" for 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current $68.50

Where house current B power alone is desired, use Socket Power "B". Only $47.50 (see on right). Designed for use on any set

For Storage Battery (6-volt) tubes buy Socket Power "A" and "B" in separate cases. Socket Power "A" permanently connects to a light socket, and, without any thought about recharging, automatically supplies "A" battery current. Socket Power "B" eliminates "B" batteries and does away with all bother of replacing worn out dry cells. No hum—no distortion—no falling off in reception with age. *Can be used on any set.*

Socket Power "A" for 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current $42.50

Socket Power "B" for 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current $47.50

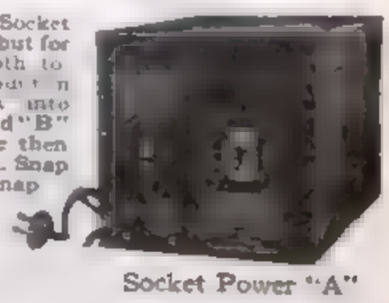
Socket Power "B" for 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current $52.50

Socket Power "B" (for any set) and Socket Power "A" (for 6-volt tube sets) shown below

Socket Power "B"

Either Socket Power "A" or Socket Power "B" may be used alone, but for maximum convenience use both together. Plug the B into the built-in socket on the A. Plug the A into your house current. Both "A" and "B" (and the radio set as well) are then controlled by the one "A" switch. Snap it ON and enjoy your radio. Snap it OFF and go to bed.

No rectifying tubes to buy



Socket Power "A"

PHILCO RADIO A AND B SOCKET POWERS

Philco also builds rechargeable batteries, unique because they may be permanently connected to your radio and safely charged in your living room without changing any wires. Easier than the periodical renewing and rewiring of dry cells.

Philco Standard "B" Battery—a complete Adam brown mahogany-finish replacement for 90 volts of dry cells. Only $19.85!

Philco "A" Batteries in acid tight glass cases—for dry-cell tubes, $8; 6-volt tubes, $16. Built in charge indicators.

In rubber cases, subdued mahogany color, $14.85 and up.

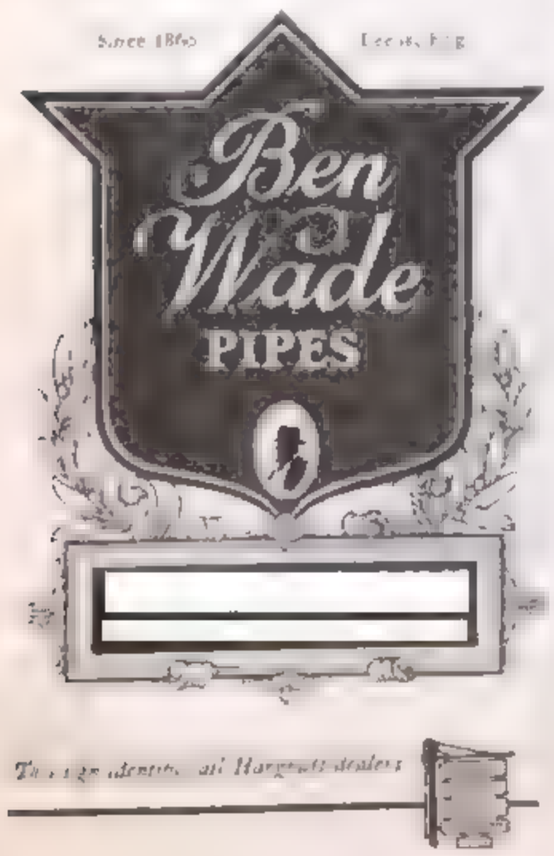
Philco Radio Batteries are built *Drynamic*—DRY but CHARGED. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the electrolyte. You can't get a stale *Drynamic* Philco.

Buy a Philco Diamond Grid Battery for your automobile

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT

Yuletide days in Yorkshire . . . where Ben Wade pipes are made. Yule log, plum pudding, mellow pipe smoke rising to the rafters when the Christmas dinner is done.

YOU needn't be extravagant to give a man a gift that's *fine* . . . that is in the same class of *fineness* as the motor car with the silver lady on the hood, or the concert grand piano that all the masters play. The aristocratic gift that we suggest is a Ben Wade pipe, English made. By its suave, trim lines, its rich-grained gleaming surface, its tapering, wide-bitted stem, you will know that it is the patrician among pipes, and an eloquent spokesman for your good taste. And by the light colored finish inside the bowl you may know that it will be a sweet, mellow "broken-in" old pipe after it's smoked but a day. Ask your best tobacconist . . . and if he can't supply you write to Hargraft & Sons.



To assure identity, sold by all Hargraft dealers

(Continued from Page 92)

"I guess he was crotchety because he got caught in here," was his opinion. "After he hears the roaring hole going right and has time to cool off, he'll change his mind."

"You don't know him. He is going out tomorrow night."

"You mean he's fool enough to try."

"He's strong enough to try."

Again Wayland searched the girl's face, and his own became hard. Jo, watching, knew the challenge had been accepted. Her eyes glowed as they read his features and swept over his body, and on what she saw she risked a statement.

"Nelson Blair is worth several millions, and he got every nickel by fighting. That just about means he has never lost. At least it means he is not accustomed to losing. And with that viewpoint and several millions, he is a bad man to tackle."

Jo was breathless as she waited to see how he would react. He could plead the unfairness of millions against poverty, the rights of honest labor against a rich man's whim, perhaps appeal to some navigation law that gave him and his logs first rights.

But Wayland only laughed good-naturedly.

"My toes are just as tender as the next fellow's," he said, "and maybe it means more to me to get my logs out than for him to stay here a month. As for his money—I'll take the tides against a hundred millions."

"Then you're content to watch the tide fight for you?"

He only grinned at her taunt.

"Your dad's a fool for luck," he said. "Guess I'll help the tide a bit."

He said it easily, but in a manner that left no doubt as to his intentions. Jo's eyes were bright beneath her lashes.

"You think there is a chance that he can get out?" she asked.

"He can't!" Wayland retorted. "I'm only afraid he'll try."

"Why can't he? We came in. I heard dad and the skipper talking it over. And why is that peaceful channel a roaring waterfall now?"

"Who was at the wheel?" he countered.

"Dad. Nerland tried to tell him something just outside and dad was furious—kept right on."

"I thought so—he wouldn't stand much telling. And the channel turns sharp to the right as you come up, around that cliff."

"I remember the skipper pointing it out."

Wayland laughed gleefully.

"Five minutes more or five after and your father never would have tried it," he chuckled. "You see, it's this way. There are several of these lagoons along this coast. This would be just an arm of the inlet like many another, if it wasn't for a shallow opening. It was probably a lake once. Now there's a rock barrier across the mouth that's higher than low water outside.

"So here's what happens. On a flood tide the water, soon's it's level with the top of the reef, begins to run into the lagoon. But the opening's so shallow and narrow, and the lagoon so big, pretty soon the water outside is higher than it is in here. Then there's a falls this way.

"And that current coming in keeps right on running after the flood tide's ended and the ebb's begun, keeps on until the lagoon's level with the inlet outside. That's where the trouble comes.

"When it's high water in here, the water's dropping fast outside. The level changes quick the other way, and first thing you know the lagoon's a lot higher than the inlet. Then the water tumbles out. Listen to her now. That's why we call them 'roaring holes.'"

"I see," Jo said. "And with that rapid change in levels of the lagoon and the inlet, the current no sooner stops running one way than it starts the other."

"That's it!" he exclaimed, in approval of her quick comprehension. "There isn't any slack, hardly. A minute or less. And it happened, when your dad came along, that he just hit that time."

"With an unusually high tide because of a big storm in the open Pacific."

"Sure! Tomorrow there'll be a foot less water at high slack in the roaring hole."

Jo was silent, looking across the bay. Wayland glanced at her curiously. He had never known a girl who, in their first meeting, had been quite like this, so friendly and so easy to talk to, and with such a quick understanding mind.

But when he saw the glow in her veiled eyes he was disturbed. That, too, was something new in his experience, and inexplicable.

A few hours before he and her father had been close to a physical encounter, were still facing conflict of some sort, yet she showed no trace of partisanship. There was something not quite natural in that, Wayland decided.

Instinctively he glanced toward the house on the float adjoining his own. Jo saw him. There were curtains at the windows of that other house, flowers in window boxes, a great fern in an old wooden pail.

"You have feminine neighbors," she remarked.

"Yes, Jean Morley and her father live there. They're down in Alert Bay, at the hospital. He's been sick."

There was a noncommittal note in his voice that aroused Jo instantly.

"There are not many women along this coast, are there?"

"Not many."

"You're rather fortunate to have one for a neighbor."

"Her father's got a good show here in the lagoon."

"You mean he is working for you?"

"For himself."

"Is she pretty? And young?"

Wayland was caught off his guard by the suddenness of the question, and Jo smiled as she saw a trace of color come to his face.

"I think so," he answered in a steady voice.

"You mustn't mind my asking so many questions," the girl laughed. "This country is so new to me, and so interesting. Now those gigantic logs. Are they yours?"

"They're part of them. The rest are outside."

"Oh, you bring them in here for safekeeping."

"No, I fell them in the lagoon, but have to make up the sections outside."

"But your crew, your machinery—where are they?"

Wayland was perplexed for a moment and then he laughed.

"I guess you never heard of a hand logger."

"No," she answered.

"Well," he explained with a grin, "a hand logger's machinery is a Gilchrist jack, a saw, an ax, a springboard, a maul and some falling wedges. All the crew he's got is these," and he held out his two hands.

Jo Blair's dark eyes flashed with quick anger.

"I'm not a fool," she said shortly.

"Tell you what," Wayland suggested good-naturedly. "I'll be working up there on that bench, top of that cliff, tomorrow. Come up and I'll show you."

Early the next morning Captain Nerland was at the roaring hole. He landed on the shore of the lagoon, took a measurement at the turn of the current and returned to the Cynthia.

"I make it out fourteen inches less than when we came in last night," he reported to Nelson Blair after breakfast.

"On an eighteen-point-five tide," Blair said. "She's eighteen-point-seven this evening. A foot less water than when we came in."

"And we touched hard then," Nerland added.

Blair paced from rail to rail on the after deck for a moment, then declared shortly, "We'll look over the channel at low-water slack. We can miss that place where we hit."

Nerland went forward without comment. He had known from the first that Blair would make the attempt. The previous evening he would not have believed it possible. Now he wondered if they might not get out. Nelson Blair racing madly up a sketchily charted inlet was one person. The quiet individual who had quickly grasped every detail of the situation, who coolly determined he would attempt to thread that mass of bowlders and ragged ledges, conveyed an impression of competence.

But Nerland, cautious seaman, went down into the engine room, watched the engineer overhaul the bilge pumps and then himself examined the water-tight bulkheads.

Low-water slack came before two o'clock, and the power tender had been beached at the roaring hole an hour earlier. Jo accompanied her father and Nerland and the three walked over the barnacle-incrusted bowlders into the gorge.

There was only a rapids now, a flow of water that gurgled between rocks, constantly diminishing in force and each moment disclosing new ledges. Nelson Blair studied it closely for a time and then laughed.

"This part of the channel will be easy," he said. "Let's go on around the bend."

They scrambled over the wet rocks, so intent on their footing that they did not glance ahead until they were at the turn of the straight-walled gorge. There Nerland stopped and stared, too astounded to speak. Blair began to swear furiously. Jo, bewildered by their actions, glanced up to see a gigantic cedar log stretching from wall to wall and suspended four or five feet above the water.

For a moment the girl did not comprehend, and then she remembered the young man standing in front of his float house the previous evening and the tone of easy confidence in which he had said that "he might help the tide a bit." She looked at her father, not with sympathy or encouragement, but with the interest and anticipation of a fight fan inspecting the champion as he climbs into the ring.

"That must have drifted in on the flood and wedged up there," Nerland said in an awed tone.

"Drifted!" Blair repeated furiously. "I'll wring that pup's neck."

"At least he made his threat good," Jo said softly.

Again Blair gave vent to his wrath, then strode forward to the barrier.

It was a barrier. Eight feet through at the butt, nearly one hundred feet long, it stretched from wall to wall. But more than that. Each end rested securely on a bowlder.

"If it drifted on, it will drift off at high water," Nerland suggested.

"You fool!" Blair cried furiously. "Don't you see it didn't drift up there? But," and he turned back, "he had men and machinery to help him and they can help again. That log is coming out."

But Ned Wayland was not at his home. The door was open and Blair saw one bed, a table at which one person had eaten a meal.

"The fellow's crew must be outside the lagoon," he said. "We'll find them."

As he stepped into the tender the "clop" of an ax echoed between the island and the mainland. Jo pointed to the mountainside above the cliff at the end of the lagoon.

"He told me he was working up there," she said.

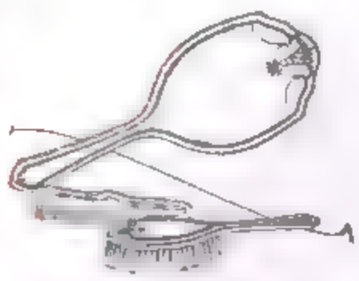
Blair waved his hands and Nerland turned the tender toward the spot indicated. As they passed the end of the island they saw the steward waving frantically from the Cynthia.

"A man came an hour ago," was the excited explanation as they drew alongside. "He said you were to move the yacht right away because it is dangerous here. He's going to cut down a big tree up the mountain. Hear him?"

The steward gazed fearfully at the green slope. To him the steady "clop" of the ax was terrifying. To Blair it was only infuriating.

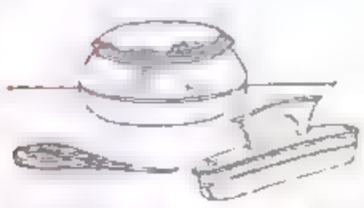
(Continued on Page 99)

Pyralin
Gift Suggestions

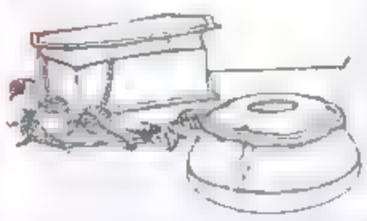


The famous "Du Barry"

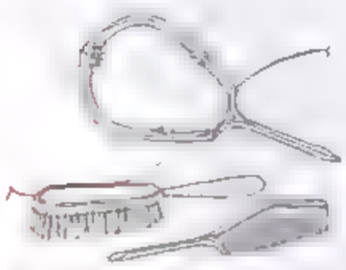
The most popular of all patterns. The new princess-style mirror, $9.50 up; the hair brush $5.00 up; the comb, $1.25 up. In all the popular colors: Pearl on Amber Pyralin, solid Amber Pyralin, Ivory on Amber, Shell on Amber or solid Ivory Pyralin—all with exquisite decorations.



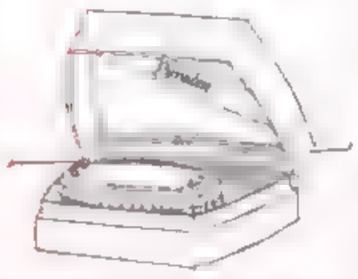
Other useful articles in "Du Barry"—America's most famous pattern. The puff box, $2.75 up; the scissors, $2.25 up; the nail polisher, $2.25 up. In all the colors now favored by fashion.



The jewel box in the lovely "Du Barry" design is a beautiful and convenient ornament for her dressing table, $5.50 up; the hair receiver, $2.75 up.

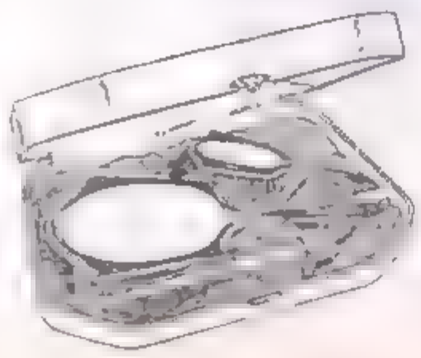


For those seekers of the finest in all things—"La Belle"—with its exclusive feature, the transverse handle. The mirror, $10.00 up; the hair brush, $6.00 up; the handle comb, $3.25 up. In gleaming Amber Pyralin, or rich Shell Pyralin or Ivory Pyralin beautifully decorated.



Purse Set

A useful and welcome gift to the girl with bobbed hair—a dainty purse set in the "Du Barry" pattern, $4.25 up. In all the popular two-tone color effects—decorated if desired.



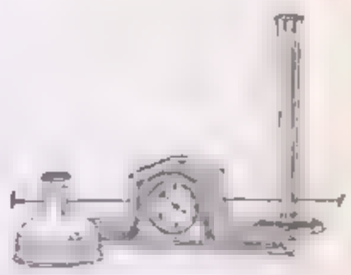
Pyralin Sets in Gift Boxes

Many stores carry a complete line of Pyralin patterns in beautiful satin-lined gift boxes, the sets comprising three to twenty pieces. To the left is illustrated a popular three piece gift set in the new "Mayflower" design, $13.50 up. To the right, a beautiful six-piece set in the famous "Du Barry" pattern, $28.50 up. In all the latest colors.

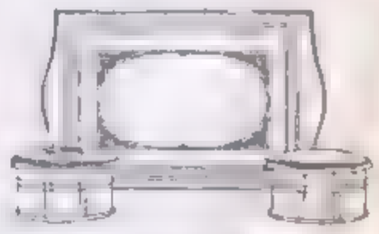
Pyralin
Gift Suggestions

The new "Mayflower"

Sets a new standard in "popular priced" tableware. New this season—the mirror $6.75 up, the brush $3.00 up, the comb, 75c up. In the color effects prescribed by the present vogue—Pearl on Amber Pyralin, solid Amber Pyralin, Ivory on Amber or Shell on Amber—with exquisite decorations in 22-k gold.



This little clock in the "Mayflower" design adds the final touch of smartness to the well appointed dressing table. $5.75 up; the perfume set $7.65 up; the bud vase, $1.25 up.



Another group of useful articles in the new "Mayflower" design. The tray, $3.00 up; the puff box, $4.50 up; the hair receiver $5.00 up. In all the fashionable color effects.

Additional articles in the exquisite "La Belle" pattern. The clock $6.00 up; the tray, $3.50 up; the picture frame, $5.50 up.

For Men

An ideal gift for a man—the "Mayflower" Military Set in a beautiful gift box, $7.75 up. In Shell on Amber Pyralin and other two-tone effects, either decorated or plain.

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—Fox Trot Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra 19769-A

Marche Slave (Tschaikowsky)
Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra 6513

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Violin solo — Fritz Kreisler 1115-A

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Take me over there," he commanded. "The Cynthia stays where she is."

Nothing could have kept Jo from that meeting, not even her bursting lungs, her scratched hands and torn clothes, not the moss that slipped beneath her feet, the thick brush that entangled her or the sheer rocks that often barred the way. Gasping, clawing at anything that offered a handhold, she came out on the bench at her father's side.

Ned Wayland had laid down his ax for a saw when they pushed through the brush and saw him. He was ten feet above the ground, standing precariously on a springboard protruding from a notch in the base of a giant cedar. Evidently he had heard them, for he was not surprised, but looked down from his perch and grinned.

"If this is a holdup, you don't get a cent," Blair said quietly.

Wayland did not understand at first, and then he grinned again.

"So that's it!" he exclaimed. "No, I don't want anything except a chance to get my logs out."

"You put that log across the entrance," Blair insisted. "Get your men and winches and take it away."

"Men and winches! What you talking about?"

There was no mistaking the genuineness of his astonishment.

"Nobody helped me."

"Don't tell me you did that alone," Blair said impatiently.

"Sure. Last night at high slack. Of course, I used a jack."

"Then get down there and take it out."

The tone was more than peremptory. It assumed compliance. Wayland stared back for a moment, his gray eyes steady, then turned to his saw and resumed work.

Jo watched him. It seemed so futile, those minute raspings against the grain of the giant cedar. And his ax, stuck in the bark at one side! One might as well chip at a mountain with a pick. Was he fooling himself, or them, or what?

"Oh, yes," Wayland said after a moment, "I told a flunky on your boat it might be well to shift her before I get this one down. No telling how they'll act when they hit the chuck."

It was said amiably, with detachment, and he resumed sawing. Nelson Blair, finding himself at a disadvantage in talking to a man straight above him, showed irritation for the first time.

"My boat stays where she is!" he exclaimed. "And I advise you not to put her in danger. I'll not be threatened."

"I was only giving you fair warning," Wayland answered. "I'll have this tree down in about half an hour. You got plenty of time. There's room for her to swing between the island and the shore."

He resumed sawing, his body swaying easily as the long blade slipped in and out. Beneath him, angry now, Blair stood watching. But for the first time in his life he felt strangely helpless. Wayland offered no hook upon which to hang action of any sort. He did not become angry. He did not even stop work.

Nelson Blair's rage became greater when he looked at his daughter. For several years he had been aware of her attitude, and it had pleased him. She was always watching him with admiration and confidence, but, he felt, never with sympathy. That in itself would not have disturbed him. He scorned sympathy. But about Jo there was a peculiar air of detachment. He felt certain at times that, though she admired his power, loved to see him in action, had absolute faith in his ultimate triumph, it was his unbeatable quality which held her.

Now the interest and speculation in her eyes aroused him afresh. For the first time he saw clearly that the bond between them was a thing of might and conquest. It was a strange time to think of it, in the stress of this absurd little rumpus with a logger in a remote hole on the British Columbia coast, but the fact that he did see it, did understand, aroused sudden ferocity.

"Do you really expect to cut down that huge tree and get it into the water all alone?" Jo asked, before her father could speak again.

Wayland squinted up the huge trunk and then over his shoulder toward the lagoon.

"If she acts like I'm figuring she'll never stop until she hits the chuck," he answered speculatively. "That's why I thought it best to shift your boat. When a stick like this jumps over a three-hundred-foot cliff she's liable to take a dive and come up out in the middle of the lagoon."

"But if she stops—then all this work has gone for nothing."

"Oh, I'll get her in. I'm not cutting anything I'm not sure of."

He sawed a little more, then climbed down from his slender perch and walked around the tree, studying and estimating. Blair was silent, interested in spite of his anger. He still did not believe it possible this man could do as he said. The whole thing was a bluff, an effort to frighten him, perhaps some form of holdup. He would wait and be on his guard.

Wayland seemed satisfied with his inspection. He turned to Blair.

"She's about ready," he said. "Tell your men to get that hook up. I can drop her, but nothing on earth can stop her."

Blair felt Jo's eyes upon him.

"Go ahead," he said quietly.

Wayland stared, then walked downhill to the edge of the cliff.

"Better get everybody off your boat," he called to Nerland. "I'm going to run one."

Blair heard the warning and ran down to the cliff. He shouted to Nerland to keep away from the yacht, but the skipper had started the motor and was gone. Blair cursed helplessly as the boat pulled up to the accommodation ladder and the crew tumbled in.

For the first time Wayland looked at the older man with contempt.

"You're a pig-headed fool!" he suddenly burst forth. "But you're shot with luck and the stick'll never touch her."

He turned back to his work. The tree was coming down. Blair knew it now, knew this young man was not bluffing, would not be deterred. And Jo was watching.

"Wait!" Blair called.

He looked up at the crown of the great cedar.

"I'll stay here," he said quietly. "If that tree hits the boat it'll have to hit me first."

The two stared steadily at each other. Wayland was the first to look away. He glanced back at the cedar, then along the ground.

"All right," he said harshly. "Move over to the right about four feet. That's where I'll drop her."

He strode back to the tree where, without a word or a glance for Jo, he climbed to his perch on the springboard.

There was no escaping the presence of drama. Jo, always sensitive to it, felt every fiber tingle. She did not understand and she did not dare ask. She knew her father, and she had only to look at Wayland's face to understand that conflict had come.

Yet nothing happened. Blair remained at the edge of the cliff, waiting. Wayland had merely resumed his work of falling the tree. But the girl, looking curiously from one to the other, saw that both had changed. There was something immobile in her father's attitude. The hand logger worked with a strangely fierce intensity.

Already she had come to believe that this young man did fall the giant trees, did slide them into the water, that he had placed that log across the roaring hole without assistance. And a man who could toy with a piece of timber ninety feet long, eight feet through at the butt, weighing she did not know how many tons, would not falter—the thought flashed from nowhere—at the task of getting the Cynthia out of the lagoon, roaring hole or no.

Wayland stopped sawing and again made a careful survey, studying the tree and the slope. He took sights from behind and at the side, examined minutely the huge gash where he had undercut with the ax and the narrow slit made by his saw.

And as he walked around the great sprawling roots of the cedar, as the tree itself towered so far above him, Jo Blair, for the first time in her life, had a trace of hysteria. It was either too ridiculous or held something of the heroic.

"You act as if you expected to direct the force of gravitation itself," she laughed.

"I've got to put 'em where I want 'em or they hang up," he said savagely.

"And this one?" she asked.

Wayland looked down the slope.

"A foot to the left of where your father is standing," he said.

Jo glanced down, and something in her father's attitude confirmed the suggestion of Wayland's sudden ferocity.

"You don't mean ——" she gasped.

"It's his doing, not mine."

Wayland strode back to the tree and began chopping. Clop, clop, his ax bit into the wood. Chips flew, ludicrously tiny things, Jo thought. It was impossible. That tree had stood unmoved for centuries.

But the ax was unerring. Suddenly a great slab came off and the heart of the tree was exposed. Ten minutes later there was a cleft in which a man could have found shelter. Doubt vanished. The tree was coming down.

Wayland stepped back and examined his work. For the first time he looked at Nelson Blair, still standing at the edge of the cliff.

"I'm about ready," the hand logger said harshly. "He dared me."

Jo's eyes were wide open now. She wanted to cry out, to scream, and her body was like water. She, who had always reveled in conflict, in a ruthless surge of force, whether mental or physical, found herself confronted by a combination of the two that carried her past any sense of ravishment.

"Timber!" Wayland shouted, looking at Blair. "She's coming."

Blair did not move and the hand logger grasped his ax. There was a delicacy in his chopping now, a precision that would have been beautiful under other circumstances. Chips came away less rapidly, and they were smaller. Once he turned slightly and Jo saw his face.

"Dad! Dad!" she cried in terror.

Looking up, she saw a slight trembling among the topmost branches of the cedar. Between two strokes of the ax there came a sharp sound like the report of a revolver.

The ax flashed rapidly now. A snapping and a rending drowned the sound of it. Wayland glanced up, studied the swaying top, and then deliberately sank his ax to the eye near the edge of the kerf. He looked up again, then stood poised near the end of his springboard.

The rending and tearing grew into a fusillade. There was the sound of a breeze far up, a breeze that grew quickly into a roar, into a thundering awesome blast of terrifying proportions.

The tree had leaned slightly, a little more, and then with frightful rapidity had seemed to cast itself out and down. Wayland leaped from his springboard, landing near Jo's side. Together they looked down the slope.

The noise was deafening now. Nelson Blair, arms folded, was staring upward at the great tree as it fell straight toward him. He stood without flinching for a moment, then turned and ran.

The next instant the cedar struck where he had been, struck with thunderous concussion, leaped into the air, darted on.

Above and around it vision was obscured by broken branches and thick, brown dust. Jo could not see the tree or her father, and then she heard a splash like the boom of

A New Day A New Car

See Pages 112, 113 and 114

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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

a waterfall. Spray shot up into the opening in the forest the tree had made and, fifty feet from the bow of the Cynthia, the jagged end of the shivered trunk broke the surface, shot up for more than half its length and fell with a splash that drenched the yacht.

Limbless, topless, a saw log, the cedar bobbed futilely, rolled over, lay still.

Out of the settling dust beneath them Jo saw her father pick himself up and look around. Wayland saw him, too, and his lips curled.

"Guess now he'll move his boat," the young man said harshly.

He glanced at the girl. Her eyes were wide open. Emotion had stripped her. Wayland stared, so shocked by what he saw that a sense of horror quickly blotted out his first impulse to turn away from the sight of a naked soul.

Her eyes were upon him, eyes that still failed to mask her thoughts. It dazzled him, the admiration, the worship, that he saw there. And then she spoke, softly, deep down in her throat. The tones were warm, and they chilled him.

"The king is dead. Long live the king."

Wayland did not comprehend at once.

"You're right!" he burst forth at last. "But you're late—two thousand years late. You belong back in those old Roman days—with both thumbs sticking down."

He turned abruptly, strode down the slope. Long before Jo and her father were halfway to the water, he was rowing to his home behind the island.

For days Nelson Blair did not appear on deck. The Cynthia swung to a straight chain between the island and the mainland. Early each morning, while Jo Blair was still in bed, she heard the "clop, clop," of an ax on the mountainside, and each time she dressed hurriedly, ate breakfast and rowed ashore alone.

All day, while Ned Wayland worked, she sat near by, watching, silent. Sometimes she went down to the edge of the cliff and looked across Burial Lagoon. Wind seldom ruffled the surface down there at the bottom of that pit. All around the walls rose straight and continued in steep cedar-clad slopes to the granite peaks.

It was a thing of exquisite beauty or of infinite dread, as one looked at it, for always, except in a brief instant every six hours, the roaring hole stretched its foaming barrier across the entrance, filled the entire pit with the noise of its defiance. It held you prisoner, or it kept out the world.

Jo was impressed only by the strength of it all. Those mountainsides, that boiling cataract, the great trees, all matched her mood and the efforts of the man with the ax. He and his simple tiny tools were the smallest things there, and yet he dominated roaring hole and mountainside, giant cedar and gravity itself. Never had Jo known the thrill he gave her.

Sometimes he sawed and chopped for hours without end, pecking patiently at the base of a great tree. Always he was estimating, measuring, and always strength and skill and persistence won.

He seldom spoke, seemed hardly to know she was there. And he brought to his task a peculiar intentness that seemed to banish fatigue or discouragement. Once he announced shortly:

"This one will hang."

And the great tree crashed down, leaped forward, stripped of limbs, its top shattered, and lay still on the sloping shelf.

Wayland walked the length of it again and again, studied, estimated, after half an hour went to work. For the first time Jo Blair smiled. It was ridiculous. The man could not even see over the trunk. Nothing short of hundreds of horse power could move that thing.

He worked all afternoon, chopping, peeling off bark, working the lever of the ridiculously tiny jack. Yet not once was there a movement or a tremor in the great log. Eighty feet long, seven feet at the butt, it lay immovable.

Jo wanted to laugh. Hour after hour after hour went by and nothing happened, except the infinitesimal pryings, the tiny ax peckings, the intent minutes of calculation.

And then suddenly the log moved. With incredible swiftness it gathered headway, shot out over the brink and into the sea.

Jo's eyes were wet. This man could do anything. Quietly, with sure confidence, he accomplished the incredible. And his power was not physical alone. The magnitude of that only accorded with his character. In a struggle of sheer will he had crushed Nelson Blair.

Wayland turned from watching the great log leap from view.

"Five more like that and I get my donkey," he said.

There was an exultation in his tone that puzzled her.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"A steam donkey—something that will yank any log into the chuck. When this last section is full I'll have enough to pay for it."

He looked down at the water.

"And that donkey will earn another, and another, a dozen of them," he said with sudden fierceness. "I'm through being a hand logger."

Wayland had revealed nothing of himself since she had watched him fall that first tree. Now he was disclosing one of the marks which fighting youth selects for its target.

It was the thing for which she had been waiting as she sat there day after day, watching the only man who had successfully challenged Nelson Blair. For years her father's dominance had set her standards, had precluded an awareness of other men.

Now from that mountainside Jo Blair showed Ned Wayland the world—the world she knew, a battleground, rich in prizes for ruthlessness and might. She started from Burial Lagoon, but left it as an empty rift in desolate mountains, the tomb of insignificance.

At the afternoon slack Wayland's little gas boat darted through the roaring hole. From the Cynthia's deck Jo Blair saw him help a woman and a man to the float in front of the house next to his own. Shamelessly she watched through her glasses.

"What do they do to pass the time?" Jean Morley asked when they sat down to dinner.

"The man doesn't show himself. A flunky told me he stays half drunk."

"It must be hard on his daughter. People like that, who can own such a boat, must want excitement all the time. And Burial Lagoon is such a quiet peaceful place."

"I don't know," Ned said. "She—well, she gives me the creeps. Sits all day watching me fall trees."

"What does she talk about?"

"That's the funny part of it. She seemed to just like to watch me run 'em. Only once she busted loose. The last section's about full."

"Ned! Your first donkey!"

There was something very wholesome and very genuine about Jean Morley. Ned watched her with hungry eyes as she moved quickly about the table, clearing away the dishes. There was nothing "queer" about her, or selfish or cold or hard.

"How long will they have to stay here?" Jean asked.

"First of next month."

"That's a shame. It will spoil their cruise. Why don't you help them get out?"

"Help them get out!" Ned repeated in amazement. "They draw six and a half feet. They've got to wait."

"You wouldn't stay here a minute if you wanted to leave."

It was a matter-of-fact statement and therefore a stronger expression of her complete confidence.

"I know," he said. "I can do most anything except marry you."

"Ned, I've told you all about that. I had to wait—to decide—and marrying me will be one of the easiest things you do."

The next morning Ned rowed to the Cynthia. He was smiling. There was not a hard line in his face. Jo came to the rail, eager, expectant.

"I want to talk to your father," Ned said.

Nelson Blair emerged from the pilot house. "I think I can get you out of here," the young man said.

"How?"

"Why—why—just hand log you out."

They talked for a few minutes, Ned explaining.

"It's a pity you didn't think of that before," Blair said, with a trace of his former peremptoriness.

"Nobody started me thinking about it," Ned grinned.

The power tender was placed at his disposal and the crew ordered to work. Two huge cedar logs were towed to the Cynthia, and then the raft with Ned's booming winch. At low water the Cynthia's keel rested on shore and the logs were placed on either side, then drawn down by steel cables and the winch as the water rose.

"There's over seven thousand feet in each of those sticks," Ned explained to Nerland as they worked. "If we get them low enough they'll lift fifteen tons apiece. You'll lose some paint, but with the stern lifted she'll float out."

High water found the Cynthia resting between the two logs, and more than two feet of green copper paint showing beneath her counter.

It had been simple and apparently easy. Ned Wayland had worked cheerfully, was most friendly with Nelson Blair, who watched quietly from the rail. Most of the time Jo stood beside him.

When dawn broke the next morning Ned towed yacht and logs through the roaring hole in its moment of quiet, with his little gas boat. Once outside, the logs were cast free and the Cynthia settled to her normal depth.

"How much?" Nelson Blair asked, as he stood at the rail, check book in hand.

"Nothing," Ned answered shortly.

Jo came on deck, wrapped in a long quilted dressing gown. She leaned over the rail, frankly beseeching.

"Ned," she whispered.

He turned the flywheel of his motor and the open exhaust snorted loudly.

"So long," he called back above the noise. "Watch out for roaring holes after this."

It was friendly. Jo knew there was no sting in it, but when she looked at her father she found him studying her curiously.

"So I wasn't the only one, eh?" he said.

There was compassion, even a trace of humility in his tone, and Jo turned quickly to look astern.

The Cynthia was gathering headway rapidly. Ned Wayland was making fast to his logs, preparing to tow them to the boom. They were speeding away out of his life, and he did not even turn to look.

"I guess this puts us right back where we were before we entered Burial Lagoon," Jo said.

That afternoon Ned Wayland did not work, but went trout fishing with Jean Morley. They came back in the evening, talking, laughing like children. The roaring hole was pouring white water into the lagoon as they crossed to the inland and the thunder of it filled the space between the rock walls.

"I'm glad you have another year's work here," Jean said. "It's so beautiful, so quiet and peaceful. I'll always love it. And yet those poor people on the yacht—they couldn't get away soon enough."

"They were just plain queer, both of them," Ned answered.

"And so helpless."

There was pride and trust and faith in the statement and Jean's eyes were frank and open. Ned put a few extra pounds against the oars and grinned back at her.

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THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 39)

"She is an American heiress; very lovely; wonderful clothes; French maid; turns everybody's head."

"My dear John! My dear John! Go on! This looks ——"

Tea came in—very thin tea; wafers of bread scraped with margarine and scattered with cress. When Mrs. Mount had to give tea away, this was the sort of tea she gave.

"This looks good!" gasped Mrs. Mount, not referring to the refreshment.

"I felt a certain interest in the girl, being a mere child, and knocking about alone."

"Quite alone?"

"Except for this maid."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Mount hungrily.

"I have not called on her here; she may have expected me to do so. I told her to go to Black's."

"Quite, quite right. No harm will have been done so far."

"Seeing this picture here has reminded me of her."

"You had not quite forgotten the creature," said Mrs. Mount, in a sly manner that twenty years ago had been delicious, but was now somewhat arch and auntlike.

"It has reminded me of her, and I came up a day earlier than I meant, just to see you and suggest that if you want a client and she wants a cicerone, why ——"

"I'll call tomorrow," said Mrs. Mount, still arch. "Your acquaintance with her provides just the link that it is so nice to have. There is, after all, a sort of little season in the winter nowadays; people don't go right away as they used to do. There are quite a lot of affairs I could take her to. And then the Riviera—surely the girl is thinking of the Riviera after Christmas? Surely, surely, John, she is thinking of the Riviera?"

"I neither know nor care what she thinks of the Riviera."

"It is almost necessary to me, with my bronchial tubes," said Mrs. Mount passionately, "to spend the gray months of January and February somewhere in the sun."

"Must you?" replied John Lexham abstractedly.

"Do you or do you not think she will go to the Riviera?"

"I neither know nor care," repeated John Lexham. "All I know is that the girl wants looking after, and wants it badly; and looked after she's got to be."

He returned for a while to the picture of Peach in pajamas of black georgette before, with an angry cry, he thrust the whole magazine upon his relation's small fire.

"Will you do it?" he added.

"Without delay," said Mrs. Mount in a fervent voice.

John Lexham went home to Arthur's Mansions, Mayfair, in a dreadful temper.

Miss Peach Robinwood had walked solitarily in the park in the morning; she had lunched solitarily in the austere dining room of Black's Hotel; and she was lying upon her bed thinking somnolently, "I have a good mind to make Eve into my lady companion, and then we could go about and have fun and discuss things together," when her telephone bell rang and she learned that a lady had called upon her. This intimation was followed by a page with a visiting card.

"Eve," shrieked Peach into the smaller room, "people are beginning to call! What shall I wear?" It was a full ten minutes before Miss Robinwood, *en grande toilette*, entered the vast gray drawing-room that was just as austere as the rest of the place.

Mrs. Mount rose and smiled upon her.

"My dear Miss Robinwood," said Mrs. Mount, when they had exchanged preliminary greetings and were sitting together making an oasis of humanity in the gray desert, "it is such a pleasure to me to find you in, so that we can really have a little talk. The mere card-leaving is such empty business, is it not? As soon as my cousin—my cousin twice removed, really—told me that you were a friend of his, I said, 'I shall call at once.'"

"Your cousin?" Peach murmured.

"Sir John Lexham."

A beautiful warm glow cheered Peach's heart. So this silence had not been the final parting that she had thought it; this aloofness of his had been self-denial; conventional—as all the best men were where some treasured woman was concerned—he had delicately sent a woman relative of the highest social respectability to call before pursuing her further himself. Peach had a wide mind; but she appreciated this, aware that it constituted most creditable behavior. She smiled upon her visitor.

"Sir John and I both came over on the Mardania."

"So I hear," said Mrs. Mount graciously, still surveying Peach with an acquisitive eye. "So nice for him. He admires you so tremendously. It was only yesterday that he was showing me that charming picture of you on the front page of Weekly Words."

"Ah," said Peach, with happy complacency, "I thought that would do some good." Mrs. Mount purred. "My press agent," said Peach, who had looked for and found such a person after those first terrible two days, "arranged that for me. You see, as a stranger here, I am rather lonely."

"Naturally—oh, naturally," said Mrs. Mount, purring.

"And it seems the best thing to announce one's arrival in some way, so that people may know one is here."

"Exactly, my dear Miss Robinwood. Though, of course, there are ways and ways of doing that; some good, some less good, some absolutely detrimental."

Something about the tone in which this was said made Peach anxious.

"You think mine was a good way?" she asked modestly.

Except for her purring, Mrs. Mount was silent. But she smiled, and the smile uttered multitudes of things.

"It is kinder not to say this in words," the smile added, as an afterthought.

A slight tremor affected Peach and her eyes grew larger.

"My press agent knows of one or two titled ladies—perhaps friends of yours——"

"Perhaps," Mrs. Mount answered noncommittally.

"—— titled ladies who would launch one ——"

Mrs. Mount took Peach's hand. She held it between both of hers in a very kind way.

"My poor dear child! How glad I am that I came to call upon you today and save you from all this—this perfectly terrible exploitation!" The tremor came right over Peach. "I know these things are done," continued Mrs. Mount, more in sorrow than in anger, "and very crudely and fatally done they can be, too, utterly destroying any girl's chances of seeing a little of the best of our social life. Have you—may I ask—actually entered into negotiations with anyone to do—er—this kind of thing?"

"Not yet," Peach faltered. "My press agent ——"

"My dear," said Mrs. Mount, with a heavy sigh of relief, "I am more glad than I can tell you to hear you say so. It must have been your good angel that whispered in my Cousin John's ear and made him say to me yesterday, 'There is the dearest little girl over here and I want you to take her under your wing.'"

Peach flushed softly.

"Oh, did Sir John really say that?"

"He did, Miss Robinwood. And really—really—you must not allow yourself to be exploited by press agents and needy women who would simply push you into all the wrong places."

"What should I do?"

"Leave yourself to me, dear," said Mrs. Mount in her simple kindness.

"I will, if he says so," Peach cried.

Mrs. Mount gazed at her with a soft gaze that veiled piercing acuteness.

"And what is it you want to do?" she inquired.

"Go into society," said Peach blissfully, "go to dances and dinners and operas and country houses -and everything."

"The season proper was over at the end of July, as doubtless you know," said Mrs. Mount; "but I can manage something for you, I have no doubt. For instance, there are a good many people in town and quite a lot of entertaining is going on. As for country houses, I could take you to several. My friends would be delighted to have you, you dear child! But surely you are not proposing to winter entirely in London, except for these brief visits in the country?"

"What do you advise?"

"The Riviera, certainly, after Christmas," Mrs. Mount replied with great firmness. "I like Cannes best."

"I could go to Cannes!"

"But not alone, dear, not alone," said Mrs. Mount with patient sweetness.

"But who would ——"

"I'd come and stay with you myself, dear, if you cared to ask me," said Mrs. Mount; "then you would be all right. You see, I know positively everyone. And I am a childless widow, a regular free lance, as one may say. Yes, I would be delighted to go with you to Cannes; and I know of the most charming little villa there that a friend of mine would let, if I asked her very particularly."

"How kind you are," said Peach in rather a faint voice, for now and again there is no doubt that a twinge took her, causing her to notice the peculiar vanishing tricks of money. But—"The Mediterranean!" she thought. "As good as Palm Beach any day! Oh, if Georgina knew!"

Mrs. Mount was patting her hand, saying with amusement, "And do you mean to tell me that a child like you is in sole control of your fortune?"

"Yes," said Peach, able to reply to this with the truth and nothing but the truth. "You see, it was left to me quite unconditionally. No guardians or trustees or old things like that. All I have to do is to spend it."

"We must take good care that the wrong people do not help you to do that," Mrs. Mount replied; and she waited for details of the amount involved, but apparently it did not occur to Peach to offer them. She sat dreaming of the bliss of spending that vast fortune.

"I am a very poor woman," said Mrs. Mount, smiling, "or I would entertain for you as I would like to do. As it is, I am afraid you will have to foot the bills if you would care for me to do any entertaining on your behalf, dear. It is no trouble to me—no trouble at all. Only, as I say, I am a very poor woman."

Peach cried, "Oh, thank you! Why, of course I want to spend my money! I want a gorgeous time! Only I don't know just how to do it best, so if you could help me ——"

"My dear little girl," said Mrs. Mount, "of course I can help you; and I will. I will spare you all the time I can; only, as I am a very poor woman, time, of course, is money to me."

"Of course," Peach replied.

Mrs. Mount gazed at the heiress thoughtfully.

"I don't want to bargain with you, dear, as those other women, of whom that abominable press agent told you, might do."

"Still," said Peach, very eager, "I should wish to do the right—the customary thing. Only what is it?"

"Very regretfully, I will tell you, if you really ask me," said Mrs. Mount, smiling.

So she mentioned to Peach a sort of good round comprehensive figure.

"Well," said Peach to herself, "it's worth two thousand five hundred dollars to get lovely parties arranged for me right up to Christmas, and then be taken to a great country house, and then ——"

"After Christmas," murmured Mrs. Mount, "when we go to Cannes, it may be a trifle more expensive. My friend asks forty pounds a week for her little villa, and she leaves wonderful servants there—wages extra, of course. Still ——"

"Still," cried Peach, fired, "it's worth while."

"Life is worth anything one can afford to pay for it, dear," said Mrs. Mount.

"Life," Peach repeated solemnly, "is worth anything one can afford to pay for it." She closed her eyes. It was a moment of pure bliss. "Those are just my sentiments," she said.

"However," Mrs. Mount murmured, after a pause, rising to go, "these things must be considered very carefully, dear child. Don't let me hurry you into anything. Let me rather advise and retard, for you are young and the young are rash."

"But I am in such a hurry!" Peach cried eagerly.

It crossed her mind with faint dismay that if only this middle-aged lady knew just exactly why she was in such a hurry, she might be surprised. Supposing one informed her, "I am in a hurry to get all I can out of it before the money's gone! I am in a hurry to live life because it may be short! I am in a hurry to marry a rich lovely man!" Supposing one did? But one didn't. One had a little simple sense and dignity. Besides, there was a lot of money—an awful lot of money.

"Dear child!" said Mrs. Mount, purring.

"Tell me," begged Peach, "ought I to have real pearls?"

"You have none, dear?"

Peach hung her head—"N-no."

"Just a little string, I think," said Mrs. Mount. "I could take you to my own jeweler tomorrow if you like. But as you like."

"I do like!" Peach exclaimed.

Mrs. Mount pursued, "What are you going to do with your sweet self this evening?"

"Go to bed. But Eve is dancing."

"Eve?"

"My maid—my French maid."

"My poor child! Let me do something for you. A little thing -to please John. I will scratch up a small dinner at my own house—just whom I can get at short notice. You shall not go to bed and mope."

"How kind you are!"

"At 8:30," said Mrs. Mount. She smiled mysteriously. "It will be just a surprise packet -this dinner; just whom I can get. I will do my best for you."

She kissed Peach on either cheek and left. Peach skipped into a lift and was borne upstairs. She burst into her room. Eve was poring over Debrett, and Who's Who lay open at her elbow too.

"Eve! Eve!"

"I looked at the lady's card, mademoiselle. The Honorable Mrs. Mount. Yes, it is all right. Here she is; she married the younger son of Lord Tweed, mademoiselle."

"Eve! She is truly a real society woman?"

"Oh, truly, mademoiselle. Now there will be fun!"

"Eve, tonight I am going out to dinner."

"Ah, mademoiselle, I am glad."

"Eve, I am going to tell you something, because I must tell someone or burst. It is a secret. You'll keep it?"

"On honor, mademoiselle."

"Eve, I -I—I have never been to a dinner party in my life."

"Oh, la-la!"

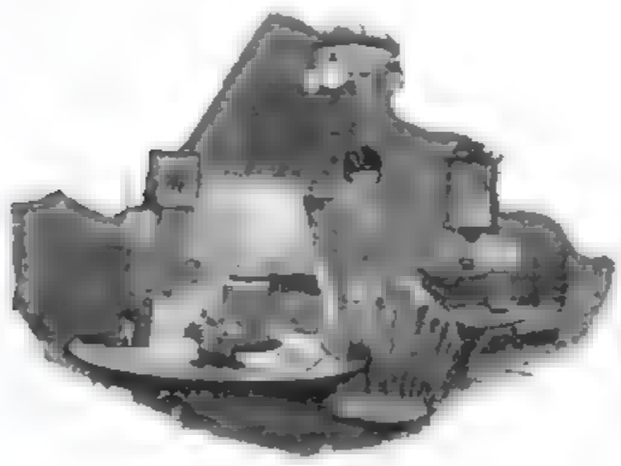
Mrs. Mount rang up her jeweler and said, "If I bring in a young American lady to buy a string of pearls tomorrow, I am not going to pay your bill for resetting my diamond star."

(Continued on Page 107)

It Takes Light

The Joneses are funny people.

They fuss a lot about the look of their lighting fixtures—and then forget to turn on the lamps in them.



And some of their lamps, and their fixtures, which look fine in the daytime, just make little pools of light in dark rooms at night. There isn't light enough in them.

Funny.

One lamp won't make a room feel like home. Neither will five or six lamps, if only one of them is lighted.

The Robinsons, now, know both the comfort and the economy of lots of light.

They know that a 25-watt lamp is a poor substitute for a 60-watt, in any socket where a 60-watt ought to be.

They know that plenty of light saves time and temper, as well as waste and accidents. They don't spill things and break things and damage things by always fumbling around in a poor light or in the dark.

Be a Robinson.

Why, if you've gotten the habit of starving yourself for light, evening after evening, you don't know what you're missing.

The few cents per month it costs to light the whole room, to turn on more than one or two lamps (and it doesn't cost more than a few cents per month, either), isn't more than newspaper-money. And you'll be more comfortable, more wide-awake, more cheerful, of evenings. Everybody is, in rooms that are well lighted instead of darkish.

This quite-new kind of comfort and luxury you'll begin enjoying will make you think the Joneses are funny people. They don't use their lamps.

Don't be a Jones. Be a Robinson.

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Though you and I may not see each other often, we still can keep these couriers of friendship speeding back and forth between us. You will find them here ready to your hand in this little gift that holds so much the greater Gift. Given at the season of Good Tidings and Good Will, may these serve you faithfully and be a pleasant reminder of the giver for many and many a year.

Your Name

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The foregoing sentiment appropriate to Christmas, engrossed on special correspondence notepaper, is included with every Wahl Gift Box, whether it be for the gold-filled Wahl Pen and Pencil set shown above (at $13) or the individually boxed Wahl Pen or Eversharp. Your signature on this sentiment makes it your personal expression of all that your gift conveys

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Large capacity silver-filled Wahl Pen, only

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Gifts that Anyone Would Like to Receive

SURELY, the finest thing about any Christmas gift is the sentiment of Friendship. Nothing, however costly, takes its place. But the best gift is better, when it is the gift your friend would like to receive. To find such gifts, you have only to visit any counter where the new Eversharps and Wahl Pens are shown. Either singly or in combination, these fine articles of personal use and adornment meet every gift requirement. They are offered in a wide variety of beautiful designs. They are priced to suit your purse. They are known the world over for their value.

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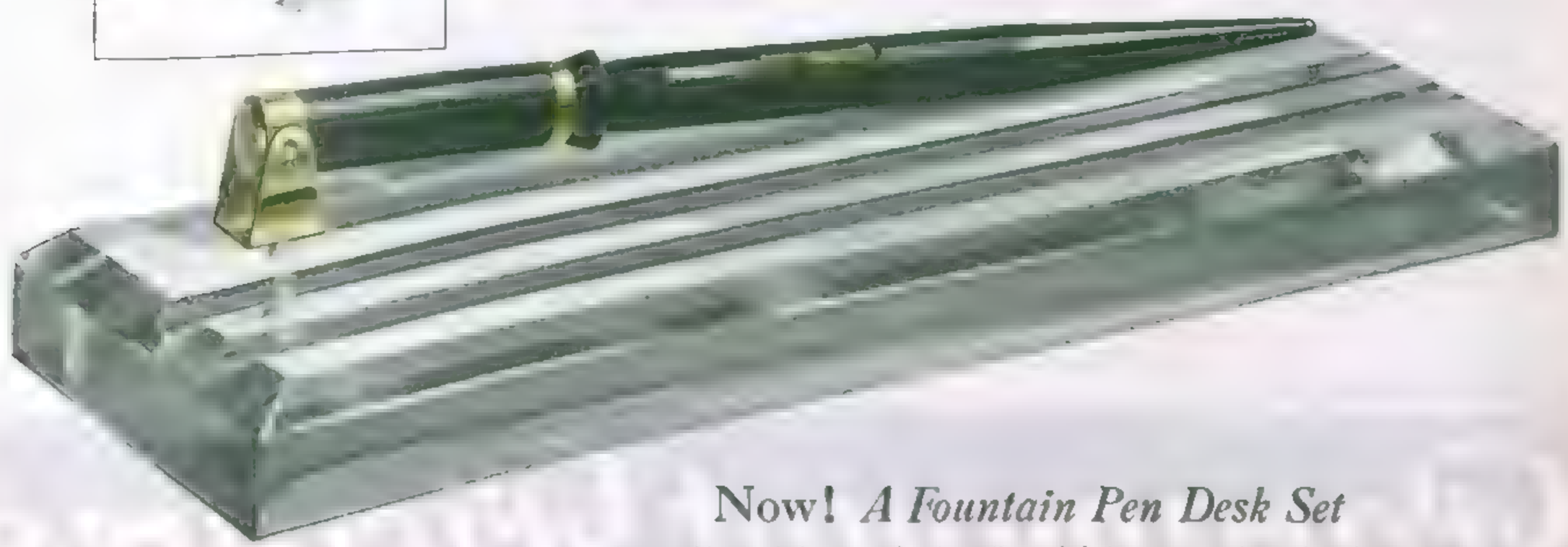

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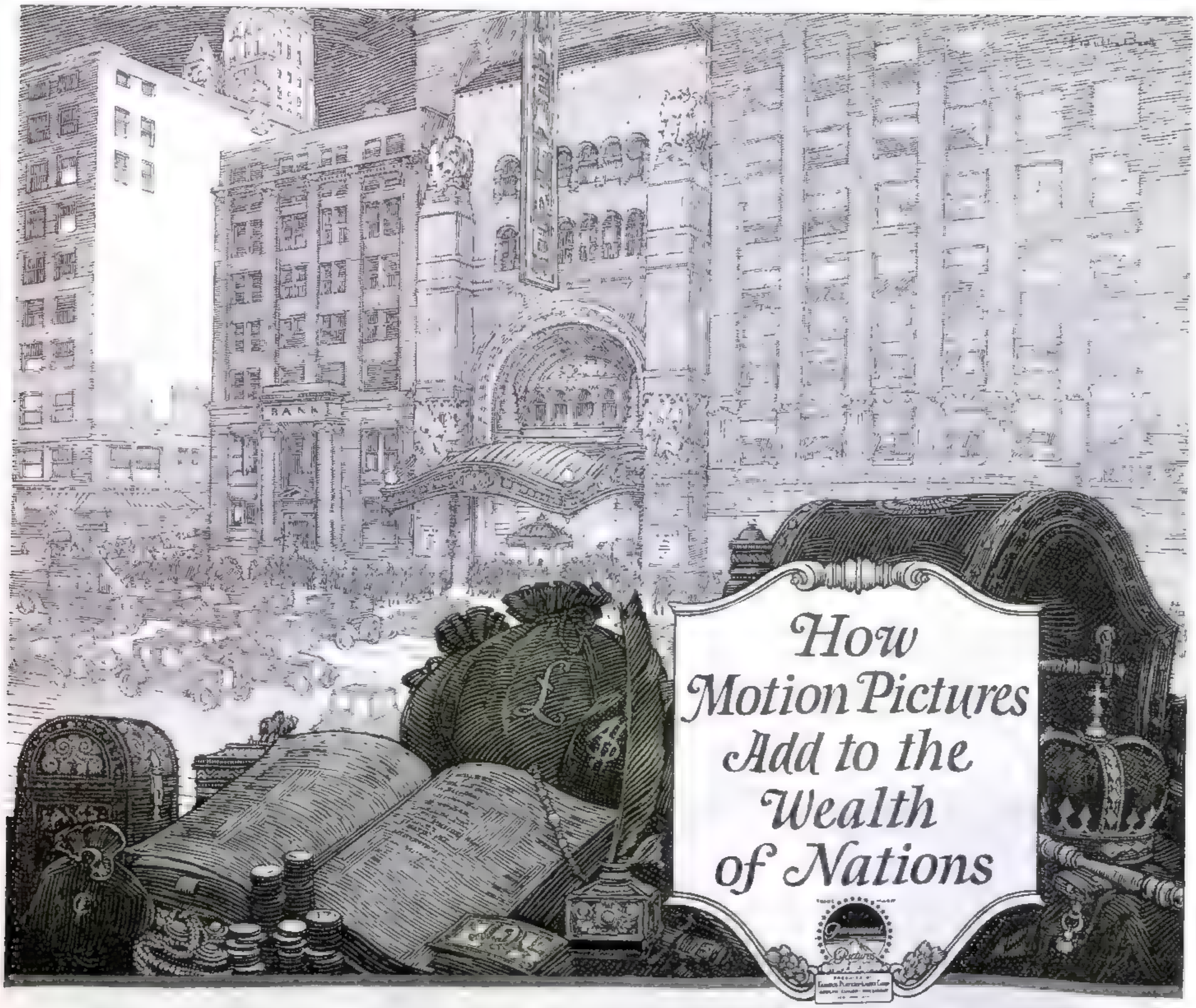

Entertainment is only one aspect of the motion picture

ITS demonstrated power to increase real estate values is very great. Every merchant near a successful theatre feels the benefit.

Its demonstrated power to excite a demand for more artistic comforts and conveniences is not equalled by any other form of salesmanship. Motion pictures sell without seeming to. People leave the theatre richly seeded with buying suggestion.

The export trade owes a debt to motion pictures. Inhabitants of the remotest places learn from American films the sort of clothes, household conveniences, furniture and automobiles we use. The result is increased demand for American products.

The statistics of the industry sound fairly large, but they are merely a hint of the values to come.

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(Continued from Page 102)

Also Mrs. Mount rang up Sir John Lexham and said, "Are you engaged tonight?"

And he answered, "Yes."

Then Mrs. Mount continued, "Because I am scratching up a little dinner here at home at 8:30 for the Robinwood heiress and I relied on you. Are you too much engaged for that?"

And he answered, "No."

XI

WHEN Miss Peach Robinwood went to her first dinner party she kept her head high and her heart high, but her hopes of herself were unaccountably low. She recalled the gayety of the Mardania, and how it had all ended in a dreadful silence in Black's Hotel. One day she had been a reigning beauty for whose favors men vied, and the next day the men were all in Cheapside or Scotland or Streatham or any old where, and she was in Black's Hotel. True, there had been John Lexham; but had he wished to call—to further the acquaintance so well begun? He had not.

He had not even called her upon the telephone to ask, "How are you after your journey?" or some little thing that really would not have mattered at all, like that. There had been no sheaf of long-stalked roses sent around "With Sir John Lexham's compliments," such as she read in magazines of fashionable men doing in New York; though the men of Lenville never did it, certainly. Even Harry had never sent her long-stalked roses. No, Sir John Lexham had gone about his own business, and had departed to the shires for a week or two's hunting. Mrs. Mount had said so during their so cordial chat together.

True, he had sent Mrs. Mount. When Peach recalled this, she cheered up. She reverted to her theory that he had in his delicacy impressed lady envoys to go before him. Only he had not hurried. If he had hurried more with his lady envoys! If he were just not so calm, so cool and godlike!

So the happy theory did not entirely convince Peach, as she sat in the taxicab, turning it all over again, driving toward Eaton Square. She looked from the window, admiring the purposeful streets, with the electric-light signs blazing above the theaters, and furry-cloaked women with their good-looking men going into restaurants. She told herself persistently, "I am just where I long to be—in Europe, in England, in London." But she was frightened. She was going to her first dinner party all alone. There was no doubt, too, but that she was terribly young and appallingly inexperienced. That thing which Eve had hinted of her was true—she lacked sophistication. She knew nothing.

"I failed with him," she said to herself; for after all, did his female envoys mean so much? Didn't they mean, "I am too bored with the girl to look her up myself; I will send my raggedy old cousin?" Oh! Oh! Didn't it, after all, mean just that?

Of course it did!

She thought to herself, "I've failed with him. He sees what Eve sees—that I lack sophistication. I feel so bad, but I am so good. He was bored all the time. Supposing I fail with everyone else as I failed with him!"

Another pang also came—"All Lenville would laugh if they knew. Georgina would say, 'I told you so.'"

By the time the Robinwood heiress had reached the small house in the small street off Eaton Square, she had slumped into just a heap of humility in a silver cloak and Cinderella's slippers. When the taxicab stopped, she sat debating with herself actually as to whether she would get out or go ignominiously back to Black's. But the taxicab man saved the situation by getting down and opening the door as her humble servant might have opened the door of her royal coach for a queen.

So slowly and reluctantly, one of really the best legs in London with a Cinderella slipper at the end of it emerged and felt for the running board, and the taxicab man looked at it. Peach alighted and the gleam of a lamp that stood just where they had halted fell upon her gold head. The taxicab man looked at it.

His look was the most respectful, the most admiring, the most indulgent in the world. He was a youngish burly man with the sort of face that any woman who really knew what was what would choose out of a crowd, feeling sure that that face would give her the nicest possible time; his eye was bright and observant, with love and humor both in it. He gazed devotedly at Peach.

"The fare?" she murmured, plunging her hand into her little bag.

"Don't pay me anything, miss," said the taxi man devotedly.

"Not pay!" gasped Peach. And then she met the taxi man's nice eyes, with love and humor in them, telling her what he was too respectful to a fare and a lady to speak aloud: "You are the sweetest thing that has decorated my old cab in a year," observed his eyes.

A heavenly little smile began to pucker the corner of Peach's mouth and the old thrill warmed her heart.

"But I must," she murmured, "I must pay you, anyway, just what is on the meter."

The taxi man stretched out a large hand and put his flag down. The debt was wiped out.

"There is nothing on the meter, miss," said he.

"B-b-but ——" said Peach.

"I have allowed myself a pleasure, miss," said the taxi man.

Before further discussion could take place, an added stream of light fell across the pavement from the suddenly opened door of Mrs. Mount's house, and a butler stood there—a butler so aged and infirm as to be the cheapest one in town—waiting for Peach to enter. She moved hastily forward.

"Good night," she whispered.

"Good night, miss," said the taxi man, saluting.

Peach walked into that house, restored to hope and gladness.

The house had a pitiful air of attenuation about it, she thought. The hall was a most meager hall; the butler was painfully attenuated; and an attenuated maid appeared and took her cloak from her.

"Now where's this old party?" Peach thought to herself, brave as that storied mouse who, having eaten of the wet crumbs beneath a beer table, cried, dancing, "Where's that cat?"

"Where's this old party?" Peach thought to herself, all because of the love in the taxicab man's eyes, and the butler led her to it.

Preceding her to a door, whence emerged the sound of many voices, he threw it open and announced crackedly, "Miss Peach Robinwood."

Peach saw several people standing here and there, talking animatedly. She saw John Lexham.

Mrs. Mount, in a decidedly attenuated frock, came forward brightly to meet her.

"Dear child!" she cried, kissing Peach on either cheek.

The terror of introduction passed Peach by in her restored happiness.

"My little American friend," Mrs. Mount kept designating her.

The observant woman piloted her little friend through all the introductions successfully and established her on a sofa, where the butler tottered up to her with a cocktail so thin as to be positively consumptive.

Surreptitiously almost, yet as if fascinated, all eyes turned on her and her silver frock and her length of beautiful leg that it displayed, and all her radiance. John Lexham stood aloof, but the three other men present drew near. A fat dowager, who looked as if she had been careful to dine privately before coming to partake of the hospitality of this lean house, lorgnetted her.

"And is this your first visit to us, Miss—ah—Robinwood?"

"It is," Peach beamed over the cocktail.

"And how do you like London?"

"It is fascinating," Peach beamed.

True, she had not yet seen much of London save the interior of Black's Hotel, but Amy's friend always said, "It—is—fascinating!"

"So glad you find it so," said the fat dowager kindly.

"But," said one of the three men—the darkest and most reckless, who wore a single eyeglass and was marvelously groomed—"I expect you find us all very cold, reserved; we are considered—quite wrongly—to be the most difficult people on earth."

"Oh, no!" beamed Peach. "Everyone is so kind and friendly."

Amy's friend always said, "London cold? Cold—London? Stay-at-home people think such things! In London, I am rushed at!"

"I am glad you find us nice and friendly," said the fat dowager, looking not altogether disapprovingly at the girl—though, of course, ready to disapprove on any provocation.

"It is all so sweet and wonderful!" beamed Peach. "Even the taxi man who brought me here refused to take his fare."

"I beg your pardon?" said the fat dowager, drawing back slightly.

"The taxi man refused to take his fare!" echoed the dark reckless man, coming forward instantly and sitting beside Peach on the small sofa and taking her cocktail glass, while his fingers dwelt on hers just a moment in so doing. The dark man laughed.

"The taxi man refused his fare!" cried people, staring at Peach.

"Great impertinence!" said the fat dowager, suggesting to the girl with a condemnatory look that she should instantly agree with her or consider herself forever disapproved.

"No," said Peach, further heartened by even such a thin cocktail, "he was not impertinent a bit. He was a lovely man."

"A lovely man?" muttered the fat dowager.

"Ah?" said the darkest and most reckless of the male guests interrogatively.

The three other male guests besides John Lexham had now drawn close to Peach; but John Lexham still stood on the hearthrug, surveying her over their heads. And the two other women present besides the dowager—she being entirely and genuinely unmoved, owing to financial circumstance, by American millions—were murmuring to Mrs. Mount, "How fresh and sweet!" Or "I should love my nephew to meet her."

"Ah?" repeated the darkest and most reckless man softly.

"Isn't it funny," said Peach dreamily, "that sometimes you see a perfectly lovely man who is a taxi driver, or he may be a policeman, or he may be a scavenger, or—or he may be a lord. But a woman just looks at him and says to herself, 'There is a perfectly lovely man!'"

"Ah!" murmured the dark guest more closely yet.

They were all smiling around Peach. Peach saw the tall head of John Lexham above the others, and he was aloofly regarding her. He was calm, dispassionate, the politest little touch of interest on his face, and that was all. And inside herself she was all sighs, while she could hear her own voice run on like another person's voice.

"You know what I mean?—the kind of lovely man a woman meets in the street about once a lifetime, going somewhere else."

"Ah!" smiled the dark guest in sympathy.

John Lexham moved his position slightly still looking down on Peach. The door opened and the butler stood there, tottering on his poor feet.

(Continued on Page 109

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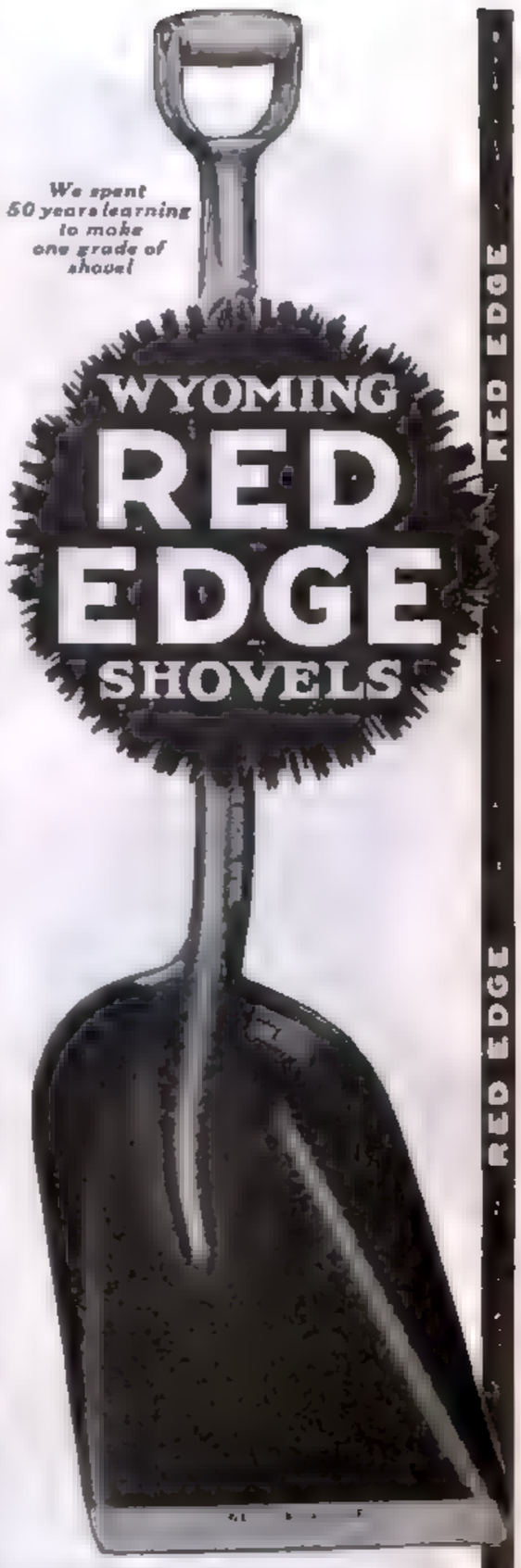

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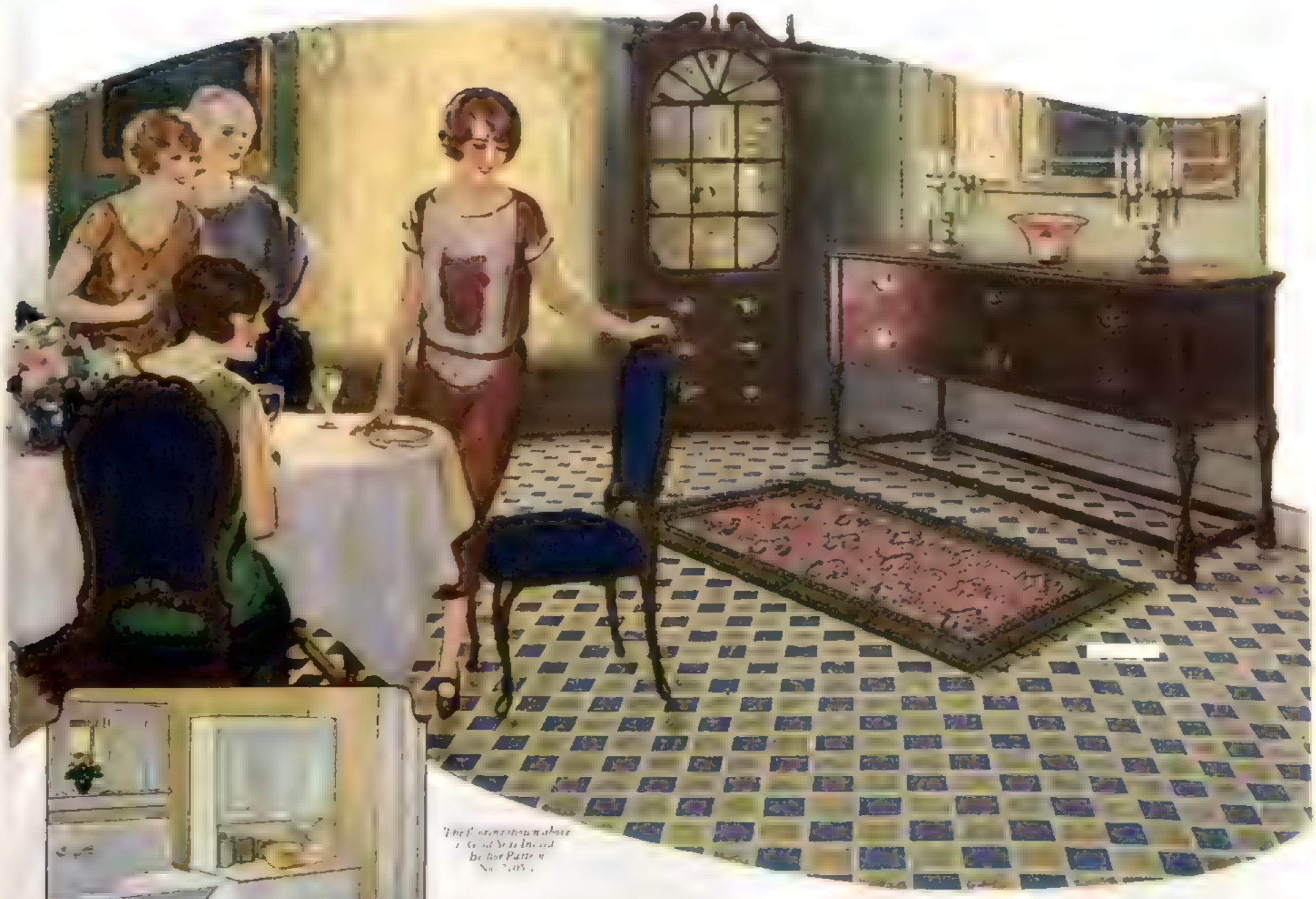

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(Continued from Page 107)

"Dinner is served."

"We'll just go in anyhow, shall we?" said Mrs. Mount brightly; "except that you, John—you look after Miss Robinwood."

Peach smiled wistfully at John Lexham, and at last he smiled back.

"So this is what they call a meal?" Peach thought to herself as liquid faintly colored to resemble soup, an inch or so of fish per person, the tiniest fragments of veal calling themselves *filets de veau* and water ices arrived in due order. "Never mind. I have my chocolates at Black's." And being young, she did not care about her dinner; she was more interested in the excitement of people, in John Lexham on her right hand, and in the dark monocled man on her left.

"It was kind of you to ask Mrs. Mount to call on me," she said to John Lexham.

And he smiled and replied, "You want looking after, Miss Robinwood."

And to the dark man, who was supposing that she went out a great deal, she was answering, "Oh, every night. I'm never bored, are you?"

"How old are you?" he asked—"seeing that the question can't matter." When she told him, he asked further, "And over here all alone?" When she replied affirmatively to that he smiled to himself and appeared to be thinking.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" said John Lexham.

"I have been having a lovely time. And you?"

"I have been in Leicestershire, staying with a man for a bit of hunting."

"Why didn't you come to see me before you went?"

"My dear child, I told you, I think, that circumstances made that highly improbable."

"I was all alone!"

"But having a lovely time," he smiled back.

His eyes met hers, direct, probing.

Peach thought in anger, "Doesn't he believe me? Does he think I can't enjoy myself without him?"

She turned and talked with the man on her left all through dinner, so that John Lexham had to entertain the woman with the nephew. Mrs. Mount watched behind the mask of her smile.

The poor woman was anxious, thinking, "How much money is there? Is she really worth devoting my winter to? I wonder if everyone is altogether too hungry. I wonder what John really thinks. Will the wine go round once more?" And she had to signal to the aged butler, who occasionally yearned to be lavish, to use his utmost discretion. And she thought, "I can't afford to entertain for her if nothing at all is to come of it."

Peach, so innocent of all, was getting her smiles back under the sallies of the dark man with the monocle. He flattered and laughed; he made love with the flicker of an eyelash. He had humor. He murmured "Hungry, child!" and hid a little pile of salted almonds for her beside her plate. That was why even the salted almonds ran short. She liked him. So different from that stiff-necked, fiery-eyed John Lexham on her right! He made her happy; with him she felt a woman of the world. His "child" was just an endearment, not mere patronage of the young. He would have called the fat dowager "child," and it would have sounded perfectly appropriate and natural.

His name was Loring. Lord Loring.

The little triumphs of the evening, begun by the heart's homage of the taxicab man, continued.

"After all," Peach thought, "I need not have been afraid of a mere dinner party. What is it? Nothing! Pouf!" And the very dark man, who was a lord and no less, pressed on with his attentions gleefully. He made life full of laughter again. The dull days were forgotten. Seated on another little sofa with him, in an alcove that a house agent would have called the back drawing-room, she told him about the dull days. She told him of Black's Hotel and the colonels from India who stared; about Eve; about everything. About Eve, Lord Loring was especially interested.

"From your description of your maid, I wouldn't be surprised to know that she is the same girl whom I have seen with my Francis."

"Your Francis?"

"My man."

"Oh, she said she danced with a gentleman who was in service with a very nice lord."

"The word 'gentleman' fits Francis exactly; but am I a very nice lord?"

He leaned rather closer to Peach, and looked into her eyes with his brown ones that seemed to be flecked with a little hot red. Peach stammered, blushing. She giggled. It was a giggle positively of the Lenville days and she was ashamed of it; but she could not help herself with such a man of the world leaning so near.

"How do I know," said she, gulping away fright, "if you are nice or not?"

He answered: "Of course. How should you know, little Miss Peach Robinwood? What a delicious name—makes one think of flowers or birds or something. How should you know until we have seen more of each other? But then why shouldn't we see a great deal more of each other without delay? Let us begin with tomorrow. What are you doing tomorrow?"

If Peach had been truthful, she would have said "Nothing." But, more naturally, she replied, "Lots and lots of things."

And she looked a thought wistfully into the larger drawing-room—there had once been folding doors between it and this sort of alcove, but they were no more—where she could see John Lexham's head bending slightly to the fat dowager with whom he conversed of things unknown to Peach. She imagined them saying, "I suppose I shall see you at Buckingham Palace tomorrow night"; or "As the dear queen said to me ——" and what not.

"Lots and lots of things," mused Lord Loring, smiling, and his brown eyes with the red flecks were hard upon Peach, and she thought that never had she seen so worldly and splendidly wicked a face. "Couldn't you find time for me?"

"Perhaps," Peach murmured, looking wistfully into the larger drawing-room.

"Would anyone like some bridge?" Mrs. Mount could be heard asking brightly; at which the fat dowager became very lifelike, and John Lexham unfolded a card table, and four people began languidly to discuss who should play with whom. Meanwhile the woman with the so-far invisible nephew opened the piano, ran her fingers over the keys and began to sing.

"We seem to be left on a little oasis all our own," said Lord Loring.

"I would rather be here," said Peach.

"You darling little girl!" said Lord Loring. "Do you know what I have been wondering all the evening? It is, how do you grow such long eyelashes?"

The woman continued to sing with a sound so excessively well trained that it passed among her friends for a voice.

Mrs. Mount kissed her hand to Peach and began to arrange four unprotesting people at the bridge table. This left the woman at the piano, John Lexham and the hostess herself, besides Peach and Lord Loring.

"They are going to leave us alone," said Lord Loring to her, with a sigh of relief. "Tell me, what do you like doing?"

"Dancing," said Peach.

"Then, child, we must dance together. After this appalling affair is over, let us go on to the Embassy Club."

"Is this an appalling affair?"

"Don't you think so?"

"I didn't know if it was or not," Peach replied.

"Oh, you delicious child!" said Lord Loring tenderly. "Yes, it is always appalling here. One is so hungry and so cold—so awfully cold. The only thing is that nothing is expected of one save one's presence, so one can find an oasis—like this—with a delightful thing like you—if there is a delightful thing, and one wouldn't be here if there wasn't—and one can make the best of it."

"Did you," said Peach, who had listened attentively to this, "know I was coming then?"

"Nothing else brought me, my dear. She said she had the most captivating American girl in the world coming to dinner; so I came too."

Across the piano, where he was speaking to the singer in the pauses between songs, Peach saw John Lexham looking at her very straightly.

"How long are you staying in London?" Lord Loring was inquiring. "Did you bring your own car over, or are you picking one up here?"

"I shall buy one here," said Peach stoutly, but with a gasp.

"I drive myself about in a funny little sports model," said Lord Loring. "She's quite cozy with the hood up. I've parked her just in the little alley round the corner. It's really a warm night for the time of year. Come out and see her if you are interested in cars."

"Oh, could we? We couldn't."

"One can do anything one likes here. Mrs. M never balks at trifles. You especially can do anything you please, my dear girl."

"Why I?"

"An American heiress."

Peach became tempted to go out and look at Lord Loring's car, to wander in the misty muggy winter night with him. She was restless, like all young things, and ever eager to see what would happen if one just did something else. But still, a sense of duty to Mrs. Mount thwarted her natural impulses.

"There's a door just behind us into a little nook off the hall," murmured Lord Loring. Peach looked, and truly she saw a door. "They'll hardly notice," murmured Lord Loring; "we'll slip into the hall and out, and have a cigarette in the car, and back before anyone wonders where you've gone."

Somehow, Peach was through that door with Lord Loring.

"I did not revoke," the fat dowager was saying in a high clear voice.

John Lexham was offering a cigarette to the woman who had been singing.

Loring took Peach's arm when they were outside with the front door just left ajar, and the old butler, who seemed surprised at nothing, on guard in the hall.

"We'll sit in the car and talk," he said, "out of sight of all those horrible people."

"Sir John Lexham isn't horrible."

"No," said Lord Loring, "John Lexham is a very good fellow."

They reached the car, a long, low car, with her hood up and lamps burning bright in the murk of the evening.

"Hop in, child," said Lord Loring, pulling open the door. And in Peach hopped. He was in after her quickly, with the door closed, and accused her of shivering. His arm went round her at once. "Come close to me. You mustn't get cold."

"Now listen," said Peach severely.

"No, I shan't listen—not to anything I don't want to hear, anyway. Sometimes I go completely deaf—it's the quaintest thing. Seriously, child, this car is icy as death when the engine isn't running."

"Why do we sit here then?"

"Because," said Lord Loring coaxingly. "See here," he said, "we'll wrap up." He pulled a great fur robe around them both, holding it in place with an arm about Peach's shoulders. "Now, child, a cigarette?"

Peach took one with fingers that trembled slightly.

"What is it, child? You don't mind me?" said Lord Loring.

"It's just—ought we to be here?"

"Why not, if we wish it? Don't you mean to do everything you want to do in this short life?"

(Continued on Page 111)

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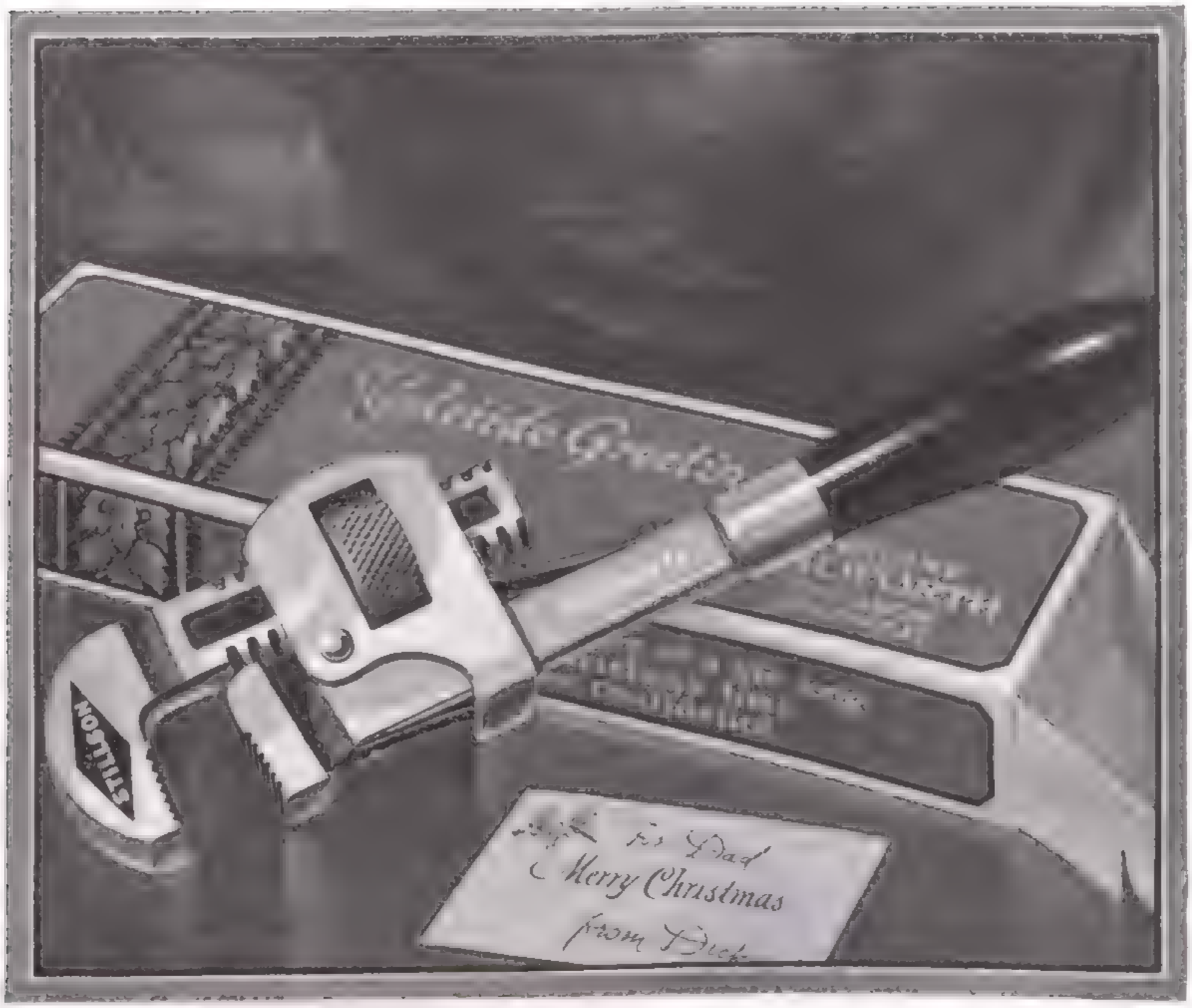

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(Continued from Page 109)

Peach cried quite passionately at that, old revolts seizing her, "I am going to do just every—darn—thing—I want!"

"Good for you, little girl," said Lord Loring. And suddenly he dropped his own cigarette out of the car through an interstice in the side curtain, took her cigarette from her mouth and disposed of it likewise—and kissed her.

"Oh!" said Peach, struggling.

"My dear," said Lord Loring in an exquisite voice of reproach, "do let us do something beautiful with this vile evening." And he kissed her again.

"Supposing a policeman ——" muttered Peach with difficulty through the kiss, poignant thoughts of unguessed retribution hurtling through her head.

"My dear little child, policemen are just the nicest, kindest fellows in the world. They are my best friends."

Peach sank into the fur robe and Lord Loring's arm, and frankly enjoyed his lovemaking. It was not so serious, after all, was it? They talked in murmurs, a little; they laughed a great deal under their breath; he kissed her and told her she was a dear and a darling, and that they must see a lot of each other. It was almost like those petting parties at home. Even in Lenville boys stole quietly to back porches on summer evenings when the sun had gone down, and kissed girls who were waiting for them in hammock swings, when parents' heads were turned the other way. Why, every girl and boy in Lenville planned for and stole moments like that! And the Lenville dances twice a year in the municipal hall—didn't everyone know that most of the waiting cars parked around the dark square contained a couple who were sitting out? Why, yes, everyone knew! And didn't a boy dash off with a girl in his car for miles sometimes, instead of dancing with her a dance that belonged to him? Of course, next morning, mothers said, "I'm ashamed of you, Peach—or Agnes or Alice or Georgina"—no, funnily enough, never Georgina—"I'm really ashamed of you, I am. What your father will say when he knows —— And it all comes back on me—on your mother, I would have you remember, if you please!" Equally, of course, fathers were inhospitably inclined toward certain young men for a week or so after, but no one really minded. Everyone knew in their heart of hearts that all these things were just darn well going to happen, whatever any old frump said. The young had just to fight through to their fun, and the young knew it. Yes, people petted people all the world over; and people always would. Even lords and American heiresses, it seemed, were not exempt from this kind rule of Nature.

Still, there was a tiny guilty feeling in sitting in that car in that narrow side street off a London square, with Mrs. Mount's house just round the corner, and in it the all-seeing dowager stating, "I did not revoke," and John Lexham so stiff-necked and fiery-eyed. Also the atmosphere was different from the giggly Lenville atmosphere that environed such goings on. Lord Loring was different from the hard-breathing and somewhat embarrassed youths at home; he was less excited perhaps, but infinitely more dangerous; his subtlety had no end. Eve would never have said of him that he lacked the touch, the flair, the finesse, the *je ne sais quoi*. This very nice lord had them all.

This must end!

It was not so very long, of course, that they sat there; less than ten minutes, certainly. It was perhaps only five minutes, only so much delight and apprehension had been crowded into them that Peach felt an important slice of life had been eaten and was gone forever. She suddenly felt it incumbent upon her to get back as swiftly, and with what dignity possible, to the social scene she had, perhaps rashly, left. She stirred with great determination against Lord Loring's arm and the envelope of fur robe.

"We must go back at once."

"Possibly so," said Lord Loring meditatively. "After all, this isn't the only evening of our lives; there will be others, and I wouldn't have you feel embarrassed for the world, dear little child. I suppose every man you meet loses his head about you, and you have such a kind soul that you forgive 'em all. I'm quite forgiven, am I not?"

"I'm thinking of what Mrs. Mount will say."

"She will say positively nothing. If she didn't let people do what they like they wouldn't come to her house at all, dear little child. People have to do something for one to induce one to go cold and hungry for a whole evening. But I agree; now you have looked at the car and decided this isn't the kind you want to buy, indeed, we had better go in."

In another moment the fur robe would have been unfolded from about them, and Lord Loring would have opened the door himself; but that further moment did not elapse before it was pulled open violently by someone outside and a tall figure was revealed to their startled eyes.

"Are you sure this policeman is one of your friends?" Peach wailed, clutching Lord Loring's arm.

But, after all, it was Sir John Lexham. Lord Loring spoke first, to Peach's admiration. Putting forth from the car a foot shod in shiniest patent leather, he made an affable remark.

"Ah," he said, "is that you, Lexham?"

"Yes, Loring," said Sir John, "it is I."

"Miss Robinwood," continued Lord Loring, emerging entirely into the street, "is thinking of buying a car. In fact she has made up her mind irrevocably to buy one ——"

"You are not going to sell her yours, Loring."

"My dear fellow, I wouldn't part with Daisy here for a ransom. Daisy is what I call my car, Miss Robinwood. No, Lexham, not at all; but I thought that she might get an impression of the comfort of a sports model of this make if she sat in mine for a moment. Like a wise little lady, she decides against it."

Peach stood beside them now, and there was something about John Lexham that made her feel—and look—indescribably willful.

"I shall probably buy a couple," she answered; "a sports and a limousine." Then her teeth chattered.

John Lexham unfolded the cloak belonging to the fat dowager, which he had picked up in passing through the hall.

"Put this on at once."

"I have not been at all cold," Peach replied.

"No?" said John Lexham.

"Miss Robinwood was so impetuous, running out here without a wrap," observed Lord Loring. "It is all my fault; I should have been firm. Has anyone ever been firm with you, Miss Robinwood?"

"People have tried to be," said Peach menacingly.

They moved off briskly, the pace being set by John Lexham, who was propelling her by the arm, to Mrs. Mount's house.

Bridge was still going on, and the lady of the invisible nephew was at the piano.

"Yet so much has happened," thought Peach dreamily. "A lord—much more than a baronet—has kissed me sixteen times. And I'm getting so used to it," she thought jubilantly, "that I don't care two cents."

They entered the alcove, or back drawing-room, by that obscure door through which they had escaped from it, and really people hardly glanced up to notice their return.

"I took Miss Robinwood up to your boudoir to look at your collection of miniatures," said Lord Loring confidentially to Mrs. Mount. "I thought you wouldn't mind if we ran away for a moment."

"What is the score?" said Mrs. Mount, leaning affectionately over the fat dowager whose hand was down. "Miss Robinwood has just been looking at my collection of miniatures. She is crazy about miniatures and I shall persuade her to have one done of herself. Dear child! So fresh and fair!"

Peach sat on the little sofa, with Lord Loring on one side and John Lexham on the other. It was a great crush, but was well worth it to everyone concerned.

"Of course," said Lord Loring, "I can take you back in Daisy to Black's Hotel after we have been to the Embassy to supper."

"I have already arranged to escort Miss Robinwood home, Loring," said John Lexham.

"Arranged with whom?" said Peach haughtily.

"With myself," said John Lexham.

Peach gasped; but Lord Loring smiled and, rising, picked up her hand in a manner inimitably caressing and kissed it.

"Good night, dear little lady; I think I'll go. May I ring you up tomorrow?"

"Oh, call me early," Peach answered.

Lord Loring receded from them, taking leave of Mrs. Mount, smiling faint adieus around him, and was gone. Miss Robinwood and Sir John Lexham remained on the small sofa in a stiff silence. This silence affected her nerves.

"I think," she observed, mainly to break it, "that I will go too."

"Certainly; whenever you are ready," said John Lexham, rising promptly.

Peach moved, propelled, if not materially, yet by some force of will in John Lexham, into the main drawing-room. She told Mrs. Mount very prettily how much she had enjoyed this delightful evening.

"I shall ring you up tomorrow, child, and make further arrangements," said Mrs. Mount, nodding purposefully.

"Please won't you lunch with me," Peach languidly responded, "at Black's Hotel?"

And this being arranged, she was again propelled, by that will force in John Lexham, right out of the drawing-room into the hall.

John Lexham found the silver cloak, and was helped into his own coat by the aged butler. The aged butler, who was living through the evening miraculously, then opened the front door, and summoning all his physical powers, hailed a taxicab. Peach stepped into it, lusting for conflict, and, lusting for conflict, John Lexham hurried in after her.

"Is it better to let them begin or to begin myself?" Peach mused, recalling all her past experiences to her aid.

No past experiences, however, appeared to her to be of much help in the case of John Lexham. He was unutterably different.

Just as it seemed that the taxicab might reach Black's Hotel before the drama could begin, John Lexham himself spoke the opening lines.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I opened the door of Loring's car so abruptly just now."

"Yes," said Peach; "I am sorry too."

"No doubt I should have minded my own business," John Lexham proceeded.

"It is always better to do so," Peach replied courteously.

John Lexham paused.

"I thought your action most grat ——" said Peach, and paused too.

"'Grat ——'"

"The word begins with 'grat' and has a 'u' and an 'i' in it," replied Peach coldly, but burning that she should have to hint for his assistance in a mere menial matter of orthography.

"Possibly you mean gratuitous?"

"Thank you, Sir John. I mean gratuitous. It is funny how words one uses daily escape one sometimes."

"It is a pity, perhaps, to use such long words daily. They are a strain on some mentalities."

"I have always intensely disliked sarcastic men," Miss Robinwood remarked.

(Continued on Page 115)

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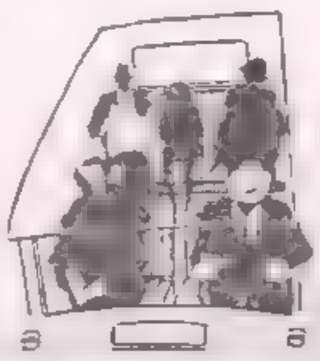

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(Continued from Page 111)

"Pardon me. It was not sarcasm. I spoke *au fond.*"

"It was no wonder Lord Loring left early after your rudeness."

"You may not be aware that Loring and I know each other very well, and he quite understood me."

"Will you be good enough to explain what there was to understand?"

"You sitting with him in a dark car in a side street on a winter night when you were supposed to be the guest of a lady in her house might have been inexplicable to some people."

"I have often sat with men in dark cars and shall do so again."

"You must not do it here."

"Here?"

"In London. That is to say, not if you wish to be received where I suppose you wish to be received."

"Perhaps," said Miss Robinwood nonchalantly, swinging a silver foot, "I wanted some amusement. The evening was not a thrill."

"Do you want thrills then?"

"Everyone wants thrills," said Miss Robinwood.

John Lexham paused. It was true. Everyone wanted thrills. He wanted thrills. It was all just too damnably natural.

The swinging silver foot hit his that was swinging too.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Robinwood angrily.

"I am so sorry," said John Lexham in a dispassionate voice. He sat looking at the silver foot.

"Lord Loring has a divine profile," murmured Miss Robinwood abstractedly.

"Lord Loring, my dear girl, is the most experienced profligate in London and he's proud of it, and I'd say it to his face. Everyone knows it. Every girl should be careful where he is concerned."

"I think p-prof-ligates are divine!"

"You need shaking."

"Shake your poor dumb downtrodden Englishwomen!"

"Ha-ha!" said John Lexham. "This is the funniest conversation I've had for years."

"I am noticing how amused you seem."

"What do you suppose all those people thought of you tonight?"

"They thought I went to Mrs. Mount's boudoir to look at miniatures."

John Lexham sighed heavily, in agony.

"Boudoir or car, they knew Loring would be making love to you."

"I hoped they knew," said Peach modestly.

"He did make love to you then? Answer—he did?"

"I thought you felt sure of it, Sir John."

"Answer, you little devil!" said John Lexham, drumming his fists on his knees. "He made love to you?"

"Naturally," said Miss Robinwood in a bored voice.

"He—he kissed you?"

"Naturally," said Miss Robinwood. "Shouldn't you?"

"Er—I am I."

"Some people might think that rather a pity."

"Drop this abominable back chat! So—he kissed you."

"Sixteen times."

John Lexham sighed more heavily yet.

"Look here, understand—that sort of thing must be over once for all."

"Oh, not yet! Not yet!" Peach mused aloud.

"Someone has got to look after you. You'd better—you'd really better arrange with Ada Mount."

"I shall arrange. She lets people do anything."

"What do you mean?"

"Lord Loring said so."

"She will not let you do anything. I shall talk to her."

"Am I your business?"

"If I say so you are."

"Oh!" Peach murmured: and in the half dark of the cab she seemed to draw a little closer, and her silver foot ceased swinging. John Lexham sat very straight; and the taxicab rolled on, and her thoughts went wandering from him again.

"Is Lord Loring very rich?"

"Up to his eyes in debts," said John Lexham, relishing it, "and he'd have to marry a rich wife or he'll never pull through."

Her wandering thoughts focused themselves with a sudden jerk.

"Oh!"

"Still, he has the title to sell," said John Lexham, "for any moneyed woman who really wants to buy it."

"Oh!" Peach seemed closer than before, and softer. "You have been bad-tempered the whole evening," she murmured.

"I haven't meant to be. Peach—I mean Miss Robinwood—don't let us quarrel, anyway."

He thought, in that half darkness, he could see her slightly smile.

Thrills. Everyone wants thrills, she had said. She was right.

"After all, I'm not above temptation, am I?" he was surprised to hear himself murmuring. "I kissed you once myself, didn't I, not so long ago? . . . We're nearly there. Don't let's quarrel. Say good night."

His arm slipped round her; his shoulder pressed hers. Peach roused herself in a great flurry.

"Not after all your rudeness," she panted; and she smacked that down-bent intent face hard just as the cab drew up at Black's Hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ROOM 811

(Continued from Page 17)

white steps and the beds of jonquils and tulips. Such a beautiful setting for lawmaking she thought, this great white building, and remembered the thrill of something like reverence which had come to her as she first entered it as a lawmaker. The thrill had been growing less and less as doubts and questions had bruised it. Was it possible that, as she had heard hinted before, this was not the real capitol of the state and that important matters were decided in those secret rooms at the Pontiac? Was there any use in honest single effort here?

The door opened again. Another caller, a rather handsome young man whom Jean did not know came in, marked grace in his greeting and a kind of caress in his eyes, which made Jean feel that he liked her plain kasha dress and the yellow gardenia which was its only trimming.

"Miss Lane," he said, "you don't know me, I'm sure. But of course we all know you in this part of the state. My name is Frome—William Frome."

The name recalled to Jean the face of the fat man, winking wisely and saying, "A conference at one P.M. at the Hotel Pontiac, that Evans, Frome and Torrence sat in on."

"Yes, Mr. Frome," she acknowledged. "What can I do for you?"

"Why, I'm afraid I haven't any ax to grind," he said, smiling with a rather relieving frankness. "I just wanted to talk to you and get your views on things. I'm a most tremendous admirer of yours, Miss Lane."

"That's very pleasant of you, but I haven't done anything to be admired for," said Jean coolly.

"I like the way you stand on your own feet," said Frome. "It's the way things ought to be and so seldom are. I'm in one of these amateur taxpayers' leagues myself, and I just wondered how you stood on this tax-reorganization system."

Jean played with her pencil. She was very handsome, and a real appreciation of that was in the back of Frome's eyes. For a moment she sat there, and then matched his frankness with a seeming one of her own.

"I'm not sure, really. I'm confused. What do you think, Mr. Frome?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm in the same case. But it looks to me like this."

He talked easily, skillfully and convincingly. One had to try out these progressive schemes, it appeared, and this one had its merits. Jean let him go on for some minutes, raising her eyes docilely now and then with questions on the facts, and letting him temper his arguments with flattering glances. Then she looked at her watch.

"I mustn't keep you," he said. "It's about time for the afternoon session. And besides, I've been talking too much. But it seems to me the governor should have a chance to try out his plan, especially when it benefits the taxpayers so greatly. We've got to stand by the governor."

"What I don't see," said Jean, "is why Mr. Torrence should feel that way now, because from what I heard casually before, he was opposed to the governor's election."

Frome's face changed into sharpness.

"Mr. Torrence! I'm afraid you've a completely wrong idea, Miss Lane. I don't reflect Mr. Torrence's views, Miss Lane. Mr. Torrence isn't interested in politics. In fact he isn't in town, so far as I know."

"Ah," said Jean—and a grim line came around her mouth as she met Mr. Frome's eyes of many expressions with her own level glance—"I see. Well, if he should by any chance drift into the city while this thing is under discussion, I should be glad to go over it with him. I'd like to get his point of view. Perhaps we might meet at the Pontiac. Aren't conferences held there at noon sometimes? Why not discuss this there?" And again she looked at her wrist watch.

Mr. Frome could not make an ungraceful exit physically, but he stumbled mentally as he went. Jean followed. She went into the Senate, that great, exalted circular chamber, with its high galleries and splendid speaker's platform. The senators were coming back from lunch and taking their places, and they spoke to Jean, as she passed, with much respect. It was the common feeling that if you had to have a woman or two in the legislature, it was good luck to get them like Jean Lane, who held her tongue most of the time and was pleasant to look at. They didn't mind Mrs. De Trott, either, with her chuckling, masculine laugh and air of camaraderie and ability to get a point of intrigue. The two others were less popular—Mrs. Crane, who was always introducing a bill for the stricter enforcement of prohibition at the wrong moment; or Mrs. Ives, who distrusted all men, especially politicians. The men were becoming aware after two months that Jean Lane could manage the women, and that she swung some of the younger and more impressionable men too.

Jean put some papers on her own desk and went up to the front of the house, drawing a chair up beside old Martin Callahan, who sat there surreptitiously chewing tobacco. Old Martin had been shelved from most committees of late years because of unfortunate stands, but he was always returned by his constituency, and he knew a great deal of political history.

"How's the little girl?" he asked kindly.

"Fine," said Jean. "I want some information about Mr. Torrence. I know he's supposed to be a secret kind of boss. But how does he get his power?"

"Torrence is ——" said Callahan, and paused and shook his head. "I don't know about Torrence, myself, sometimes. He gets his power through the lumber interests in the western part of the state. Surely you knew that. Those lumber people pretty

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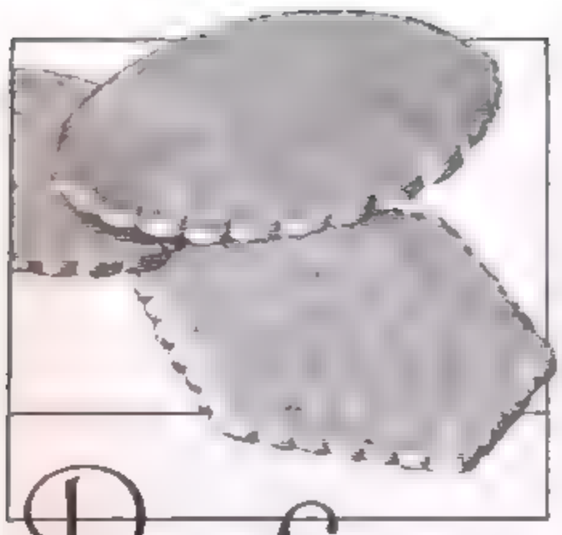

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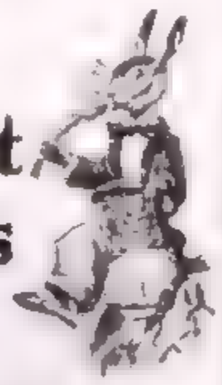

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Town State

nearly control this legislature. They've got a lot of money and a lot of brains and a lot of votes at their command. They run through four great counties and the companies all stand together, with Torrence advising them."

"He's just a boss then—just another common boss?"

A shrewd look of admiration came into the eyes of the old man.

"Far from a common boss. No. He's a strange person. Kind of a lone hunter, Torrence is. You never quite know about him. I've met him a few times. Can be very generous, Torrence can."

"And who is this man Frome?"

"Oh, Frome's probably one of Torrence's scouts. He has a lot of them. Frome's chief of the outfit now, I guess, since he ditched old Fleming as too old and booze-soaked for his fine work."

The gentleman from Arrowhead rose to talk, and Jean went back to her place. Discussion on the taxation problem was resumed, endlessly, windily.

In Room 811, Frome stood facing his employer, who looked at him with discomposing criticism.

"There's such a thing as discretion!" said Torrence.

"But I don't know how she got her information about that talk here."

"Someone leaked. It's your business to see that such information doesn't get around." Torrence lit a cigar. "That," he remarked irrelevantly, "was the trouble with Fleming."

Frome said nothing.

"Well," said Torrence, "what are we going to do about it?"

"I don't deny she's difficult. You can't offer her anything, and she's suspicious."

"Give her something without offering it. What do you advise?"

"Would you see her yourself?"

"I don't see women politicians, Billy."

"I know that, Mr. Torrence. But the thing is getting crucial. It's out of hand. If the thing doesn't get by, aside from having to pay our usual taxes, the governor will be more popular than ever as a thwarted reformer and a martyr, at that."

"And the woman won't stand without hitching?"

"Oh, she talked a lot of stuff—the way they do—about the institutions being run on as little money as possible. They put her on that committee and it's gone to her head. I think she'll vote wrong, and the women will all go with her, probably. We need them as the thing lines up, because the Davis-Bond crowd is doing some dirty work."

"Stupid mess," said Torrence. "So you want me to see her? What could I do?"

"I don't know. But if she were flattered, you know—made to think she's sitting in—she might play up. The trouble is she feels things are being done that she doesn't know about."

"That's not too unlikely," agreed Torrence dryly. "Well, what kind of a person is she? Does she want a gay party? Does she drink?"

"Shouldn't say so."

"Well, bring her up. Ask her to dinner tonight and put it smoothly that it's a conference. Let's put all our cards on the table before this lady from Bass County. Ask Lowrie and Evans, too, to fill out the cast. And ask Marjorie if she'll come to help out and make the senator feel she's getting into society."

Frome laughed, delighted to see his boss getting into even a sarcastic vein of humor.

"Will the Lane woman come?" asked Torrence.

"Well, she asked for an invitation."

"Make it snappy then. Breeze around. Tell her she is marvelously astute and that we want to talk with her. Dinner at eight, here. And if she's suspicious, tell her to bring along one of her aide partners at the legislature—the chuckling old lady who makes speeches. De Trott—that's it."

The great man dismissed Frome with a half friendly, half contemptuous nod and went into his bedroom. There he took out of his gaping Gladstone bag three books, and looked them over as if to choose between them. There was a little red volume of Heine's poems, not translated; a recent Polish novel published in England and The Satyricon of Petronius. Drawing a chair up to the window, Torrence opened the Satyricon pleasurably.

"Put three boys on that dinner in 811," said the head waiter, "at seven o'clock. Paul will have to be up there, of course. Mr. Torrence always wants Paul. And better take this order to the kitchen now and tell them who wants it. It's got to be right."

He, too, spoke with unquestioning respect for Mr. Torrence, just as the chef spoke, and as Frome had spoken, and old Callahan. It was only Jean Lane who did not share in the general tone of awe. In her room in the little rented flat which she shared with her old aunt, she was dressing, and taking some care about it. She didn't have too many dinner dresses. Accustomed as she was to little money, she found it tested her knowledge of economy to live on her legislator's salary for the brief months in the capital. She wondered very often how the men with families did manage it, for rents were high and food expensive. She had a dress for occasions of importance, but she did not want to admit by wearing it that this was an occasion of importance. Besides that one, there was the rose-colored silk, which was long of sleeve and only cut away a little at the neck, and the dark blue. She took up the dark blue and had it half over her head, when it came off. Why not the rose? The rose always set her up and it was simple enough.

Mrs. De Trott came in heavily, her fur neck piece tight about her throat and her inevitable feathered hat waving.

"Ready?" she called. "I've got the taxi."

"I think maybe we're fools to go," said Jean. "This dinner stuff is pretty thick."

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Mrs. De Trott. "He asked us. I'd like to see what goes on in those rooms."

"There'll be nothing going on as long as we're in them," suggested Jean.

"I don't know about that," chuckled Mrs. De Trott. "They're learning a few things about women. I'd like to find out what the Torrence people are up to. Of course, on the face of it, it is clear enough that this Murchison bill takes a fine slice off their taxes, and those lumber interests pay enormous taxes. But as you said today, I don't for the life of me see how they can run the state if they cut much more, and Torrence is smart enough to know that."

"They can't run the institutions, I'm afraid; and they certainly can't improve them," said Jean, "that's sure."

"I shouldn't be surprised," suggested Mrs. De Trott, as they joggled along in their taxi, "if the whole idea was to discredit Murchison. If the plan fails and people get to kicking generally, he'll have no chance for reelection a year from now. And the Torrence crowd never liked him. It may be a good way to ditch him."

The Pontiac was not the newest hotel in the city, but it had somehow managed to remain the most important one, in spite of the more splendid and ornate ones which had succeeded it. There was a faintly snobbish air about its slight shabbiness, and about its expert service in the dining room and unexcelled cookery. It was like an old lady of family who sheltered important history and memories, and discounted everything but her memories, silver plate and family recipes.

Frome was watching for the two women, and met them near the door.

"It's awfully good of you to come," he said, with his artistic frankness. "Mr. Torrence is most anxious to meet you both and talk the whole thing over. I told him how dreadfully shrewd you were, and that frankness was the thing we all wanted. By the way, you don't mind my wife being here, do you? She's not in politics, but she's most awfully interested and I didn't like to leave her alone for the evening."

Mrs. De Trott smiled and nodded comfortably. She had passed the stage when men's attention excited her, but it still was warming and she liked being in the midst of things. Men were men and politics was politics, her affable glance always said; but then as far as that went, life was life and she hadn't arranged its system or accepted responsibility for rearranging it. It amazed Jean that Mrs. De Trott could laugh as heartily over a piece of political trickery as if the joke and the trick were the important things, instead of the result for good or ill.

Mr. Torrence's suite was rather splendid for a hotel one. There were shaded lamps and great comfortable chairs covered with some rather dull-colored dust covers. The table, laid for seven, was in one corner of the big room where the guests could overlook the city through the open windows. There were flowers. If it had been an after-theater party for an actress, such as Mr. Torrence sometimes had, they might have been more exotic flowers—heavy roses, or possibly orchids. If it had been a man's dinner, there would have been none. But tonight he had ordered daffodils sent up from the hotel florist.

It was not easy to see exactly what he looked like in the light of the shaded lamps. Jean was conscious of his slight bow over her hand, and quickly wondered how deep was his irony when he should stage this demanded conference with her with such apparent social skill. He was not the kind of man she commonly met; at least not now.

When she was twenty and lived at her stepmother's house, she had seen such men. But her stepmother had married again and Jean had gone away to teach country school near an aunt, and gradually she had grown into the life of Bass County and forgotten about men in evening clothes, except when she met them dreamily in books. He put her at a disadvantage now, this Mr. Torrence, dealing so skillfully with this absurd situation.

She did not know that she did not look at a disadvantage or that years of keen, thoughtful living had given her face spirit as well as serenity, while the country life itself had kept her young and firmly healthy. The rose-colored dress glimmered softly and her smooth dark hair shone, too, so that she was a lovely, lustrous person in that moment of excitement, and Mr. Torrence, who was a connoisseur of women as well as of books, may have felt the little situation take on a certain poignancy. He introduced Jean to Marjorie Frome. Mrs. Frome had been an Allen, which had its own splendor of social importance, and she was perfectly tempered to this occasion. People said, as Mrs. De Trott recalled, looking interestedly at the pretty creature with the French shingle and the pointed aristocratic face, that Marjorie Frome played her husband's game even better than he did, always with an eye to that appointment to the diplomatic service which would bring her back to the society she had been born in abroad. To this country school-teacher, who for a moment had become a point of strategic political importance, Mrs. Frome was interest and graciousness personified.

As for Lowrie and Evans, they were constantly in agreement with Mr. Torrence, waiting for his words, to grab at them while they were hot and pass them around to the others as splendid delicacies. Evans, the key senator in the legislature, Jean already knew. He was something of a figure in the Capitol, but here he was definably shrunken, with more than a trace of the errand boy about him. Lowrie, lieutenant governor and, according to common report, the man that was being groomed to succeed Murchison, was a tall, handsome man who looked like a schoolboy's conception of a governor, semimartial, weighty, repetitive. The waiters had not come up. Frome passed a cocktail as they stood about talking.

"Thank you," said Jean, declining it.

(Continued on Page 119)

Help strike this one word from America's fire record

If there had been no "preventable" fires last year, the national fire loss, which reached the appalling total of $548,000,000, would have been less than half that figure. Approximately 60% of the contributing fires were traced to preventable sources.

Where does the preventable fire have its start? In the carelessly thrown match or "smoke", in defective chimneys and flues, in accumulated rubbish and waste, in faulty building construction, faulty electrical equipment and all unguarded fire hazards.

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Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors
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There's one close by

(Continued from Page 116)

"Very mild," he said, "and I can promise you you don't break a trace of a law. It's prewar stuff, truly."

"I'm not used to it."

Mrs. De Trott took hers and eyed it favorably in its delicate glass. And Marjorie Frome had one or possibly more. They were laughing a little over their glasses and Jean again felt awkward and stilted and out of place. She looked down, pretending interest in the books which lay on Mr. Torrence's table, and her pretense became reality. Strange books for a politician, a boss, these colorful, dilettante things—philosophy and poetry and tales of women's love. Jean knew them. They were books she read herself—the books that she chose sometimes when she wanted release—skeptical unconcerned books which were never dreary and often amusing.

"Do lady senators find time to read?"

He was standing beside her, smiling, and in the stronger light from the table lamp she saw the power of his face and the controlled knowledge which made it so calm.

"Doesn't everyone—even kingmakers?" she countered.

"I've never known any. I've known people who thought they were kingmakers, and I've known plenty of people who suspected that someone else was one. But I've never seen a kingmaker in the flesh. Have you?"

"I'm not sure," said Jean. "I wonder."

Then the waiters entered, and Marjorie Frome placed the guests. Jean was beside Mr. Torrence.

There was rather splendid food. If she had been only the country school-teacher they thought her, it might have bewildered her in service and arrangement. But to Jean it was like a memory—these elaborated dishes, this superservice—taking her back to the Jean of ten years before who had been on the verge of many such occasions. Then, it had been hard not to become bitter, hard to forget all that or at least to overlay it, after Jean's father had died and her stepmother, gathering the tatters of his fortune around her closely, had made her second brilliant marriage. Jean had been tossed to her Aunt Kate. Aunt Kate's life had become Jean's life, the problems of the farmer's widow Jean's problems, and the food of the rough sturdy country and its kind of home, her food and her home. This dinner tonight was like an echo and it disturbed her.

"It must be so interesting to do the things you do, Miss Lane," said Marjorie Frome, gathering Jean neatly into the conversation.

Jean became aware of her own silence—of the silence of the man beside her who was buying her dinner and waiting to open negotiations of some sort. She felt him waiting for her answer, ready to weigh it, analyze it and add it ironically to the sum total of his opinion of her.

"Yes," she said, "there's a good deal of drama, and that's always interesting, especially when you're never sure what the next act will be. Sometimes it's broad farce and sometimes melodrama, and once in a while"—she turned to smile at Mr. Torrence—"it's a comedy of manners. And that I think is the most amusing of all."

"You've a sophisticated taste," he said lightly. "This is Burgundy—and also prewar and preprohibition. You won't refuse this?" Jean shook her head.

"No, please. I'd rather not."

"This is a very straight-laced senator from Bass County, Evans!"

Jean had a composite picture of them all—the two politicians looking at her with amusement, Mrs. De Trott's little click of her glass in invitation, Marjorie Frome's eyes meeting those of Torrence in understanding, and Frome himself watching her with that false admiration. She had a sudden desire to play up to it all, to shatter their snobberies and show them that she was a person of breeding and background as much as Marjorie Frome—to show this man beside her that she was more than a little obstacle in the political wheel he spun around for his amusement. She was tired of her own sober honesty and the virtues which had endeared her to Bass County—she wanted to be skillful and brilliant and seductive! Her hand went out to the wine glass in front of her and drew itself back again. It wasn't the wine that bothered her, except as a symbol, except as a kind of falsehood to the men and women who had sent her there, many of them almost fanatical haters of any kind of intoxicant, and all quite without discrimination.

The others had not noticed her gesture, but Torrence had.

"Something happened in your mind that minute," he said. "I wonder what it was. What did you decide?"

"To play fair," she answered, laughing a little ruefully.

"Nobody else does, you know. Isn't it rather idle to play an amateur game when you're sitting in with professionals?"

"I might hold the cards," she said, "and win that way."

"You might win a hand," he agreed, "but they'll deal over and get the better of you. You'll lose in the end."

"Is that a threat?"

"No, I don't mean it like that. I never threaten, Miss Lane. But once in a while I'm foolish enough to warn someone—that's all."

"And what are you warning me against?"

"Oh," he said, and his glance swept her until she had a curious sense of mental exposure, "if I were to warn you, I think I'd warn you not to play the game too soberly or too seriously. You've been at it long enough already to know that black isn't always black or white always white when it comes to lawmaking, haven't you?"

She nodded.

"That's the first lesson. The second is that there is no permanent order. Governments are fluid. Women want to make them into patterns. They want to do that with everything. That's why they are awkward with politics."

"You study women, Mr. Torrence?"

"A much more valuable study than politics," he said pleasantly, and again she felt that he knew that she wore rose color and that he regarded her with that personal interest which remained detached, as if she were a woman in a book.

"I prefer politics," she said, and sighed.

"You mustn't sigh over politics. You must become unconcerned."

"Yet you concern yourself over things, Mr. Torrence."

"Necessities."

"Like getting rid of Murchison, through letting him have his way about tax changes until he gets in wrong everywhere."

"If you give a fool enough rope, you have to count on a certain result," said Torrence. . . . "Try this mushroom sauce. It's rather good. . . . Murchison was a political misstep, Miss Lane."

"I suppose so."

"Well then," he said definitely, "why not help us out? Let's put him in the ditch where he belongs. He's not a reformer, Miss Lane. He's cutting taxes to make a big fellow of himself, that's all. More campaign wind. He hasn't got brains enough to see he'll kill himself off from sheer mismanagement."

"It's simple, put like that. But while he's killing himself off, while you are having an easy year with taxes, Mr. Torrence, how about the places where the cuts would come? They're going to cut on the state-institutions budget, slash away there where people can't protect themselves—hospitals, asylums, homes for children."

"Those places have got along before on less money. They can again."

"I've visited them all," said Jean. "I don't want them to do with less. You have no conception of what helplessness means, have you, Mr. Torrence?"

Her voice carried farther than she meant it to. Someone heard and laughed.

"It's his business to make the other fellow helpless," said one of the men.

"He makes or breaks them right in this room, Miss Lane," offered Senator Evans, confidential with his cocktails. "Right here."

"And I suppose the moral of that is," said Jean, "that it's better to be made than broken, if you get inside of 811."

"Exactly," agreed Evans jovially.

"I've seen specimens of the people made in this room," said Jean, and let her eyes wander slowly from Frome to Evans. "I saw one today. At least I was told he was made in this room or one like it. An old fat man, sagging with disappointment, ugly with rancors, down at the heel, wise in treachery. Made here—ruined here."

She spoke reflectively, and again her fingers played with the stem of her glass. Marjorie Frome looked from her husband to Torrence. Frome was frowning, but Torrence's face was still.

"Possibly you didn't see one of our best models," he said courteously. "In any case, we wander from the point, don't we? What I was trying to explain to Miss Lane was that her constituents up in Bass County were going to find it difficult to understand why she should vote against tax reduction. You know how that goes, Senator Evans."

"Absolutely," said Evans. "Your farmers are going to demand a vote for tax reduction, Miss Lane. You can't explain any other vote to them."

Jean leaned toward them. The rose silk of her sleeve brushed Torrence's hand softly, but her voice was hard and swift.

"It's not what I can explain that counts," she said; "it's what I do. I know they're not always open-minded. I know they're ignorant, plenty of them. I'm not sure I can explain my stand to them. But I can face them. I couldn't face them if I'd let them elect me as a dry candidate and sat here tonight drinking your after-or-before-prohibition wines." The glass tipped under her hand and the wine made a red stream on the cloth, but she hardly noticed. "But I can face them if I've voted honestly on bills, even if I offend them. You don't see that, Mr. Torrence. You think it's absurd and stiff and womanish and obstructionist. But to me your obscurities are horrors."

No one spoke for a minute and Jean went on as if possessed:

"You don't know what it is to be a woman in the midst of these obscurities. It's like being in a nightmare, groping among dark things that you know wouldn't be frightening if you could only wake up. You keep knowing there's reason and daylight somewhere and keep fighting toward it."

She sat back, and Marjorie Frome, rising from the table with her perfection of graciousness covering up awkwardness, suggested that they have their coffee in the other end of the room and let the waiters clear away. She poured the coffee, and as she handed Torrence his cup, Jean saw the glance that accompanied it, and became aware of another obscurity, another vague entanglement which might mean much or nothing. Entanglement with Marjorie Frome would be a fragrant, rather charming thing, and yet Jean felt suddenly that Torrence was worth more than that. There was something on the grand scale about his machinations, even about his pessimism, as if it swept out to embrace a world and not a state or government, perhaps even the whole haphazard universe. And it was the Marjorie Fromes whom such men cared for and chose for companions—clever, delicate, light women; always the Marjories.

"Shall I read or sit in the hall now while the conference is going on?" asked Marjorie.

Torrence turned, smiling.

"Oh, we're all through," he said. "Miss Lane and I have been over the ground. She knows the situation thoroughly." Jean stared. "Evans, pour Mrs. De Trott a little more benedictine. I want to show Miss Lane a few of my books."

Mrs. De Trott waggled a finger that was becoming a trifle unsteady.

"I haven't talked much politics, but I know I'll take Jean's say-so on everything," she said incoherently.

(Continued on Page 121)

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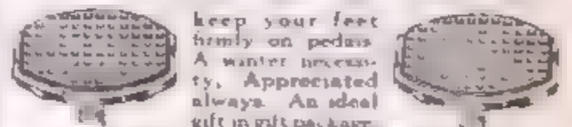

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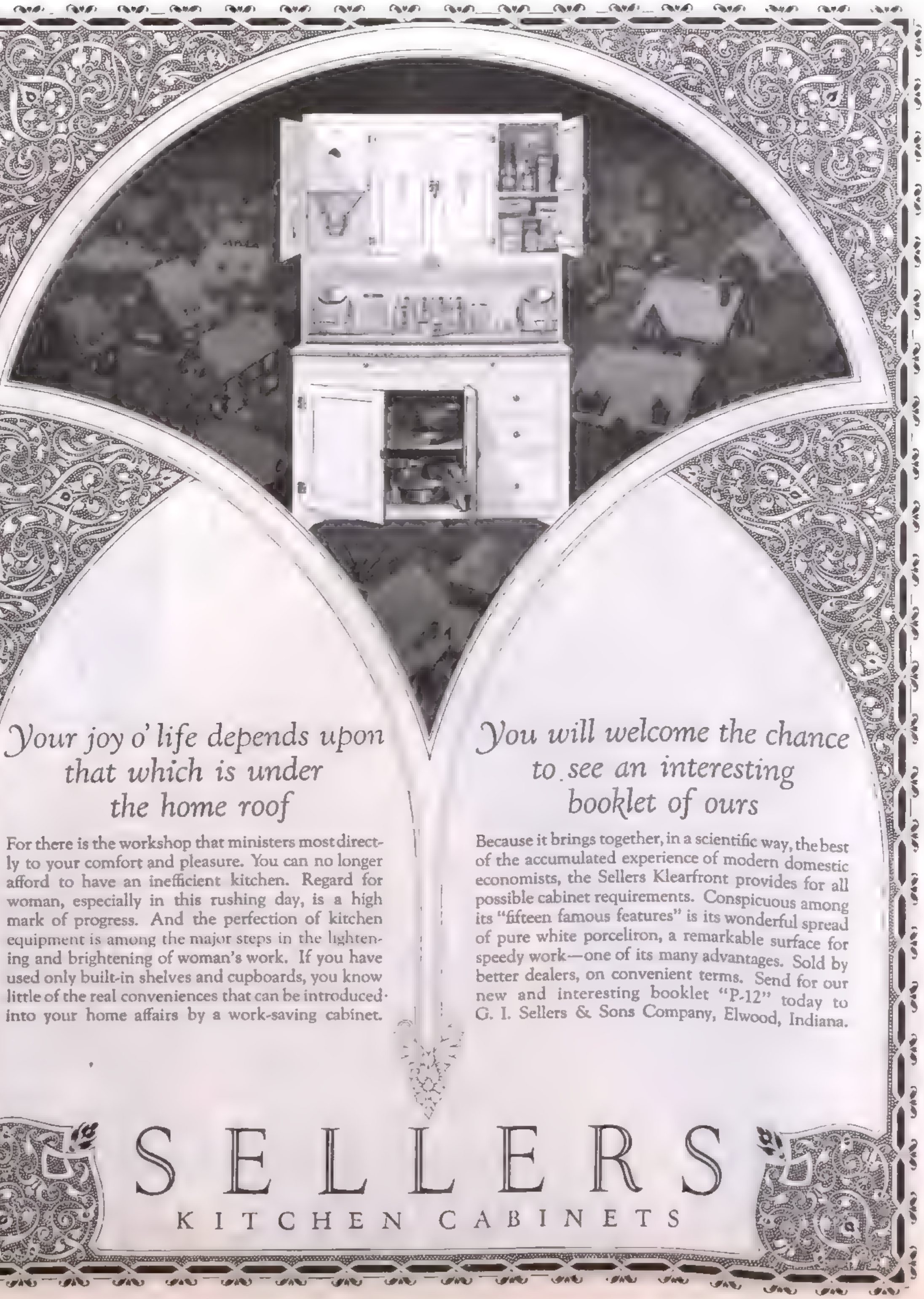

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SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 119

"The one thing that never is talked of at political conferences is politics," said Frome. "A veteran like you should know that, Mrs. De Trott "

"Of course," she giggled wisely.

Jean, sitting on the edge of a chair by the table, spoke to Torrence, who was opening some beautifully bound books before her.

"You haven't misunderstood me? I shall vote against the bill, Mr. Torrence "

"This is a pretty edition," he remarked. "Do you know the story? It's a story of a lady as stubborn as you, Miss Lane."

"Yes, I've read it," said Jean.

"She gave in, in the end."

"But it's a romance. She gave in because she was in love with the man."

"At least that's more sensible than not giving in because you dislike a man. You mustn't act on prejudice, Miss Lane, as she did."

Jean looked at him gravely. Against the noise and excitement of the others, she was aware of his clear mind meeting hers.

"I don't dislike you," she said; "that's the curious thing. I like your room and your books. I like your mind, in a way, ruthless as it is. But it makes no difference. I won't vote with you or for you. And if you want to ruin me and can ruin me, you'll have to be about it. I think I'd like to go now. I feel as if I'd stolen my dinner."

"Please don't," he said. "It was kind of you to come. And it is even kinder of you to go without disliking me."

Marjorie Frome knew that it was necessary to conciliate this political woman, but she watched with hostility the way Torrence put the shabby coat over her shoulders and bowed her out, Mrs. De Trott beside her, merry with jokes and a bit reluctant at being drawn away so soon. Evans and the lieutenant governor followed, the occasion for their presence being over and their host taciturn. They did not know exactly what had happened, but they were used to vague machinations.

"She's pretty—that Lane woman—in a common sort of way," said Marjorie, lifting her own cloak, "isn't she?"

"Is she?" asked Torrence.

"Did she come across?" asked Frome. "That was a fine bunch of fireworks at dinner. But I suppose she was showing off. Those political women all fall for a little flattery. She'll be eating out of your hand from now on."

Torrence took Marjorie's hand to say good night, and she felt instantly the indifference in his manner, the absence of that pleasant artificial relationship which had been so stimulating and promising. Her lovely face was startled as she lifted it toward him and missed the implication of intrigue in his eyes.

"You needn't push that bill any further, Billy," said Torrence. "She didn't come across. Better stay away from the Senate for a month or so. Take Marjorie for a trip and let somebody else take the punishment for its failure Later on we can trip up Murchison. It won't be hard. He has clumsy feet."

Billy Frome looked disgusted.

"That settles the Lane woman," he said, with angry fervor. "We can make her pay for this little monkey wrench. She'll find it damned hard going from now on in this legislature. We'll kill her off before she goes back to Bass County."

"Oh, I think we won't charge it up to her account," said Torrence easily.

"But ——" began Frome, and stopped at the arrogance in the other man's eyes, the arrogance which did not have to give reasons or put up with questioning.

"Let her alone," said Torrence. "She has brains. She'll be useful."

He bowed to Marjorie—that faint, ironical bow.

"Good night. It was good of you to come, Marjorie."

"We'll see you soon?" she asked.

"I hope so," said Torrence, without any accent of hope.

The light in Jean Lane's bedroom burned late. She turned it off at last, her mind weary with surging questions and disturbances, and the constant effort to keep right where it belonged and wrong where it belonged, in decent and orderly divisions. But for hours after that, on the other side of the city, a shaded lamp still glowed in Room 811, where the unregistered tenant tried to read himself back to the state of mind in which right and wrong blurred in utter skepticism. The dawn found him still reading.

YOUTH SHOWS BUT HALF

(Continued from Page 21)

sergeant asked in a disturbed voice, "Why, where's that picture of your mother on horseback, sir?"

Crotti gave a quick glance over his little gallery.

"By George! If that confounded buck dropped that picture there'll be a death. Beat it down to the company office and see if it's there."

The sergeant beat it, as much concern on his big features as if long-silenced machine guns had suddenly opened fire. Capt. Holmes Crotti stood off, feet far apart, and surveyed the results of his labor. How young he was—how young—yet queerly, inscrutably canny.

"You've quite a gallery, Captain Crotti," said the colonel casually.

"Yes, sir. Down at the company, they always say I have to fix me up a playhouse before I can work. But I've got nothing against my family. I like to see 'em around."

He sat down, squared himself in front of his desk, hooked his blouse collar, jerked down his cuffs, smoothed back his rumpled black hair to readjust his overseas cap, looked about him and drew a deep breath.

Then he lifted his eyes—straight into the gaze of his colonel. He reddened a trifle. William Lyman Jones experienced a new sensation; it was something cold, like fear; hot, like hope. The younger man smiled, with evident effort.

"Of course, you know that I appreciate—being here, sir." Sincerity touched his words; no warmth.

"I thought you were the man for the place," said the colonel, equally matter of fact.

"I hope so, sir; though I must say I'd never have picked myself out for the job."

"Well, we'll see which one of us is right."

Crotti laughed. "I'll try to see that you are, I assure you, sir."

There grew an awkward silence. The colonel rose, walked across to the photographic display and set his glasses on his big-bridged nose. He was considering the quality of interest that he might judiciously, as a stranger, evince.

"H'm, this is your mother, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; but here's a better one of her; that's my sister Peggy with her." For the first time there was no reserve over his friendliness. He dived into the top drawer and brought out another picture. "This, though, is a real likeness of mother."

The colonel took it in his two hands.

"A beautiful woman, beautiful," he said. "You—you are much like her." He did not hear what the boy answered—whispering words were in his brain—"You are like the men in my father's books—like a knight"—young words, silly, but they held his mind. Yet this was a happy face, a believing face. It seemed incredible that any agony of shame had added to that serenity in the calm deep eyes.

Crotti was gently pulling at the picture. The colonel loosed it hastily and without looking up stepped close to the pictures on the wall. The largest one, finished in sepia, was of a man in uniform, with a caduceus

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FROM out of the West comes a gift suggestion that is certain to please fathers, sons, husbands or sweethearts!

Lounging robes made of beautiful woolens from the looms of Oregon City. Colorful stripes are newest—solid colors, overplaids, —checks, too—make selection easy. Our patterns and color effects are not obtainable elsewhere.

Thick, warm fabrics, for winter; lighter weights suitable for the beach next summer. An Oregon City robe is a year 'round necessity, a source of comfort and satisfaction, always.

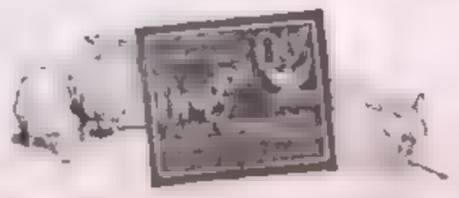
Correctly designed and carefully tailored. Silk bound edges; silk or self girdles.

The Oregon City dealer in your town has many other sensible, practical Christmas gifts—sport blouses, flannel shirts, men's and boys' suits, overcoats, mackinaws, fine blankets, Indian robes, motor robes.

Now is the time to make selections, while assortments are complete. Oregon City Woolen Mills, established in 1864 by I. and R. Jacobs, Oregon City, Oregon.

Jacobs
Oregon City Woolens

Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Mackinaws, Suits; Sport Blouses, Flannel Shirts



Lounging Robes, Wool Indian Blankets, Motor Robes and Fine Bed Blankets

PURE VIRGIN WOOL — WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

"We want Eskimo Pie"

Now, folks, don't mob your dealer!

He can't sell you Eskimo Pie till somebody makes it for him.

Tell him to wake up his ice cream manufacturer. Anyone who isn't already making and selling these world-famous taste-dainties is surely asleep to his opportunities.

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, sweet milk chocolate outside! And around this enticing bar, a gleaming, silvery foil wrapper, bearing the name of the magic product, Eskimo Pie!

No wonder cities are insisting on Eskimo Pie. No wonder folks are going to their ice cream dealers and these dealers are going to their manufacturers, saying "We want Eskimo Pie."

And the surest way to get what you want is to put your name on this coupon and mail it to us today.

12-5-25

"We want Eskimo Pie"

Please get our manufacturer to make it for us. His name is:

My name is

City State

MAIL TO ESKIMO PIE CORP. LOUISVILLE, KY.

on his blouse collar. The face was kindly, intelligent, homely, keen. The colonel scrutinized it intently. Then he dropped his glasses. They swung a little on their black line. Holmes Crotti stood beside him.

"This is a fine face," said William Lyman Jones.

"It's a fine man," said Holmes Crotti, smiling as he looked at the picture. He reached out and reset one thumb tack to straighten it.

Standing there, William Lyman Jones, wartime colonel, capitalist and ironical optimist, watched those hands that were his own, as they carefully adjusted that bit of cardboard, and felt the first doubt of himself or his life that he had ever known.

"How did it happen, Captain Crotti, that you didn't go into the medical corps too? I'd think it would have been invaluable experience for a young graduate doctor."

"It would have, no doubt. But dad thought I'd be glad, later on, if I went in for the best of the game, as he called it, and I am already. I got a lot of chances to tie up poor devils that'd never have made it to a hospital if I hadn't. I'll get plenty of surgery before I die, anyhow, but I'll never have another chance at being an infantry lieutenant. I'm very glad I took dad's advice about it."

The colonel adjusted his glasses again and bent a little to read the small framed verse below the large photograph. It gave him something to do. The words were printed in blue ink on white drawing paper, by careful, unskilled fingers; the capitals stood unsteadily and the lines were not quite straight.

"That's my sister Peg's last contribution. I wish she'd stick to chocolate cake, but I guess she and mother are beginning to worry about these wicked women over here."

Col. Lyman Jones read the words aloud, tonelessly; they were vaguely familiar; they had been in an old songbook somewhere:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

"Well, doesn't your young sister read very deeply to discover any philosophy here to save you from wicked women?"

"Huh! In the Crotti family that verse touches everything we are and are not and do and do not and want and don't want; the Lord's Prayer and the catechism and the Golden Rule hardly get honorable mention. No hardened arteries at sixty, physically, mentally or morally; no ennui, no remorse. Peg and I've been trained for sixty ever since we were six."

"An interesting theory, very; but I should think it might mean a somewhat solemn and pedantic period of youth."

"Well, it didn't, I can assure you." His voice indicated chagrin for having become foolishly confidential to this alien. He stepped back to his desk and took up some papers occupiedly. Col. Lyman Jones took himself well in hand.

"Here's a young person who probably anticipates no human emotions whatever beyond her late twenties." And he handed, insistently, a small soft-leather folder into Crotti's slowly accepting hand. The younger man opened it and whistled admiringly.

"By Jove, sir! Your daughter? What a beauty! I'd no idea you had any children. I'll have some gossip to retail now."

"Muriel is twenty-two—yes, twenty-two—perhaps not quite yet."

"Is that so? I'd never have doped you out as a family man." Plainly this information had established the older man as a human being in his estimation, but one of no especial interest. "By the way, Colonel Jones, may I have that memorandum on rations? Sergeant Wells is going into Esch on a motorcycle; they wanted the data at headquarters by noon."

Feeling like a dismissed office boy, the colonel got the memorandum and buried himself in reports for the rest of the morning. But through the dry data of regimental equipment and rations and furloughs intruded the question that constantly beset his brain: What significance would the name William Lyman Jones carry to Paul Crotti—and what would happen—what would happen?

Nothing happened.

But one morning, when the usual excitement of mail from home had subsided, and thousands of letters had had their first reading, he noticed that Capt. Holmes Crotti appeared strangely downcast. Finally Lieutenant Colonel Adams came into the office, also letter laden.

And he asked at once, "What's the matter, Holmes—sick?"

"Damned near. I got rotten news from home. Tell you about it later."

After a few minutes the two of them went out together. It was nearly noon. From the scattered mess shacks the bugles soon called their "come and get it." The colonel didn't want any lunch. He sat reading until the building was quiet. His window commanded the main *rue* of the village; he watched Colonel Adams and Holmes Crotti until they disappeared. The boy walked bareheaded, swinging his cap in his hand, talking earnestly, generously giving his confidences.

Colonel Adams had a son—a son fifteen years old; he was in a preparatory school; was freckled; had earned enough money to buy a flivver; was two inches taller than his mother and could swim five miles. It had been amazing to Lyman Jones, at first, to hear these men sit and gossip about their children like a lot of women at a sewing bee. He had been amused, superior. But now, in Rome, he felt himself an alien.

When the men he was watching disappeared, he went over to his adjutant's desk and carefully slipped a letter from the loose papers on top the wire basket. Standing beside the desk, he read the letter quickly—read it twice:

AT HOME, Midnight.

Dear Boy: Colonel and Mrs. Peck have just left—they stopped here one day on their way to Los Angeles—and if my heart hadn't been so heavy with this wretched news from Frost and Frost we should have had a happy evening indeed, hearing such splendid first-hand news of you and your father. I am so proud of you, Holmes, so proud!

I'm sorry you don't like your new colonel, but I'm sure you'll get on with him just the same, and it doesn't matter much about the colonels, after all. I'm sure it's the lieutenants and surgeons that the Army really depends on.

Thank you for this little letter from Celeste. I think she must be clever and charming. But don't fall in love if you can help it until all your P. G. and interne work is over. Now that sounds absurd; I mean don't think you're in love when perhaps you're not. If you really are, no matter if she's French, German, Huguenot or Hottentot, she's just the girl I want for you. I wish dad might see her. Couldn't he go through Nancy on his way home? Ask him.

And now about the bad news—and oh, my dear, it is bad! The last hope really is gone about the mine. Mr. Frost talked to me himself for an hour this afternoon. He was going to write your father all the miserable details immediately. They've spent thousands · convincing themselves that those first wonderful showings were merely from a vein that has run out. I don't know yet how poor we are, but it's certain your father will have to take up his practice again; but he won't mind that nearly so much as your having to give up your postgraduate work at Johns Hopkins.

Now, dear, the minute you get this, write him a long letter—or telephone him if you can. A voice is lots more comfort than a piece of paper. Perhaps you might even find it possible to go to see him for a few days. I just thank God you're over there near him to make him realize how little it matters.

Peggy is shouting from the kitchen to send you her love. She's making nocturnal fudge so she can mail it to your father early in the morning. This is your week for a box, but we'll send double measure next time. She's in love again, the minx; but she doesn't dare tell you about him because he's inherited quite a large fortune. Don't worry, he's a dear youngster. Make her write you about him.

Well, dear, good night. We'll find a way for Johns Hopkins somehow. God bless you. All of our love. MOTHER.

P. S. Two years with your father will only help you in the long run, I'm sure. I envy you, being able to help him more than Peggy or I ever could.

When the colonel had twice read the letter he put it back carefully. Back at his own desk, he read again the letter that had come from his wife that morning:

SEABROOK, LONG ISLAND.

Dearest Lyman: This is a wretched piece of news about your new assignment. How many months more does it mean? Why didn't you get out of it? And aren't you a comedian—to invite me over to that stupid little hole? Thanks, no.

Really, Lyman, you've no idea what a mess it is to try for a passport over here now. Sally Winters has been trying to get over to join Ned. He's been sent on some wild-goose chase to Serbia, as I suppose you know. Sally swears she's lost ten pounds and perjured herself beyond recognition, and she hasn't her passport yet.

Besides, I don't like to leave Muriel. I'm dreadfully disturbed about her interest in young Worth. He hasn't a cent and his mother's impossible, but every girl now has to have a hero, regardless of table manners or grammar. Of course, you never heard of this Worth boy—from Texas! He's fairly presentable, but penniless.

We're just beginning to know the war is over; we've begun to eat again, and two of the gardeners are back. Actually, the place has been run like a poor farm; the accounts look like your cigarette bill.

Catherine is screaming at me that my bath is ready. She has joined a union and has me completely intimidated.

But before I stop, I must beg of you for the love of heaven not to choose any pearls or gowns for me. Sally collapsed last week over Ned's loving package. I don't know what poor Paris has come to that he was able to find such garments in the city limits.

Must go; Catherine commands.

Devotedly,

HESTER.

Lyman Jones walked over and looked at the pictures of the beautiful dark-eyed woman on his adjutant's desk. But someone was coming.

He retreated hastily. Colonel Adams and Captain Crotti entered, and young Crotti asked his first favor.

"Colonel Jones, I'd like to get Coblenz, if I may, and see if I can locate my father Of course, it's only a personal message, and if you think it ought not go from the regiment, I'll try on a French line."

The colonel thought there was no harm trying; he had something he wanted to talk through to Coblenz about anyhow. He would put the call through himself.

"Is your father's name Holmes, too?" he asked.

"No, sir; Paul - Col. Paul Crotti." He gave his father's outfit and billet address. "I'm mighty grateful, sir," he said, but he offered no confidences. While they were waiting for the wire, they all three read the new Stars and Stripes.

Colonel Jones continued to read when Crotti finally got his father and began talking. But Colonel Adams listened openly, with frank interest. There was a quality

(Continued on Page 127)

For Home Builders

Douglas Fir and Southern Yellow Pine are used more extensively in home and industrial construction than other woods. Both are manufactured with exacting care by The Long-Bell Lumber Company and are available bearing the Long-Bell trade-mark.

Long-Bell trade-marked timbers in Douglas Fir and Southern Yellow Pine are finding their way *by choice* into the best construction.

All California White Pine Doors

The most economical door to fit, mortise and hang—the Long-Bell All California White Pine door is beautiful and dependable. It takes all finishes perfectly.

Long-Bell Small Home Plans

Retail lumber dealers are provided with the Long-Bell plan service, which you will find of practical aid in planning the small home. Numerous exteriors and floor plans provide a wide range of ideas and suggestions. Ask your retail lumber dealer.

The Long Road

FAMILY LIFE moves its leisurely way on the long journey . . . down the long road . . . as happy a journey as pleasant association can make it.

It is marked . . . usually . . . by one treasured possession in common, *the home*.

The long road *in comfort* has its compensations. A home growing old gracefully . . . continuing to give summer and winter comfort through every season . . . somehow preserves those home associations . . . the memories . . . for all time.

A man can build his home just as substantially, just as sturdily, as he builds his home life.

Comfort built into the home today should last. Comfort *through the years* is not an accident. It is the combination of good workmanship with dependable materials, a choice that must be made by every builder.

Not to slight either the workmanship or the materials is to give the home permanence.

Such foresight often results in the choice, *by name*, of Long-Bell trade-marked lumber, which has the manufacturer's name on every piece as the best assurance of *maximum building value* . . . proved by fifty years' experience in providing dependable lumber.

Ask Your Retail Lumber Dealer

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BLDG. *Lumbermen Since 1875* KANSAS CITY, MO.

LONG-BELL
Trade Marked LUMBER

Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors.

KNOW THE LUMBER YOU BUY

Nature's Gift to Beauty

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement.

Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

AFRICAN PALM TREE

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

OLIVE TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

VALET to $5,000,000,000 worth of clothes!

...some amazing facts about the size of the dry cleaning industry

THE clock ticks twice . . . somewhere in the United States a dozen suits of men's and women's clothes have been dry cleaned. The clock ticks twice more . . . another dozen suits are ready for delivery. And so it goes—six suits every second, every day and night throughout the year.

At the end of a twelve-month, clothes worth more than all the money in circulation in America have been sent back to their owners, fresh and new. Five billion dollars' worth of men's and women's clothes dry cleaned every year!

Startling, is it not? In fact, few people realize the gigantic size of the dry cleaning industry, or its importance in their daily lives. Upwards of 2,500 plants, employing 75,000 workers, are required to render this clothes service; new and larger plants are being added constantly. The industry's list of customers includes half the population of the country—54,000,000 people. The gross business done by dry cleaners last year exceeded $250,000,000, equivalent to the nation's annual war pension appropriation. Every family in the United States spent an average of $11.90 for dry cleaning.

What did they get for their money? They received a scientific clothes-cleaning, clothes-preserving service. Not only were spots and stains taken out, collars and cuffs freshened, but all the unseen dirt and dust, that weakens the cloth, was removed—the fabric itself was given new life, new wearing quality. This latter saving, in dollars and cents, is incalculable. Probably you are one of the 54,000,000 people who shared in it. If you are, you will doubtless save still more during the coming year by sending your clothes to the dry cleaner's more frequently. If you have never tried this service, do so now. Phone any dry cleaner in your city—he will send for the garments you wish cleaned. The United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Let your dry cleaner refresh your clothes

VALETERIA...the newest service your dry cleaner offers

A suit or coat worthy of fine dry cleaning is worthy of the finest pressing. Ask your dry cleaner for Valeteria, the pressing service that shapes your clothes. A unit of six presses is used—for the collar, (1) a collar press; for the left front, (2) a left front forming press; for the right front, (3) a right front forming press; for the back, (4) a back press; for the shoulders, (5) a shoulder press; and for the trousers, (6) a trousers press . . . a specific press for every part of the garment. A suit cared for the Valeteria way retains its shapeliness longer—and *shapeliness is style*. Next time you send your clothes to the dry cleaner, specify Valeteria. You will know your clothes have been Valeteria-pressed by the tag attached to the lapel.

Only owners of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You will find it attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria method

Valeteria

THE PRESSING SERVICE THAT SHAPES YOUR CLOTHES

© 1925, U. S. H. M. Corp.

(Continued from Page 122)

in the ringing young voice that set new values for William Lyman Jones.

"Hello—hel-lo! That you, dad? . . . Yep. . . . Matter? . . . Why, nothing. . . . Just thought I'd call up, since I had the chance. . . . Uh-huh. . . . yep, I got a lot too; no eats, though. . . . Say, did you hear from Frost? . . . Oh, gone plumb through, has it? . . . I've expected it would. . . . Oh, well, I say, dad, we can't have everything, you know; I'd a heap rather go home without a silver mine than without a leg. . . . Oh, good Lord, don't take it like that! You don't mind a few more years' work, do you? . . . Oh, rot, you know mother doesn't give a hang about the travel part of it; you two can take that trip any old time. . . . Of course, I'm going to give it up for a year or two. . . . Why, dad, what's the matter with you? It's no hardship for me to get a couple of years' experience with the best surgeon I know before I take any post grad. . . . Damn that Frog on the wire! Hi, Frenchy! Allez! Allez! . . . Say, dad, when you coming down again? . . . Nope, can't; got a new job—adjutant—yeh. Forgot to tell you I'm captain. . . . Yeh -yeh. . . . Why, his first name's William, I think. . . . Col. William Lyman Jones. Know him? He's sitting right here, so I take pleasure in telling you that I like him fine. . . . Say, they're dead set on getting this line, I guess. . . . Oh, no, no, I won't. . . . I'll write her that you're tickled to death to go broke. . . . Sure! Sure! What? Oh, great! Hope its straight dope. Write me about it, and—cheer up! Go'-by."

He put the telephone slowly back in place; they had all forgotten that the colonel had wanted to speak to Coblenz.

"I don't think I said a thing I wanted to," he said to Colonel Adams, who had crossed the room to his desk. "Dad's voice knocked me all in a heap. My Lord, he sounded sick! I can't believe it would hit him so hard. When mother gets hold of him he'll buck up. But he thinks maybe he'll get home in a few weeks. Jove—home!" He gathered himself up, much as a huge pup shakes off the water after a swim and settles down to normal things. "I've got to go and drink a couple of quarts of cognac with the burgomaster so we can rent the town hall for C Company's dance."

On his way out he stopped at the colonel's desk and thanked him.

"We've had a little hard luck, sir, and I'm mightily obliged to get that wire through to my father. Thank you."

After he had gone, Colonel Adams sat and gossipingly reviewed the matter.

"That family's a wonder. They've saved and planned for twenty years for the time when the doctor could retire; he and Mrs. Crotti and their daughter were going for a three years' jaunt all over creation while Holmes finished his training. Ever since the Armistice, Holmes hasn't thought or talked or dreamed of anything but Johns Hopkins. Now here old Crotti's lost everything they've got in a damfool speculation and Holmes is so sorry for him that he's passed up Johns Hopkins as if it didn't mean any more than a picnic." His glance wandered to the array of photographs. "That mother of his must have a whole lot more to her than most beautiful women have. Unusual-looking woman, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is," said the colonel; "but from the little I've seen, I'd say he's keener on his father."

"No-o, I don't think so. Old Crotti's certainly wrapped up in him though. Of course he's enough to make any man proud of the paternal profession. But Crotti told me, when he was down here, that for seven years Holmes was so puny they didn't think he'd pull through, and that a day never passed when he wasn't studying and working to save him. He's a queer chap, some ways; got a touch of Italian gentleness, like a woman. I remember he said, 'If you want to value anything save it.' We were talking about Holmes. He said, 'I look at that splendid boy and know I saved him, and I love him so much it scares me.' Humph! I guess he'll think he's got pretty good return on his investment, the way Holmes is taking this."

"Yes, indeed," said the colonel, and repeated. "Indeed. Yes, he's certainly a fine youngster. Good stuff. I've been amused at the way he sticks to his prejudice against me because I didn't get out of Paris A. W. O. L. He never forgets it."

Colonel Adams looked a little discomfited.

"Oh, well, you know youth's not always reasonable, colonel. He may have had some such fool prejudice at first, but he's well over it, I'm sure." But Lyman Jones knew this was not true. His insidious crusade to win Holmes Crotti's friendship had availed nothing. If only he could break those intangible barriers of hatred; he knew he could begin building that future of which he now so constantly thought: that future which should bring him and the son of Juliet Holmes together. But—— the boy remained indifferent, adamant, somehow respectfully contemptuous, always a polite subordinate.

Then, one afternoon, a most awkward incident victimized the colonel. He dropped a small paper from a memorandum book that he had taken from his inside pocket. Sergeant Wells picked it up, and stiffened between his colonel and his colonel's adjutant, into a stricken statue of bewildered indecision. Then, gaping at his colonel, he handed the paper to Holmes Crotti.

"'Tain't much wonder I couldn't find it, sir."

The adjutant looked at the paper. It had been cut down to fit the small book.

"No, not much," said Holmes Crotti, not looking up.

"It's that picture we couldn't find of his mother on horseback, sir," Sergeant Wells explained to the Colonel, unaccusingly astonished.

"No!"—incredulously. "Have I—I must have made some notation on the back of it."

"It seems not, sir," said young Crotti. "I expect when you salvaged it you didn't happen to notice the picture on the other side."

"If I were in the habit of salvaging paper scraps, that might explain it, but ——" He scrutinized the small book as if expecting to find surely that it was not his own.

Crotti turned back to his desk with a brief, "Well, it's no matter; I'm glad to find it. . . . Did I tell you, sir, that my father's coming tonight?"

"Oh, splendid!" said Lyman Jones. "If you want my car at any time let me know."

"Thanks, we won't want to do much joy riding, I guess. He can stay over only twenty-four hours. . . . What am I to report on this court-martial case, sir?"

Lyman Jones told him to use his own judgment, and he went for a long walk over the red hills.

Seeing Paul Crotti that evening, he knew instantly that neither of them had an advantage of knowledge. They did not shake hands; but they talked together, pleasantly evasively. They were not alone together. Paul Crotti was a type of whom he knew little; a man of simple contentments, kindliness, unobtrusive strength. On the afternoon that he was to leave, Lyman Jones saw him and the tall young adjutant turn into the dingy old café on the Grande Rue. There were good cakes and coffee there. Lyman Jones indolently cleared his desk and gave Sergeant Wells a message for Captain Crotti when he returned; then he went out, consciously watched by Juliet Holmes' serene, inanimate eyes.

There were two entrances to the café—two big, tall, somber doors. The Crottis had taken the east one. He took the west. Inside, a partition windowed by a half dozen square holes walled up between the doors. Before the war, the place had housed a hilarious proletariat *salon de cabaret* on the one side and a highly decent housewife's *pâtisserie* on the other side.

The room Lyman Jones entered was deserted; the faded colored cotton tablecloths sprawled untidily over the tables; a few busy flies gave the impression of multitudes. A fragrance of pastry, deliciously dainty, made an incongruous pleasantness. Lyman Jones selected his table in relation to the voices on the other side of the partition. He had a paper to read, but he did not need it. No one intruded.

The two voices were arguing in a companionable way. . . . Should the furniture for the waiting room of their new offices be oak or mahogany? . . . "Bet mother'll fix 'em up to suit herself, anyhow—probably wicker. . . ." Holmes was to get the idea of selling their big house and taking an apartment out of his head. . . . Holmes wouldn't do any such thing; mother wasn't the kind who'd waste any worry over a mere house; buy another house, any time they got more money. . . . Jove, mother was a brick!

"Say, dad"—his voice took a new tone—"Sergeant Wells just gave me some new dope on the Parisite; I tell you the old devil has got a case on mother. Pure rot to pretend he didn't know he had her picture all trimmed up, damn him, in his pocket. And Wells came in on him this morning, standing in front of that big picture on my desk. Wells said he got red as a girl and actually stammered. Don't I itch, though, to wallop him?"

"Well, my boy, you'd have a big job on your hands if you walloped every man we know who's had a case on your mother. I wish I could get as disturbed as you feel I should, but what if he does admire her pictures? Perhaps she reminds him of someone; perhaps she appeals to his imagination; perhaps ——"

"Imagination! He's got about as much imagination, that guy, as a machine gun. What's more, I'm all the time catching him looking at me, too, like a sleek old tomcat speculating on being hungry. One of these days I'm going to forget those little eagles on his shoulders."

"Great Lord, Holmes! Has some psychoanalysist been preying on you? You've got self-conscious with the man that's all. You always were a stubborn young rooster, and when you made up your mind not to like him and found it hard work, you whipped yourself into antagonism. Damn foolishness!"

"Nice dope, dad. Happens I'm the wrong patient, that's all. I tell you that he wants something of me!"

"But, you young fool, what in the devil could he want?"

"Perhaps"—stubbornly—"he wants a pull with mother."

This brought a short laugh.

"And, what are you arranging about his own wife?"

"Oh, he'd buy her off; or buy somebody to get rid of her. His money's got him everything he's ever wanted."

Lyman Jones paid this pretty irony the homage of a tight smile. But for the one time when his money had failed him—the one generous check that had never been cashed—those same scorning lips would never have been born to speak their contempt of him.

"If he decided he wanted mother," the young voice went on extravagantly, "he'd simply buy a man to tap you on the head in some dark alley and ——"

"—— buy your mother, too, I suppose."

"He'd try. Jove, it'd be good for him! . . . This is good bread, don't you think? But I wish they'd put salt in their butter; tastes like cold cream. . . . Say, has your old liver trouble been bothering again? You've looked seedy, somehow, this trip. Right now, you're kind of off color. Feel all right?"

Across the wall, Lyman Jones grinned again grimly. Small wonder Paul Crotti should be off color. But the voice held firmly.

"Oh, yes; pretty tired, that's all. And I hate like the devil to leave you here, Holmes, in this state of mind. I tell you it's bad—bad to let yourself in for such violent dislikes. They eat you up. You've got

(Continued on Page 129

Reach Official Basketball

Now on Sale in Your City

YOUR local Reach dealer is ready to supply you with the new 1925-26 Reach Official Basketball as furnished to the leading teams of America.

This ball is made in conformity with the latest official rulings and the name Reach, known to Sportdom these sixty years, is sufficient guarantee of its quality.

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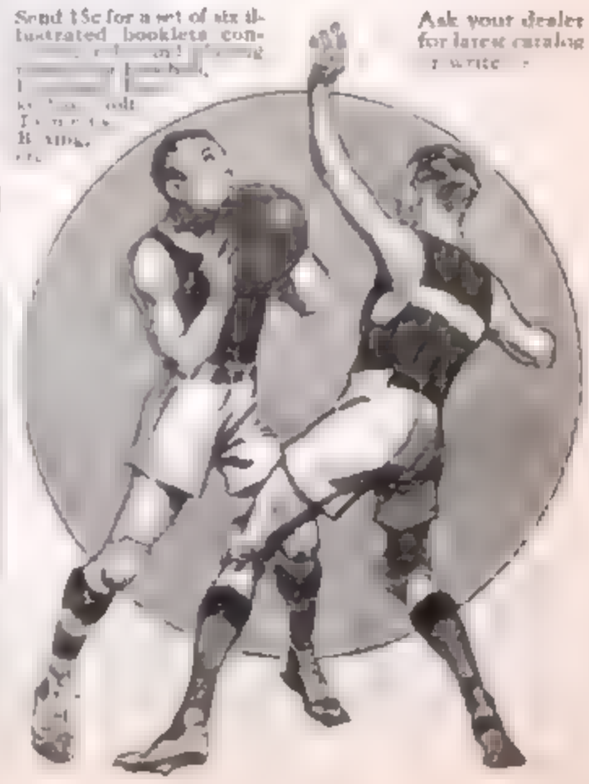

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TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

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They used to charge a guest fifty cents for a bucket of coal at the leading Chicago hotels back in the 80's. And a fellow couldn't take a real bath even on Saturday nights, for there weren't any bath tubs. The roller towel soon became galvanized from overuse. The Sherman was considered a most excellent hostelry in those days, but it was judged by the standards of Chicago in its rompers.

Now look what you get for your money at the New Sherman! Every possible convenience, plus all the comforts of home. Ah, this changing world!

John T. McCutcheon

John T. McCutcheon

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As seen by John T. McCutcheon

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1700 Rooms

Each With Bath

75% at the HOTEL SHERMAN'S most moderate rates

No waiting for room assignment at any time

An Old Friend in a New Home

The friendly old Hotel Sherman has become the friendly New Hotel Sherman. In its new home, it has still the warmth of welcome and high order of service that have established its reputation for almost a century. *Immediate room assignment* is only one of a score of innovations this hotel has introduced for the comfort and entertainment of its guests.

Among the notable features which are attracting nation-wide attention are a special floor for women, a floor with special equipment for tall guests, an entrance admitting directly to elevators and desks, unparalleled lift service, a lobby so expansive it never seems crowded, a unique club-valet service for "the man in a hurry," and many others.

In furnishings, in service, in arrangement, and in decoration, the New Hotel Sherman is a revelation to the traveling public.

The New Hotel Sherman, with a banquet hall seating 2000, a huge exhibition hall and a greatly enlarged mezzanine floor, offers convention and exposition facilities not found in any other hotel —more than one and one-half acres of floor space in the heart of the loop. Our Convention Bureau is at your disposal

Exhibits, meetings, entertainments and the housing of guests —all under one roof

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The New Hotel Sherman is the home of Chicago's three best-liked restaurants. The Old Town Coffee Room, with Tony Sarg's famous painting of Chicago in 1852, serves Hotel Sherman food at popular prices. The College Inn, known internationally for its cuisine and patronage by notables, has Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra. The Bal Tabarin, Chicago's smartest supper club, in the Marionette Room, has Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders and Tony Sarg's Marionette Revue. This has been called "the most beautiful ball room in America."

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Most Central of Chicago's Hotels—Nearest Theatres, Shopping District, Public Buildings, Boulevards

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · *Chicago*

Continued from Page 127

to work with this man for God knows how many months yet, and I wish ——"

"Oh, cut it, dad!" The irritated voice flamed to anger. "Forget him, can't you? I've hated him from the second I saw him, and I intend to have the satisfaction of hating him more every day that I'm jailed in his sacred presence. If I'm court-martialed because of any direct remarks I may make to him, why—it—be worth it, see?"

"Holmes" the reflective older voice came slowly, as if pulled from a tangle of difficult thoughts—"this hating business is bred in your very marrow, and you've got to get the better of it. Do you know why your mother's father went insane?"

Lyman Jones' mind fumbled to find a memory of Hal Holmes—queer, quiet Hal Holmes—in whose cabin, long ago, a young girl, fearless as fire, with flying hair and lips of laughter, had dreamed of a knight like those in her father's books. So Hal Holmes had gone insane!

"I know why you've told me he did," that girl's son was saying—"because he was cheated out of his mining claim."

"He went insane from hating a man; no other reason on earth. Your mother almost did too. That's why you were born nearer dead than alive—because she spent every atom of her spirit and courage in hating, all the months before you came."

"Little difficult to fit mother into that picture, dad. Isn't eighteen somewhat young for such devastating emotions? Whom did she hate?"

"The scoundrel who betrayed your—grandfather—and took all he had. She worshiped your grandfather. But she did him no good by driving herself nearly insane with hating. Before God, Holmes, I'm I'm afraid to go away and leave you here, hating this man." His voice thinned, shook a little. "I'd rather see you dead than—than ——"

"Oh, I say now, dad! Great Scott, this isn't so serious! You're not yourself, dad. You've let this hard luck get your nerves. Forget the Parisite. I'll make a bargain with you. I've watched you sizing him up, and I grant you know more about the human animal than I do. I'll try to get a new slant on him, if you can look me in the eye and deny that he doesn't give you the creeps too. Do you like him?"

There was a short silence. In it the fragrance of fresh French pastry became a lasting abomination to the nostrils of Lyman Jones. But Paul Crotti told his lie with a tongue touched by the blood of old Romans who hid many a good lie deeper than the thrust of a searching dagger.

"Yes, I like him. In fact, I think he's unusually human and likable for a man who's made as big a place for himself in the world as he has. I'm sure I—I should like him very much."

Lyman Jones tucked a five-franc note under his flowered plate and left the place quickly on quiet feet. For an hour, at headquarters, he spoke to no one, pretending vast occupation in petty papers. Finally Holmes Crotti came. He was late. He had been asked to return at four. He came directly to the colonel's desk.

"I'm very sorry to be late, sir. We forgot the time. I hope I haven't inconvenienced you."

It was a new voice; a new attitude. He had left his antagonism, had bartered it for faith in Paul Crotti's lie. Lyman Jones' throat thickened; his voice came hard.

"Doesn't make the slightest difference, Crotti. We'll put it off till morning. Nearly time for your father's train, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. He went down to my billet for his bag. We'd no idea it was so late. He asked me to say good-by for him. If I may make out that requisition in the morning, though, I'll run down to the train and see him off."

"Why, certainly," said Lyman Jones. He let him get to the door—through the door—into the dark wide hall. Then he called him back. He smiled at him and young Crotti smiled back. The beauty of his mother was like a veil between them.

"Tell your father," said the Colonel, "that if he can manage to lay over in Brest for a week I think I can arrange to relieve you. Perhaps you might sail together."

In the swift stinging instant before the boy spoke, Lyman Jones tasted the torment of knowing values he had lost; the handsome young face flashed with amazed gratitude.

"There's nothing in the world could mean so much to us, Colonel Jones. I'll certainly be eternally grateful."

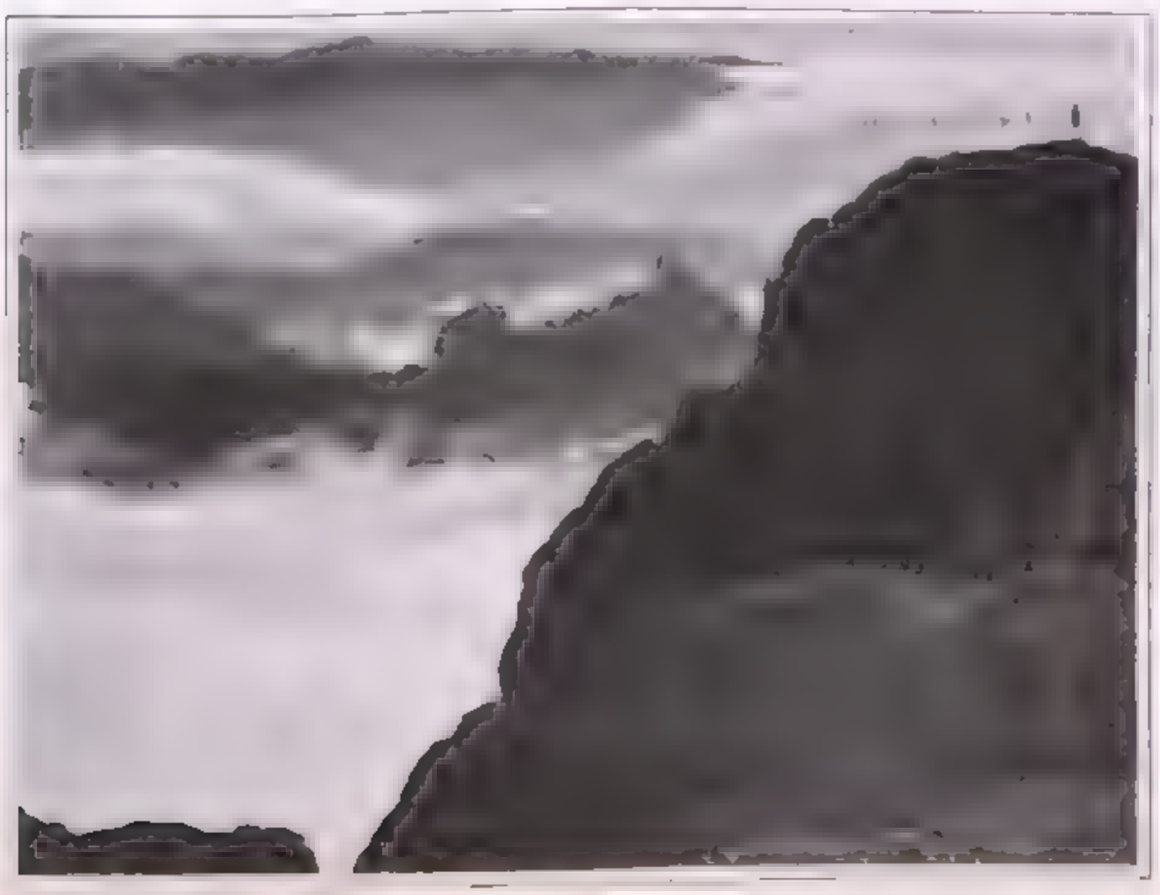
"Of course I'm not sure, but I think I can do it," said Lyman Jones dismissingly.

After Crotti had rushed out, Lyman Jones looked over at the large photograph of Juliet Holmes. It was absurd to want a picture so much as he wanted to possess the gaze of those serene, inanimate eyes. In a week the picture would be taken away—all the pictures and the framed verse that centered them. "Youth shows but half," it said. "The best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made."

Lyman Jones closed his eyes and rubbed his hand across them in a careless gesture.

"By Jove, sir, I wish you could have seen dad's face when I told him" young Crotti said when he came back.

"Yes, I wish I might have," said the colonel.



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Two thin layers—air space between—Warmth with *light weight!*

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EL PARRETT'S LUCK

Continued from Page 29

ocular proof of his importance at least to one selected man of the succeeding generation. That man must be the formidable Syd Haskell, beyond doubt.

"Ain't you laid the paint on a little thick tonight?" Jakey queried, looking hard at Arley.

"My cheeks are just like fire," she confessed, touching them, and then, with a thoughtful finger, just stirring the flowering-up of muslin ruffle at her throat. There was a mirror evidently at Dan's back, in which she saw herself reflected. Her eyes coasted past his and fixed themselves on that.

"Spring fires get into anybody's blood," Mr. Ridlon said. "I got an accumulation of waste years I wouldn't mind putting to the flame myself. Night like this sometimes gives me a touch of the harp."

"Why don't you get it down?" Arley said impulsively.

"Ain't a ladder long enough to reach it," countered Mr. Ridlon. This subject was evidently pull-and-haul between them. "I'll bring it down the day the Neptune casts off," he added waggishly. "You've been a sailor, you tell me, Mr. Stelle. Why don't you undertake to put to sea in that old packet?"

"Put to sea?" Dan said, bemused. "Why should I put to sea now, Mr. Ridlon? I've just come." He laughed. "I've worked hard enough, times past, to meet this appointment to have supper with you."

He told them whimsically how nearly he had missed his ship last winter in the harbor of Colombo. He drew a swift picture of that harbor, fringed with palms, crowded with strange shipping, ghostly carriers in antiquated shapes. With a thunderstorm ready to break over his head, he had called out in English to the watermen and brought a sampan gliding out of the dark. The head rower put the wet tiller ropes into his hands, and six skinny rowers went pulling their hearts out through a cloud-burst, all for the fraction of a European penny. There was no seeing the lights of his ship; he steered for the spot where he had last seen her.

"I made it, quite by accident," he said. "Those chaps were more like animated shadows than actual men. They didn't speak, they had to trust me to know where I was going. Did I have an inkling then that I would be sitting at your supper table here? I suppose it was all in those oar blades though. They did reach the ship."

"They were certain to reach the ship," Arley Parrett said with great calm.

"They were, yes, if life is as perfectly theatrical as some assume."

"But don't you see, you are here actually. They were certain to do exactly what they did. I've heard my father say so often that possibility is just another name for human ignorance. There's only one way for things to fall out, ever."

Dan Stelle took his fascinated eyes away from Arley's. There was danger to a foot-loose man in this heightened sense of any woman's neighborhood. There were aspects of her under which his senses, for a forgetful second, were positively chained, as if in the space between conflicting impulses. She was like a willfulness of Nature here, a brilliant, grafted shoot on a decayed stock, a proof of bounty even in this barren soil.

"You're the perfect fatalist," Dan uttered.

In the abrupt silence, he heard first the rasp of a cow's hoofs against the sea-colored stones under the apple trees outside, and then the bell in the white tower at the Ship Lane End struck six. It was so quiet all about that he had heard that whole queer reluctance of the mechanism just preceding the strokes; and then, for ten or fifteen seconds afterward, the reverberations went dying away among the elms. There was literally nothing, not an echo, to interrupt that drone coming fainter and fainter out of the white steeple, open on all sides, and balustraded, wherein the dark bell metal hung shivering.

"Fatalist," Arley repeated. "You see, my hour has struck."

But a noise had now arisen in competition with those last reverberations. It was the sound of a car coming; the sort of car whose scurrilous note sometimes made them wonder if possibly it wasn't another airship passing over the house rather than an earth-borne vehicle, since twice in the past year the shadow of an airship had flitted over Kirby Mills.

The car hurtled past, driven at a furious pace, and almost at once was backing into the tall grass and maneuvering into a position to be gone again. Old Hiram, his bowed head a spotted yellow moon, still hung oblivious over his plate; but Jakey Ridlon grew ashy pale, swallowed his cigar, produced it again and laid it on the table edge, though twice already through the meal Arley had frowned it away from there. Dan looked at Arley. She had risen from her seat. The likeness to El Parrett, especially around the mouth and eyes, was never more conspicuous. It was as if the wind of an invisible blow had touched her cheek without forcing her to draw back her head one jot.

As if to explain her getting up from the table, she made three or four swift steps, captured a June bug and threw it, with a shudder, into the tall stove crowned with a nickel Indian which stood just behind her chair.

"Our first job in the morning must be to get the mosquito netting tacked on over all these windows," she announced to Jakey. "These clumsy June bugs tumble about so—they're perfectly distracting."

There was no time for further artifice. Syd Haskell, unexpected, was leaning in the doorway.

"I didn't look for you back so soon," Arley said.

"So it seems."

The boorish sentence was a second blow, planted this time square over her outraged heart. She didn't sit down, but stood waiting, her lips parted slightly. Dan Stelle remembered the station agent's squinted appraisal of the jealous lover's bodily proficiency. It seemed well justified in the light of present facts; and Syd Haskell was evidently on the warpath. He had intolerant black eyes in a well-shaped head, perhaps a thought too small for his body; and these eyes glowed hot under heavy brows coated with mill dust. He had come in mad haste, entering without knocking, coming into their midst as they were eating without so much as taking off his hat in his preoccupied fury. That in itself could not be taken as insolence in a village where neighbors didn't stand on ceremony, yet the manner of it was unquestionably insolent.

"Heard you wanted transportation down-river tonight," he said to Dan without noticing the others. He was in overalls, the blue cambric shirt open at his throat, his crest ruffled. The deep muscles of those shoulders with their heavy caps had thrown his head a little forward by habit and the challenge in his eyes had added to this natural tilt. His body, well-fleshed, was tied together strongly at the joints. He had the ligaments of a bull and the heart of strength is in the ligaments full as much as in the muscles. His thick wrist, square as a wrench, joined a big square hand dangerously.

He was in his present mood an ugly customer; he could be, Jakey had admitted, ugly as a meat ax when he wanted to; and there was a proprietary gleam in his eye when he looked at Arley Parrett. He was not showing to his best advantage. The frail walls of the house seemed to yield and buckle in and out with his audible breathing. Now that he was standing still and indoors the racing heat of his blood made sweat stand out on him thick.

And Dan Stelle, who by every dictate of right reason should have closed with Haskell's offer of transportation down the river, felt a kindling madness in his own soul. A rigid opposition to that man's decree went on developing inside him at a frightful pace. He itched to knock the hat off Haskell's head, he wanted to bash in that peremptory nose level with the man's face, or hook out his legs from under him. His own body was apt enough for such an enterprise. He was morally certain that he could take two falls out of three, even at the worst. Why then should he let this big bully blast him out of the house without so much as aye, yes or no.

Yet to refuse the offer was to sit into the game emphatically. Without considering that too fully, without so much as shifting in his seat, he said that he had thought better of his first intention. Nothing was to be gained by going down tonight over these horse roads, since Miss Parrett had been good enough to offer him a room here.

Syd Haskell had evidently thought him as compliant as a sack of meal out of the mill. Balked, he grew from second to second more infuriated. He shifted his grip on the door jamb and the whole square set creaked with the thump of his palm. Then, dropping the lids over his hot eyes, he summoned Arley to a conference out back.

The girl's eye, uncertain, met Dan Stelle's for just the fraction of a second; but that fraction was enough. The tyrannizing force of this appeal filled him with a sentimental fury; he had seen her imperiled soul, he fancied; he saw it still, all its intangible property in the depths of her courageous eyes, and even clear to the tips of those slim fingers, poised, standing up tall on the tablecloth which had wrinkled up against her plate. Although he was not consistently a remarker of such objects, he did see that she was wearing some man's ring, and he could make a shrewd guess at the man.

The sword of Damocles hung over the house of Parrett in a shape more menacing even than Misery Hill. Yet, Nature wouldn't do anything in a hurry, Mr. Ridlon had averred a little earlier, with a calculating look at that big block of stone which had been hanging by a hair for now going on a century, old residents reported. And that might be true; but could the same be said of man? Syd Haskell was a hasty soul, and his haste struck haste into the souls of others. He gave them no time to look to their defenses. Dan Stelle himself had been in haste suddenly and irrationally to encourage Arley Parrett, quite without words, necessarily, to make her stand against that physically irresistible proprietor.

He had done exactly that; yet he knew that in the morning he would be gone out of her life forever. True, from the instant his schedule had been turned back on its hinges, he had felt himself swinging on the tide a little; demons were at work touching the rusted springs of unsuspected impulses. This was a world within a world, and his initiation had been swift, but yet he was, by nature and professionally, too, a foot-loose man. An episode was not a life. Whatever the enterprise of his imagination, so easily energized by a look, a color, a fleeting shape, an implicative word, he had still a schedule. His conviction was unshaken that if Misery Hill didn't collapse in the night, if his heart didn't fail and his legs continued solid under him, he would be gone in the morning on that early train. Outward bound for Caracas, he would recall this woman only as a vision, abrupt, vivid, vanished, a flash of harmless lightning through his heart.

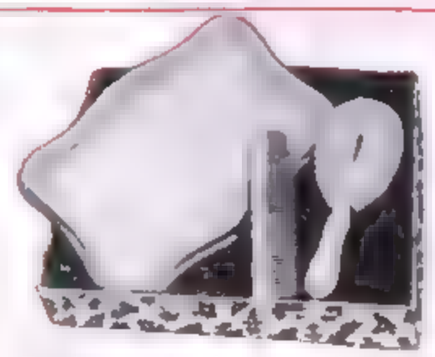
In the nature of things, nothing could happen to return him here. As if to fix the place in his mind, he looked hard all about him in the interval of silence with Syd and Arley gone. Jakey Ridlon, breathing

(Continued on Page 134)

Gifts for Everyone

A beautiful white Fullerex set of Clothes Brush, Manicure Brush, Hair Brush and Comb to give the friend who loves dainty things.

This Ivory Fullerex Crumb Set is a useful as well as beautiful gift. Every housewife will be pleased to receive it.



For the dressing table—A comb, a brush and a tray all in snowy Fullerex. Each set comes packed in a colorful holly box.

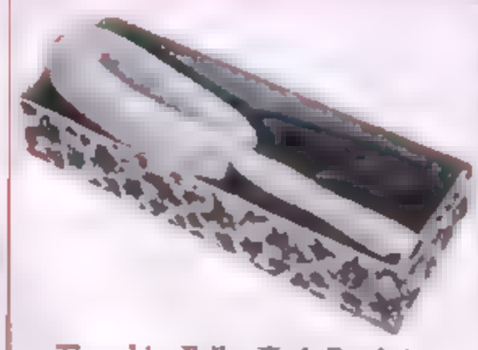
Here is something to please the man of the family. Give him this practical Shell Fullerex set of Clothes, Manicure, Hair Brush and Comb.

The Fuller Furniture Set: A gift that will save time and work for her every day of 1926.

The Fuller Shower Brush is a most desirable gift that will bring to the home of a relative or friend the comfort and convenience of a shower bath without the expense of additional plumbing.

A practical gift set for the woman who likes to have the very newest things for her kitchen.

A feminine Clothes Brush, with white bristles and ivory Fullerex Handle. It will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness. . .



The white Fuller Flesh Brush is a welcome addition to the personal toilet set. Each is packed in holly box.

A dainty remembrance for anyone—the Fuller Manicure Brush in a holly box.

For the man you want to be sure to please there is nothing nicer than the Shell Fullerex Comb and Brush.

Pleasing the men at Christmastime is no longer a problem. Why not give "him" a shell Fullerex Clothes Brush?

A Vanity Case, which includes a comb, for the "sub-deb" or her mother.

Be Sure to See These Two Beautiful Sets

You can bring real joy to some relative or friend with one of these wonderful gift sets of six personal brushes either in Shell or Ivory Fullerex. The sets are neatly packed in trim holly boxes, all ready to send or to hang on the tree.

If there's a boy in the family see the handy Outing Set in a leather case.

When you give the Fuller Broom you give shorter hours and easier work to someone.

The Fuller Dry Mop—a practical gift that will save much time and work for someone all through the coming New Year.

The Fuller Man brings to you these beautiful and useful Fuller gift brushes, and many others which are so new that we could not show them here. From them you can make your selections in the quiet leisure of your home. The Fuller Man who comes to your door is a home-town business man representing a nationally welcomed service. If he has not called by the time you are ready to do your Christmas buying, telephone The Fuller Brush Co. Branch office in your city, or write, 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Genuine Fuller Products carry the Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both

FULLER BRUSHES

When William Penn built this old house in the seventeenth century in the City of Brotherly Love, he built very modestly, as was the Quaker custom. The real charm of this quaint old home lies in the spacing and treatment of the openings (doors and windows) and the judicious use of the exterior woodwork.

Painted expressly for the Curtis Companies Incorporated, by Sundblom.

The home you build today can have this same quaint charm

The Curtis Dealer nearest you can show you equally beautiful woodwork, as illustrated on the next page

It would have delighted the designer and builder of William Penn's home could he have known that some two hundred years later the details of Curtis Woodwork for twentieth century homes would follow his patterns so closely.

Many of the Curtis forms are similar to those found in the finest old houses in this country, and they are readily obtainable through Curtis dealers.

A glance at the next page will show you a few of the many Curtis designs with which your architect or builder can obtain most delightful results.

No matter whether you intend to build a town house, a suburban residence, or a home in the country, the right designs and sizes of Curtis Woodwork are already made for you.

They can be obtained through the Curtis dealer nearest you. Perhaps he has a display room or some items in stock that he can show you. You and your architect or builder can select the designs and sizes you require from his Curtis catalog. It shows everything in woodwork: entrances and exterior doors, interior doors and trim, cabinetwork of all kinds, stairs and stairwork, windows, window and door frames and blinds and porch material.

Your architect will approve of Curtis designs because they have genuine architectural merit. They were designed by no less authorities than Trowbridge & Ackerman, of New York, architects of some of the finest residences in America.

Your builder will be pleased to have you use Curtis Woodwork, because Curtis completes each piece in the factory and saves him time and labor on the job. Every building mechanic who has anything to do with the woodwork—carpenter, glazier, painter, decorator—will commend your judgment. It is only natural for good workmen to appreciate the good materials and workmanship found in Curtis Woodwork.

How Curtis builds-in quality

In Curtis double-hung windows, for example (one is illustrated here), the check-rails—where the top and bottom sash meet—are rabbeted so as to keep out the wind and cold. All exterior woodwork is made of long-lasting woods. The moldings (see cornice illustrated) are correct in contour to produce the desired architectural effect.

So also with stairs. As made by Curtis, these stair parts represent the utmost in careful workmanship, selection of material and authenticity of design.

Note the bedroom unit illustrated above. In such permanent furniture, as in mantels, bookcases, china closets, sideboards, kitchen dressers, you get cabinetwork constructed as fine furniture is made. The drawers have dovetailed corners and laminated bottoms that cannot slip out or crack. Each drawer works on a center guide so that it cannot stick. 1⅛ inch stock is used for cabinet fronts and doors.

Curtis Woodwork costs no more and often less

When these many points of superiority in Curtis Woodwork are taken into account, you will be surprised how little it costs—often no more than ordinary "millwork", and always considerably less when

Windows that keep out the weather

Two important items of exterior woodwork are the window and blinds. They can add much to the beauty of a house when well chosen. The window on the left is C-1024 and the shutters C-1165. Shutters approximately $4.25 per pair. Window, average size, $3.84. Beauty, obtained through nice proportions and delicate moldings, is not the only quality of Curtis windows. They resist seven times as much wind pressure at the check-rail (where the top and bottom sash meet) as ordinary windows.

Curtis stairs and stair parts

The stairway is, as a rule, the largest and most important single item of woodwork in the house. Its design gives the keynote to the architectural character of the interior. Curtis produces stairs in two forms: as complete stairways and as stair parts. Curtis complete stairs C-900 are illustrated below.

such expense items are included as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job.

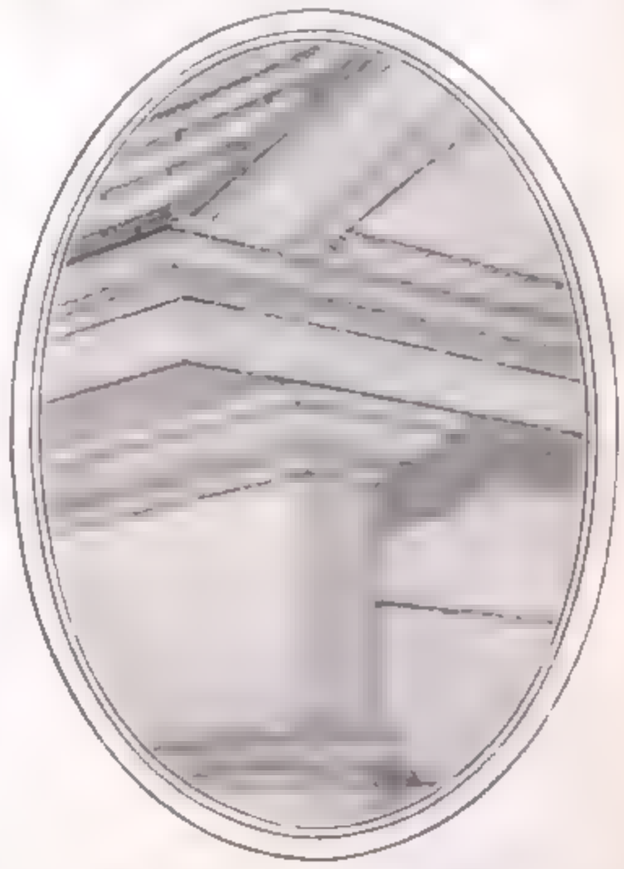
You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

Permanent furniture for the bedroom

Built-in furniture in the bedroom is growing in favor in the better homes. It has a dignity and architectural character not possessed by movable furniture. The design shown above is a three-fold unit, consisting of a dressing table (C-810) in the center, with a hanging closet (C-814) on one side, and a tray case (C-812) or built-in chifferobe on the other. There is a large mirror at the back of the table, and at the sides are two hinged mirrors. The drawer case below the table top is commodious and handy.

Exterior woodwork designs for authentic effects

Right at this point—where the roof meets the walls of the house, in other words, the cornice—is where many a house fails of being a good design. A would-be Colonial is often produced instead of a real Colonial. Likewise with other architectural types. Curtis offers you cornice moldings that will enable your architect to get cornice effects that are exactly right.



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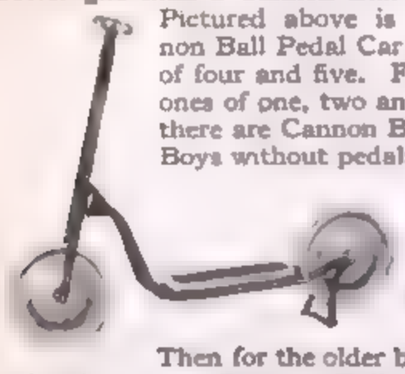

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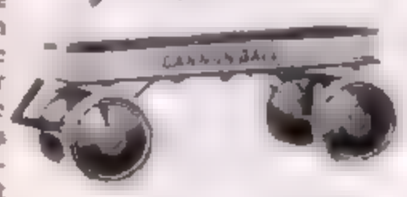

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(Continued from Page 130)

smoke, popped his cigar out, hot end forward, with a little grunt. Absorbed in the distant sounds of that tense and bitterly whispered quarrel, he had for once omitted some portion of the technic of swallowing hot cigars.

"Hear what the man's saying to her now?" he whispered.

"No."

"Listen and you'll hear."

"It doesn't interest me."

"It concerns you though. Ain't you interested in what concerns you? Hark!"

Jakey Ridlon held up a hand for silence. All the eavesdropper in the little man looked out of his intent blue eye; but he was thwarted. Another door, the door into the woodshed evidently, opened and then shut against him distantly.

"I caught a part of it though," he said, piercing all of Dan's pretenses. "Enough to tell me there's a hot controversy going on over your staying here the night. Either he goes, Syd says, or I never come back, one or the other of the two things."

"Must be something wrong with your hearing," Dan insisted.

"Mister, I got as good a pair of ears as the next man," Jakey flicked them forward one after the other with his forefingers. "These ears are good enough to hear a bean crack the sod sprouting through. They were helped out, too, by my knowing what he would be likely to say to her, judging by the past."

"You think she is in love with him?" Dan muttered, betrayed out of his first resolution.

"What conclusion would you draw from that ring on her finger?" Jakey asked, triumphing.

The little man drew the withered lids up across his brilliant eyeballs to reveal a light of coy humor they had hid.

"Ought not to be any call for a woman like her to fall in love with a man like him. I would have done him up in a meal sack with a cobblestone and dropped him in the river long ago, only for thinking I couldn't make it look right with the authorities. He makes a fair thing out of his flour mill, and he's a handy man with a gun. When you've said that you've said everything. He don't even speak a fair language Why she's got more brains in her fingers ——"

The little man snorted.

"Why get herself engaged then?"

"What's the good of falling into the ocean when you've got it all around you, hey?" Jakey resumed. "Little things led up to it. He'd take her to dances, and she'd come home and mix him up an eggnog with a drop of El Parrett's holiday sherry in it; and the two of them would sit there and sip at it at the kitchen dresser like a couple of people on a desert island waiting for a rescue party. I lay it to that going to her head more than anything. She finds herself in an orchard where the fruit is on the ground and she picks up an apple, the way it was with Eve in her predicament. Maybe it's a little raillroady, but she sees a fair place in it and touches it up against her cheek, and maybe sinks her teeth in it, see? And then ——"

"Then she sees another," Dan interjected, "and away goes the first one with one bite out of it."

"The method's growing on 'em," Jakey nodded acquiescence. "I can look back to a time when there were sixty-four children by actual count from the station to the shipyard, where now there ain't a baker's dozen."

The young migrated to the city, he implied dolorously. He looked sadly at Hiram Parrett, so comfortably immured within those faulty ears. The old man was just finishing his third helping of the fish.

"How old is she?" Dan whispered shamelessly

"On the steep side of twenty-six — no, twenty-seven," Jakey whispered back

Twenty-seven — and Hiram Parrett hale as ever. With his luck, he would outlive her, maybe. Twenty-seven years of Kirby Mills. Long enough, at least, to see the Parrett fortunes slip into the dust; long enough to witness the rise and fall of the glue factory, and the substitution of hard growth for soft at Ship Lane End.

He had been cruel. He felt like an interloper. But some sentiment akin to jealousy—it couldn't be that, although it was quite as overpowering—forced him to cry out against Syd Haskell in possession. That man was not the man for Arley Parrett.

She came back alone and slipped into her chair. She looked at their plates. There was plenty of the fish, she said; but supper had come to an end. They were being regaled with the haunting buzz of Jakey Ridlon's well-nigh-spent cigar.

Dan saw, with panic in his breast, that the little man's ears had not deceived him. The ring was gone from Arley Parrett's finger. Still, even now, what was there he could do? The facts were hurled in his teeth, but he couldn't take notice of them. He could not even broach the subject of that discarded lover in her presence. He did not want to. His sense of the immediate moment was intense and satisfying. Was it Kate Symons who had told him of certain of her lines, that no sooner had they escaped her pen than they seemed already a century old, such was their natural authority? He could believe her now the more readily, since he felt all at once so thoroughly at home in Kirby Mills. These chance combinations thronging thick, and so felicitous, made the fires in him burn more freely. Caracas was for the morrow. Meantime that undisturbed clarity of the air here was full of high potentials and had a kind of natural magic in it. Yes, magicians would quite likely find conditions favorable under these high elms for conjuring souls out of unsuspecting human bodies—throwing up two or more together in the air, in colored bursts and flashes.

Hiram Parrett brought him back to earth.

"I want to see the third volume again of Buckle's History of Civilization," the old man announced sonorously, getting up and rapping his knuckles on the table. "Arley, you suppose you could get the key of your Aunt Ella and get into the library?"

Arley nodded over her shoulder from the kitchen door; and Hiram retreated to his den. The boards in the hall went "Wallop, wallop" under his tread. His schedule was more unassailable than Dan's. The girl was stacking dishes in the sink, when her lodger approached with a dish towel in his hand which he had plucked down from the rack over the stove.

"You needn't really," she protested. "I'm perfectly capable—there's only just these few ——"

He received the hot dishes one at a time with gravity, and with the intentness of a conjuror. The elms outside drew his gaze again. They seemed to have their roots actually in the granite, and their giant stems, soaringly vertical, terminated in that graceful rocketlike explosion of leaves against the blue. They had a hundred and a quarter of years packed inside their bark in circles; in this aspect they were timekeepers, but he more gloomily thought of them as murderers who had for penalty been rooted to the spot of their crimes and forced to brood eternally over this gradual evaporation of the ghosts of the slain.

"They are perfectly beautiful," he said aloud, as if to banish the dark analogy.

"They do rot the shingles dreadfully on the north side of the house though," Arley said. She must have partly read his mind. "People who come here always compliment us on our scenery, as if we could live on it. I could be happy in a slum," she cried with sudden shadowed fierceness.

"Given the conditions," the transient under her roof replied softly, with a guilty sense of being implicated in some secret aspiration. She took refuge in the trees again.

"They stand so still as if caught in the act," she murmured. Without looking at him she held out a sudsy dish which he in his preoccupation did not immediately take. When he did see it hanging in the air held in those glittering soft fingers, he snatched at it, and found her remark still echoing at the tip of his auditory nerve. He replied rapidly and carelessly that he had never anywhere had less the sensation of standing still than since dropping off at Kirby Mills.

"I have made giant strides, it seems to me," he said. "The air here is full of oxygen. A man lives a lifetime in half an hour."

"He can learn nearly everything in half an hour that makes up a lifetime here, if you mean that," Arley said, and made a flourish of her wet forearm toward her brow. "It's so tame here you really have to look out not to step on the birds," she went on holding out the last dish.

"I guess that don't apply to partridges," Mr. Ridlon uttered craftily from his chair in the window. Arley bit her lip. The silence was so absolute that they could all hear Hiram, in the front of the house, pulling out the drawers of his desk, one after the other.

"He's hunting for pipe cleaners," the girl cried. "They're here over the mantel."

She vanished with a flirt of the package over her head.

"Anticipates his every wish," Mr. Ridlon said sadly. "What I meant by that about the partridges. She and Syd would hunt by the hour down in those Parrett woods and never seemed to bring any birds back, where when he went alone he got aplenty." He put a hand on Stelle's arm. "I ain't easy in my mind," he whispered. "This thing don't have to me the look of being finished. I've seen this man Haskell drive a twenty-penny nail through two boards with the flat of his hand. Seven-eighths stuff too."

"A man like that ought to make his way in the world," Dan said. He made up his mind that he was going with Arley Parrett to the library and he easily enough brought that to pass. Jakey Ridlon's fearing eye fixed them hard when they went through the door, but he said nothing more to stop them. What more was there to say? They knew their own minds.

It was like stealing a march on probability, Dan thought, drifting at her side. Bereft of the audience which Jakey Ridlon constituted, they were at a loss for words. Their feet sank noiseless in the spongy turf, thickset with moss, starred with petals of the wild strawberry and dusted with a dim coiling of forget-me-nots.

Overnight, daisies would spring up here in their white thousands, rifting in, a hoarfrost of daisies. June made rapid changes. June and Arley Parrett had skillfully blurred and blended into one; June, a full woman lavish in the whirl of her seductive raiment, confident from so many conquests, yet in such haste. . . . Everything must be spent at once, nothing could be husbanded.

The girl was the moving incarnation of the season. Dan Stelle was in a dream which his friend Kate Symons, with her skill in consolidating moods, would have recognized, perhaps, for poetry gone wild. The field, he saw, was like a long comber rising to a dazzling crest—that consisted of the apple blossoms—and the apple trees, with their camel's backed lower limbs, were shipwrecked souls, blown about, all asprawl, going under for the last time in that fluid waft of green Arley Parrett was the Venus rolled to his feet magically from that foam; and he, Dan Stelle—who was going to Caracas on pressing business in the morning—was just now a foot-loose mortal in competition with jealous gods.

"There's Jakey's precious boat," he heard Arley saying.

The old stern-wheeler Neptune, white wraith of other days, was tied up to a rotted wharf by bleached warps faultily parceled with old sacking at the chafing places. Her rusted stack, swathed with canvas at its top to keep the rain out, stuck up there like a sore thumb, Arley said ruefully.

"That was Jakey's life, poor dear," she murmured. "He can't play ashore, he says,

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 134)

because he doesn't have that feeling of being in competition with the engine. I wish he wasn't quite so silly about it. Music is something you don't notice the absence of, exactly: but when you do hear it, you have that sense of so many things missed, it just cries you down for your stupidity in having let occasions pass. I used to come here and watch for the boat to appear around the bend."

Dan Stelle was hearing echoes of the harp, the banjo and the violin—there were three men of us—all that romantic strumming and plucking and wheedling of the down-river boat's romantic orchestra, blended with the musical clack and groan of the engine rocking on its bed. The thick oak of the mossy paddles would be boxing the water astern, cinders out of the stack raining on the deck's blue-painted canvas, the flag halyards rapping against that pole way in the nose of her with the gilt ball and wind-stocking at its tip.

"You're right," Dan muttered. "Music can make something out of nothing quicker than scat."

They found themselves in Kirby Mills' main street. The elms here were stacked thick. Practically opposite them was her Aunt Ella's house, and after crossing the street, he muttered that he would wait where he was while Arley went in and got the key.

Neatness, the product of unremitting bone labor, was the characteristic of Ella Guptill's place. The paint on the clapboards had a dewy whiteness; the window sashes were freshly drawn that spring with green; the glass glittered clear. He watched Arley going up the slate-gray steps. A gonglike sound arose inside the house. Everything in this neighborhood was singularly resonant. The sound of someone pounding nails, out back, went on steadily; and he could hear the stumping march of Ella Guptill for the front door.

She opened it abruptly. She was a thick old lady in black, abrupt in all her ways. With her bellows of a voice, prompted by a slight deafness, she was constitutionally unable to whisper. Even in the library where silence was enjoined, if she spoke at all she roared until her dewlap quivered. Dan could hear her now, inside the house, the door shut behind her, saying in her sturdy voice:

"Who is he, and where did he come from?"

Dan stared at the crimson tubs of nasturtiums on tree stumps either side of the brick path wet with water from a hose, and made a concentrated effort to catch Arley's answer. It came infinitely faint, but perforce more audible the second time, since her Aunt Ella had commanded her to raise her voice.

"Out of the everywhere into the here," Arley said.

The next snatch of their talk came through the half-opened parlor window.

"I know what to think of a woman who talks baby talk about a strange man the first night of their acquaintance," the old voice was going on angrily. "I know what Syd thinks and he has a right to think it. The town's buzzing."

Arley's cautious arm appeared against that interior darkness, and the window slid down. Buzzing. They had stirred up that hornets' nest when it didn't seem reasonably possible that Kirby Mills could hold a sting. Dan moved away a few discreet steps, and stood in Ella Guptill's driveway, made of rolled ashes dotted with short-stemmed dandelions and mustard-colored lichens.

From here he had a good view of the man pounding nails. It was Jakey Ridlon, who was pretending to affix a strayed woodbine to that fan-shaped white trellis by the back door. He sidled out of sight at once. Arley came out of the house with a kind of battle light in her eye; her red mouth was shut tight. She was twisting in the grip of prejudices which had been as long in growing up here as those corrupting elms, and had roots as deep. She had done something in a hurry in a matter which required more circumspection than everything else put together.

They went into the library without a word spoken; and Arley made directly for the shelf where Buckle on Civilization was ranged. Dan halted before a cabinet of curios in the middle of the floor. Some much-corroded cannon balls were on exhibition there; the sword of a swordfish; a print showing the sea fight between the Boxer and the Enterprise; some strings of wampum, the output of the Narraganset tribe; and, on a plush ground, with a pistol and spurs, a sinister lump of tarnished lead—the bullet, unquestionably, that had given El Parrett his quietus.

El Parrett's luck. Dan felt the quick dart of Arley's eyes at his discovery; but she made no comment. Resting with one knee on the little oak stepladder of three steps, she opened a volume of Buckle, dipped into it a second, then clapped it to with a bang, "to shake the dust and nonsense out of it," she murmured with a little laugh.

They were out of the library again. Dan could find no words to relieve the suddenly increased tension. Again in the open air, he felt vulnerable or worse; and, when he wanted to be simply happy in her company, he was cursed with a queer sense of guilt or complicity in guilt.

Jakey Ridlon, he was certain, had not been at any time more than a hundred yards away.

"I might show you the fairgrounds on our way back," Arley said. "It isn't much out of our way, if we take the short cut beyond it through Tarleton's pasture."

In three minutes they were gazing out, through parted alders, at a race track as evanescent as one of Jakey Ridlon's smoke rings. The very tanbark had sprouted purple weeds. On the high board fence, in white letters man tall, stood the words:

VOICI LE CENTRE DU MONDE

That was a saying of her father's partner, M. Jules Bonrepos, Arley said carelessly.

"If you had told me it was the literal truth, I would have believed you," Dan said

"It is then while the paint lasts," Arley cried. She stood up tall and dark before him, arrested, a guilty flash betraying her participation in that compliment. A rain squall, no bigger than a ragged boat sponge, was driving over Misery. Forty feet away a collie dog stood shaking himself, his fore legs planted wide, his nose revolving comically, as the first drops tickled his dry hide. Jakey Ridlon, hard-breathed, leaped up beside the dog like a kind of field imp and flailed his arms at them.

"He thinks we don't see the rain," the girl said.

"It's nothing but an old woman's apron shower."

"It's water all the same. We'll have to take the wood road now, whether or no. It's full nearer anyway."

She ran fast, beckoning, and stooped under the gray bar at a gap in the wall where the wood road began. Dan vaulted it. They stood together, breathing hard, in a beech thicket. Their tell-tale hearts were in their throats. All the leaves above were trembling and shining and dropping raindrops. They streamed on the girl's face, on her lashes like tears. She winked, turned her head, shook it.

For a second Dan felt all this agitation of the wood echoed in his own body. He shook like a leaf. Something unusual was in the wind; something more sinister, he was certain of it, than the rain streaming through these beech striplings. The ghost of vengeance stalking the shadow of his crime, perhaps.

"What is it?" the girl asked, looking at him hard.

"I don't know. I felt for just a flash as if all this had been played out before. You and I standing as we stand, exactly to a hair, and thinking—what we think; and then the rain falling across your face and those dark-wood trees in there just showing."

"You think things do keep coming round, like the tiger on the merry-go-round?"

"You would expect things to keep being repeated at the center of the world," Dan muttered. "It's only the circumference that spins."

"Why am I standing here like a bump on a log?" Arley cried softly, her shoulders going forward, lax, in a little shudder. "If we have lived it before, we ought to know what comes next."

She took a rapid step or two in the direction of the dark-wood township, but immediately slipping over a blue bowlder which the spring rains had washed clean, she pitched sidelong hard against him. He held her up in both his arms. The fear that took him by the throat was of nothing more substantial than a shadow shape, as a man might wake at night and see the clothes on the chair take on the likeness of an assassin startled into immobility.

"Syd calls these my sitting shoes," Arley said, still breathing hard, "because they have such unpractical heels. I'm always toppling about in them. Please excuse me."

The gray tips of the unpractical shoes went seeking toe holds through the rough bottom of the wood road.

"Syd's such a practical man," she went on in her rapid voice, never looking back. "He deals in facts. Always facts—facts. It—it would never occur to him that this was the center of the world —— What are you stopping for?"

"I had a feeling that we were not alone," he asserted tensely. "I could have sworn that somebody—something ——"

"That? I've felt it too. It's just one or another of the Parrett tribe."

"The Parrett tribe?"

"Yes, the lucky ones who are dead," she whispered. "The lucky Parretts. You don't know how lucky Parretts are."

"Sooner or later, we all have that particular luck," Dan said, his misgiving at its height.

"Ah, but Parretts are different. They die at the right time, didn't I tell you? They just have that reputation. This was Parrett pasture land. There—you see that little lost stone wall? It wouldn't have been built originally in a wood, would it? It was all cleared land, and there are Parretts here still. They live in that old cellar hole, I shouldn't wonder, just ahead, where that stack of cordwood is stacked up against the hornbeam tree."

They were checked by these friendly invisibles, the dead-and-gone Parretts. There was a sudden fainting of the sunshine which struck through the wood after the squall had passed; then a last peering consignment of light, yellow as honey, strained through the wet leaves. The shadows grew sharp, the wind died, nothing moved but a red squirrel, which took a spiral course on the adjacent bark. The little animal's eye glittered for an instant on a level with Arley's own, not more wild than hers in its intense awareness of all the natural objects gilded with that intimate interior shine.

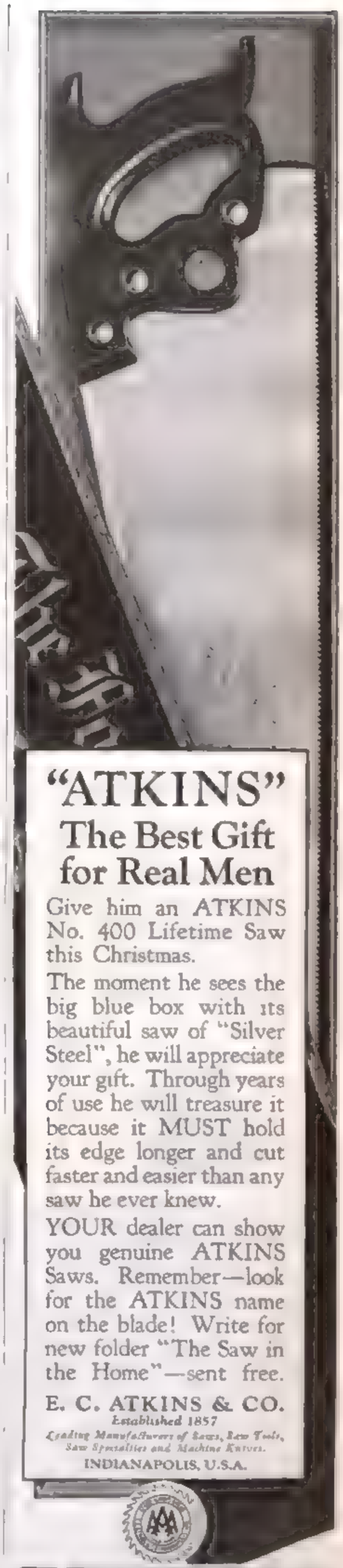
Dan had got over his silly scare. He must be as susceptible as a horse, he decided, to the menace of the supernatural. He took fright before the hairs could rise on a dog's neck. Conscience needs no accusers. Crystallization of his fears took the shape of a shot out of a gun. The vicious crack was like the snapping of tough wood in powerful fingers. A puff of smoke drifted through the lower branches of the hornbeam tree. Two or three lengths of cordwood slid away from the corner of that stack before his very eyes. It could not be looked upon as the performance of a dead-and-gone Parrett.

He started forward on the run, but instantly he felt Arley Parrett's elbow link and lock with his.

"You mustn't leave me," she faltered. "I think I'm—hit."

In fact a bright sprawl of blood appeared on the inside of her arm, all across the

(Continued on Page 140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for_____?

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Sets as low as $24.00
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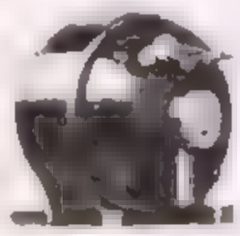

for_____?

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$10.50

for_____?

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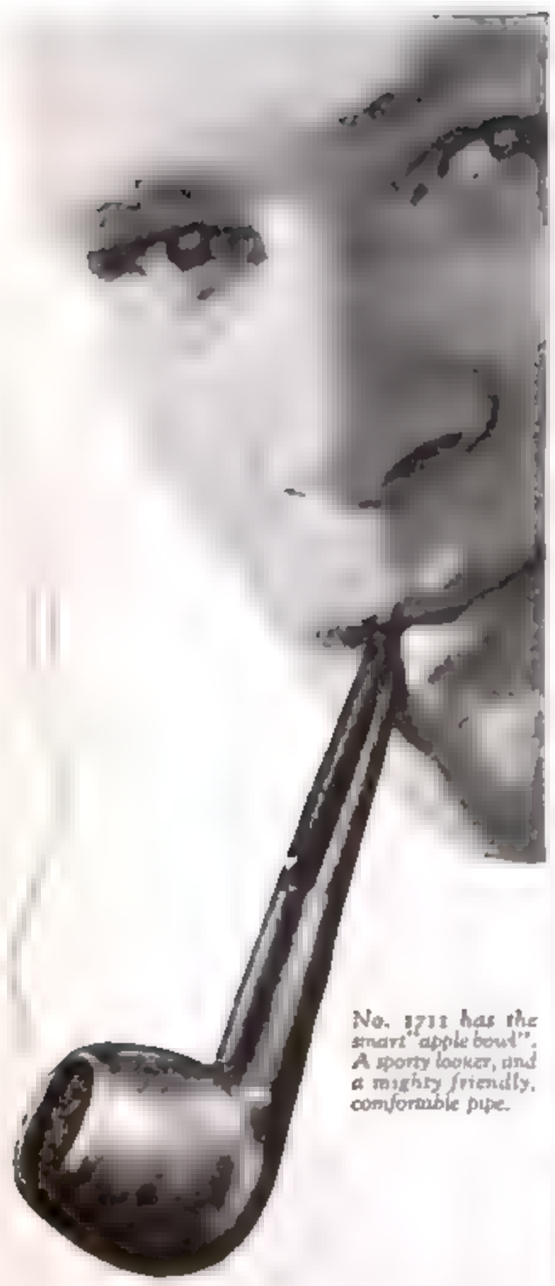

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MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

(Continued from Page 137)

faintly azured skin. She turned it out to his eye. A drop of warm blood spun off one of her finger ends and splashed on the back of his hand. Buckle on Civilization fell to the ground. Her half-closed eyes met Dan's a little mistily, as if she had got some remove away from him already and could see him in a gilded reminiscent light.

Instantly, expecting another shot, he took her clear of the ground, interposing a hemlock tree between them and the bullet's line of flight, indicated for several seconds by the twirling and falling of ticked leaves.

"Where are you hit?" he cried, beginning to let her sink. She opposed that faintly.

"The sight of blood dizzies me. I really think the bullet has just touched my arm. It isn't—El Parrett's luck."

"Who shot it, that's the question?" he muttered, staring at the hornbeam tree.

"Some hunter shooting partridges. It's just—a stray."

"A stray. You are shielding the man," Dan cried. Shadows were multiplying fast. Not a twig, not a leaf had stirred since the explosion of that cartridge.

"And if I am, why shouldn't I?" Arley whispered in that voice so insistently his heart's familiar.

"He shot to kill."

"Wouldn't I have shot to kill, if the shoe had been on the other foot? I'm a perfectly unprincipled woman," Arley cried softly and bitterly. "I had better go down on my knees to him—and I will," she murmured, making a swift step. He caught her arm and drew her back.

"That wasn't his last bullet," he said briefly.

"It would serve me right if he should shoot me to the heart; but he won't," she declared.

He knew now that Syd Haskell couldn't be the man for her; but there was a deadly sincerity about the fellow. Even his bullet had a moral errand. His love was violent, but it could be counted on to look always in the same direction. Whereas he, Dan Stelle, was even now tormenting himself to find makeshift words to tide him over. He might have taken her up into his arms completely, by a willful act substituting himself in place of that partridge hunter he had ousted; possibly he ought to do it, but in the one second when he might have done it all his faculties had been at dead point. He could all but hear Jakey Ridlon saying that Nature did nothing in a hurry. He mulled it over. And this was the center of the world, yes, but perhaps only while the paint lasted. He became aware that in this second of his hesitation when the button had, so to speak, dropped off fate's foil, Arley had stooped under the hemlock branch, shaking tiny particles into his eyes with the movement. She was standing in the middle of the wood road, exposed directly to the line of fire.

"Go away, please, before more harm is done. Go away and let me make my peace with him—I can," she cried.

The dark had come so quickly that he was surprised to find how few steps she had taken before she vanished from his sight. He listened for some sound; there was nothing but the cry of a whippoorwill, which was lost when the bell in the tower at Ship Lane End began striking.

Dan Stelle walked bareheaded into the station at the Junction, and inquired for the New York train. He already had his ticket, and the company had charged him nothing for his journey out to Kirby Mills. It was morning, and he had been walking all night in a vain effort to escape out of his own skin. He hadn't come away unscathed. He was oppressed by more than the blister on his heel. He had a contrary sense of going against some invincible tide and actually making headway. A dozen times he had turned back, once he had walked back a full mile, but in the end he had gone on again. Now he was headed for Caracas, a shipshape and businesslike citizen lacking hat and bag, and with the living heart torn out of his side. He cringed from the light of the sun. Yet, did it exist at all, this Kirby Mills, except in his imagination? It might be like that village in the German tale, which came to the surface for one day in each century, and then sank out of sight again. Arley Parrett had no more substance than the others of that ghostly Parrett tribe.

Dan Stelle had forgotten already what the station agent had told him about the New York train. More likely, after putting the question, he hadn't even listened to the answer. Stumbling across tracks, he stopped in the shadow of a locomotive. There was another on a farther-lying track. The locomotive was ugly enough to hold its position as a fact; it was a scheduled implement, like Dan himself, yet its bell had conjuring power. Those puffs of smoke wobbling into the sky were reminiscent of Jake Ridlon's little act.

And then Dan saw the little man himself swinging across the tracks. He had his stub of a cigar cocked up in the corner of his mouth, lit, and of a length suitable for swallowing. In his hand he held a black bag which he deposited at Dan's feet.

"A little something you overlooked in the hurry," he grinned. "I sneaked away and came down with it on the milk train."

He smoothed the gray bang over his temple with those musician's fingers. His blue eyes were friendly still. He looked naïve, as a harper should, and a waft of song seemed to drift just above his words.

"How did you leave Arley Parrett?" Dan muttered.

"She? She's all right. I put a little salt and tobacco on the wound, where she wouldn't have a doctor to her arm on account of not wanting any publicity for that gunshot, as much as anything. No, she was satisfied to see the man decamp."

"Decamp—you mean—he's gone?"

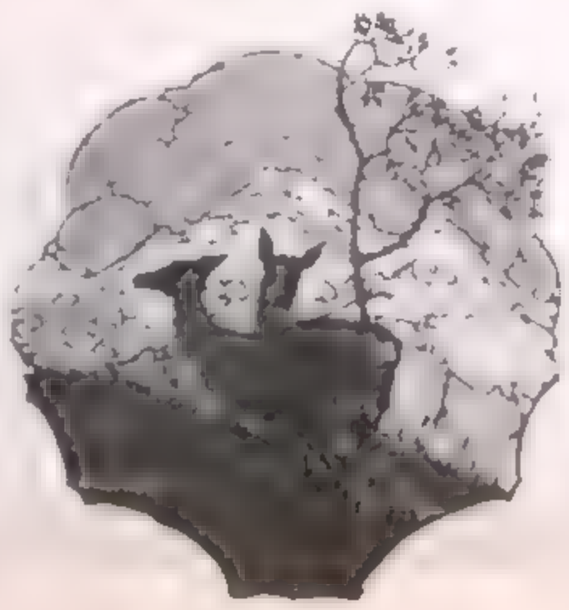
"Vamoosed, yes. You wouldn't expect to see her honey up to a man who had just let daylight into her, would you?"

"She threw me off, when in another minute—she wanted to make her peace with him, if she had to go on her knees——"

"It was more a case of him getting down on his knees," the little man chuckled. "I guess it was war to the knife between 'em, once she had got you out of range. Where you were looking down the barrel of the man's gun, she kind of had you on her conscience. She always was one to take things on herself." Jakey Ridlon came within whispering distance. "It came to a head back there in the Parrett kitchen. I spied them out through that bullet hole in the dining-room door that got put there in the French and Indian War, see, and I never see a man get shorter shrift. She told him he could make himself scarce, and if he didn't do it before morning she would lodge a complaint against him."

"Lodge a complaint, you say?"

"Yes, sir, lodge a complaint. That's how she phrased it. Jerusalem thunder, it tickled me to hear her say that. Maybe after all it was a little Parrett luck, your sojourning with us. But then again, it looks to me as if Parrett luck had petered out, just about. Or maybe the ladies don't partake. Anyway, there she is sitting down



to breakfast with the old gentleman and all those imaginary millions. I see by the papers this morning that he's made another killing in that oil stock of his. It's soared again. Still, he couldn't buy a loaf of bread with all his winnings. Wouldn't she take my head off just about, though, if she could overhear me going on to you in this vein. Look here, if there was to be such a thing as your running across her anywhere by any chance, you wouldn't——"

Jakey broke off short.

"There's no chance of it," Dan answered hoarsely. He felt sweat running into his eyes because the morning sun was getting higher. He brought out a handkerchief. It was the one he had used to touch those crimson stains away from Arley's arm. The blood of that girl's body made a brilliant dance under his eyes. He winked and stared.

"Maybe she can lay hold of an imaginary man to help her spend some of those imaginary dollars, in case she should inherit," Jakey hazarded, with an unfathomable twinkle. "I did calculate, once you knew the coast was clear——"

The bell on the nearer engine began to tumble faster. The wheels were turning slowly.

"Which is the New York train, did these people say?" Dan muttered, like a man tranced.

"That one there," Jakey replied, with a gloomy nod at the moving train.

Dan measured the distance with his eye. He had only to lift his feet up and put them down six or seven times to shake the dust of the Junction from his heels for good and all.

Every atom in his body cried out against this centrifugal proceeding, yet it was physically possible to do it.

He found, dazedly, that he had actually done it. He had lifted himself by his own boot straps, practically in the teeth of physics. Through the windows of the coach, he could see Jakey Ridlon standing outside in the cinders plucking at an invisible harp. Jakey seemed to think him a good riddance. He swallowed his cigar, slapped his thighs and puffed smoke in unison with the engine.

Dan Stelle had spent all his force, and knew it. If he had it to do over again, he recognized he couldn't take the first step. Well, he didn't have it to do over again. Germelshausen had sunk, this time into the bowels of the earth, and the foot-loose man was free to continue his journey to Caracas. He had resumed his schedule.

Preoccupied with his bitter triumph, he did not at first feel the conductor's hand on his shoulder. He confused it with Arley Parrett's hand, she seemed to lean on him pathetically, he could hear her voice telling him eagerly about the Parrett luck, as he was staring at the hornbeam tree.

The conductor requested his ticket. He passed it up. A pause ensued. The conductor, clearing his throat, began saying in standard tones:

"Sorry. You're on the wrong train. This same thing happened to a man yesterday. You'll have to get off at a little place named Kirby Mills—— Well, I'll be hanged! you're the same man."

"Am I?" muttered Dan, staring. He had a rush of the harper's song through his breast: the very song, no doubt, that Jakey Ridlon had plucked on his harp—there were three men of us—sitting cross-legged by the spare wheel on the Neptune's after deck. Time had crippled the old fellow's fingers, but he had a song in him still, that was certain. With one breath he had blown Dan into Arley Parrett's arms again. His victim, sitting forward with a rush of joy, could see, riding high there against white clouds massing over Kirby Mills, that harp of tarnished gold in a blue sleigh; and he confessed to the train's chief official the power of its prophetic strings.

"Not the wrong train this time. The wrong ticket," he cried.

He assured the nonplused man that there was no escaping the exact center of the world.

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A VERY PRACTICAL JOKE

(Continued from Page 37)

"I was born down in Maine," she replied. "Yes, I've lived in the country."

"Then you'll have a good time," he assured her. "Come along."

When the train pulled out of the station it was filled to a point where not only was every seat taken but people stood in the aisles. Everyone was more or less uncomfortable, yet everyone was also more or less good-natured. Men whose arms were filled with bundles and whose countenances seemed used to wear an expression of wistful or belligerent humility or of defiant weakness brushed shoulders with other men whom you would expect to find behind glass-topped desks in busy offices. Now and then one of the bundle bearers dropped one or half a dozen parcels, and when this happened everyone in his vicinity was likely to help him pick them up again. There were a few children in the car, and these became the focuses for a good deal of attention; and people who were quite obviously complete strangers to these children or to the adults who accompanied them called "Merry Christmas!" as they went down the aisle, or stopped for a grave discussion of the plans of Santa Claus.

Mander saw no one in the car whom he knew; nor, it appeared, did the girl. Yet more than once someone caught Mander's eye, or caught hers, and smiled. And when now and then the train stopped at a station and a percentage of the passengers pushed down the aisle to alight, these folk were apt to call "Merry Christmas!" to those whom they left behind.

Outside it had begun to snow again; and as they left the city behind them they saw that snow lay heavy upon the fields, in the swales and along the abrupt and wooded hillsides, festooning the laden branches of the trees with white draperies at once cumbersome and graceful. Mander and the girl talked constantly; or at least Mander talked while the girl listened, her eyes clouded with an expression full of bewilderment, watching him doubtfully, obviously more and more puzzled and uneasy as they left the city farther and farther behind them.

Once or twice she asked a question; but Mander gave her no hint of that which he had planned save to repeat that she would be received as his sister, and to remark once as he looked at her appraisingly, "You're just about the average size, aren't you?"

She asked in some surprise, "Why, what do you mean?"

"I thought you would be," Mander told her. "If you hadn't been, it might have been awkward; but things are coming out just as I figured."

Her curiosity was provoked by this, but he would give her no satisfaction, parrying her questions, telling her only that she must wait and see.

It was some time after four o'clock, and the fact that snow fell made it already dusk, when, as the train slowed for a station, Mander at last rose and said, "This is where we get off."

She looked out, and through the dancing flakes in the gray light she saw half a dozen clustering old white houses and a little group of people scattered along the station platform.

"Here?" she asked.

"Yes," Mander told her.

"Where are we?" she asked.

And he said with a laugh, "Now, I don't want you to ask any questions. Your part is just to come along and play the game."

"Oh, I'll play the game," she assured him, rising to follow him down the aisle.

On their way to the door of the car he tried again to measure that indefinable quality in her tone, but he had come to no conclusion when, a moment after he had helped her down the steps, he turned to see waiting the man whom he expected. This man wore an ancient coonskin coat and a cap with lapels which were tugged close about his ears. Mander spoke to him in a tone which suggested that they were old acquaintances.

"Hello, Uncle Joe!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Hugh," the farmer replied; and with a glance at the girl he asked, "This your sister, is it?"

"This is Mary—yes," Mander told him, and the other held out his great mittened hand and shook Mary's warmly.

"Merry Christmas to you folks!" he exclaimed, and then, with an appraising glance, he added, "Guess you didn't look to find it snowing up here, did you?"

"It was snowing when we left New York," Mander assured him.

"You ain't dressed for a sleigh ride," the farmer told them. "But I've got some robes in the sleigh, and I guess I can cover you up all right. Come along over this way."

Mander tucked the girl's hand under his arm, and they came thus to a double-seated sleigh with a team of patient horses standing by the station platform. Snow had fallen heavily upon the robes which covered it, even in the short time since Uncle Joe had left it a moment before; but he brushed off the loose flakes and turned back one of the robes, and Mander and the girl got into the rear seat, while Uncle Joe folded the robe about them and bade them draw it snugly to their chins and hold it there.

"You'll maybe want to duck right under it," he suggested. "The wind will be in our faces most of the way home."

"I like the feel of it," Mander told him. "Don't you, Mary?"

"I haven't seen a snowstorm like this for a long time," the girl agreed.

They drove for perhaps an hour, the horses occasionally breaking into a trot under the farmer's urgency. The great snowflakes coming out of the darkness, appearing suddenly just before their eyes against the gray background of the night and of the sky, struck their faces lightly with little touches at once cold and warming, so that their cheeks tingled; and the moisture was singularly fresh and soothing to their burning skin. Uncle Joe, in the front seat, had little to say, except to tell them as they started out that Aunt Maggie would have supper ready. Mander and the girl, left thus to themselves, huddled drowsily under the great robe; and at times, as Uncle Joe had suggested, they lifted it to cover their faces for a moment's relief from the impact of the storm.

Thus the ride was at once an ordeal and a pleasure, keen and stimulating; and it seemed to Mander so short that he was almost sorry when Uncle Joe called over his shoulder, "There's the house now."

Through the snow ahead they saw the lighted windows, each surrounded by a nimbus of diffused rays as the light was broken up by the snowy particles which filled the air before them. They wheeled into the barnyard, and Mander saw with delight that the house was even more charming than it had at his first visit seemed to him to be. It was one of those foursquare structures with a single great chimney in the middle, built to endure, and which have endured for a hundred years or more. And the horses, without command, came to a halt by the kitchen door. And the door opened, and a woman's figure stood there, the figure of a woman ample and comfortable, her sleeves rolled to the elbows, an apron around about her robust girth, her whole posture one of welcome.

Uncle Joe called to her, "Here they are, old woman, safe and sound."

But the girl at Mander's side, after one look at the figure in the doorway, clutched Mander's arm and asked in a whisper full of panic, "Is this where we're headed?"

"Yes," he told her; "yes. It's all right."

"Where is it?" she demanded. "Where have you brought me?"

"I've brought you home for Christmas," Mander told her gently. "I've brought you home."

When Mander and this girl, this Mary Whitten, came into the kitchen, stamping from their feet the snow which even in the few steps from the sleigh they had collected, Aunt Maggie made them welcome. Uncle Joe had gone to stable the horses and make them comfortable for the night. It delighted Mander to see how completely these two old folk entered into the parts he had outlined for them. Aunt Maggie called them children and hovered around Mary, helping her brush the snow from her coat and the heavy weight of it from her hat.

And she said to Mander, "You know where your room is, Hugh. You go on up. Your bag's there. I'll show Mary where her things are."

Mander, watching the girl, saw the question framing itself upon her lips and interrupted before she could speak.

"You can go ahead, sis," he told her warmly. "I guess you'll find everything you need."

He chuckled to himself as he watched Mary dumbly follow the older woman up the back stairs. Himself remained in the kitchen for a little while, enjoying the comfortable warmth which emanated from the great stove, and the flavor of cooking victuals which filled the air. The kitchen was large enough to make three or four kitchens built on the modern compressed plan. The floor, so old and worn that each nail head stuck up sharply, was scrubbed like the deck of a ship; and the nail heads shone as though they were nickel-plated, from the polishing passage of many feet. The stove, set against the blank chimney where a wide old-fashioned fireplace had once been, dominated the room. At the end toward the back stairs, upon a table spread with a red tablecloth patterned with flowers, china and cutlery were already laid. Through the open door of the pantry at the other end of the room Mander could see a pan of biscuits ready to be put into the oven. Against the small windows the snow struck with the gentlest hissing whisper, almost soundlessly; and the light from the lamp penetrated the glass far enough to illuminate the darkness for a little distance outside the window, so that Mander could watch the dancing flakes descending there.

He hung his coat and hat on hooks in the entryway. Then Uncle Joe came stamping in through the shed, the impact of his heavy footsteps announcing his arrival; and he brought an armful of wood, which he dumped in the box beside the stove.

When he saw that Mander was alone he asked quietly, "All right so far?"

"Great!" Mander told him. "Just the way I wanted it to be. I've always imagined coming home like this."

"Guess I told you," Uncle Joe commented, "my boy is in South America, and my girl can't come. She's going to have a baby any time. We'd 've been as lonesome as you if you hadn't come along."

"It's great of you to take us in," Mander assured him. "Sis and I would have had a sorry time of it at a restaurant." He chuckled a little. "Sis came along blindly, you know. I didn't tell her what I had planned. She doesn't even know that I sent some clothes ahead for her."

"Her and Maggie upstairs, are they?" the old man asked, and Mander nodded.

"I guess I'll go up," he added. "By the smell of things, supper is just about ready."

"I've got the tree in the shed," Uncle Joe told him. "You want to look at it now?"

"Let's wait until after supper," Mander replied. "We can set it up together then. Have you got pop corn?"

"Got the corn all ready to pop," Uncle Joe assured him: "and cranberries to string, and raisins and everything you said. You forgot candles; but I got some of them too."

"Great!" Mander approved. "Great!" And he turned and went up to his room.

He had on his former coming chosen for Mary one of those low-ceiled bedrooms characteristic of such houses, with a narrow fireplace which nevertheless was so well designed that it never smoked, and old flowered paper on the wall, and starched hangings at the windows, and a high canopied bed upon which the mattresses seemed to be piled two or three deep. His own room, smaller, had nevertheless the same patina of dignity and age upon it; and when he had shut the door behind him he sat down for a little in one of the stiffly uncomfortable chairs, relaxing mentally and physically, sinking into the atmosphere which here embraced him.

When he came downstairs the others were already in the kitchen. Uncle Joe was filling the hot-water tank at the end of the stove, carrying the water by the bucketful from the pump in the shed. Aunt Maggie, bending before the oven, her broad face red in the blaze of its heat, was inspecting the progress of the biscuits; while Mary, become so radiant that Mander would scarce have recognized her, was putting the other victuals upon the table. She wore an apron ridiculously large for her slim figure; and when Mander came into the room her eyes swept to meet his and she looked at him for a moment with a glance in which bewilderment was drowned in happiness, and when he crossed toward her she said softly, "Did you figure this out yourself?"

"Isn't it great?" he asked.

There was a catch in her voice as she replied.

"Great!" she agreed. "Wonderful!"

"The biscuits are ready," Aunt Maggie called to them. "I guess we can set up to table."

The supper they ate that night was a farm supper, compounded of viands which under normal conditions they would have scorned. There was a great bowl of potatoes boiled in their skins, and another bowl in which minced fragments of salt pork swam in the amber fat they had yielded when Aunt Maggie set them upon the fire. There was hot strong tea with cream which seemed clotted. The biscuits were full, crisply browned outside, fresh and white within. There was a glass dish of strawberry preserves and in another covered glass dish slices of cheese; and afterward Aunt Maggie produced a mock mince pie made of green tomatoes put up the summer before. And Mander and the girl ate all these things with an incredible relish; and the talk, after the first few moments of restraint, flew back and forth across the table as freely as though these two young folk had in fact come home.

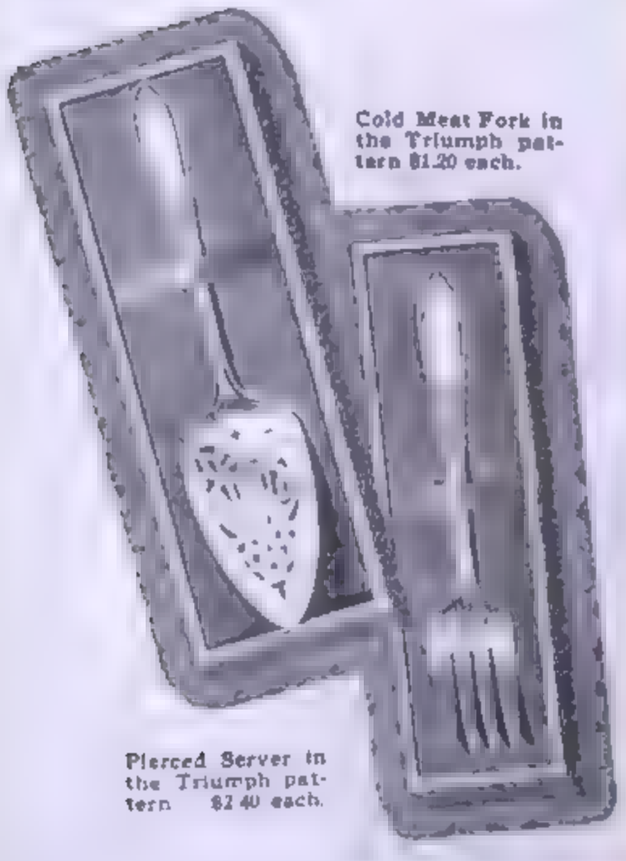
Afterward Mander and Uncle Joe smoked while Aunt Maggie and Mary washed dishes; and when everything was in order and stowed away for the night, they all went into the shed, Aunt Maggie with a lamp, while they brought in the Christmas tree. It was Mander who, with an old box and a few boards, contrived a base to hold it securely in position. And while he did this Aunt Maggie hulled pop corn, which Uncle Joe set popping in a covered tin pan upon the stove. And with needles and thread they strung the snowy white kernels, sometimes interspersing them with red cranberries, into long festoons, with which they draped the tree; and they made other strings of cranberries and of raisins, and Uncle Joe produced a dozen or two well-reddened Cortland apples from one of the barrels in the cellar. And there were oranges which Mander had provided, so that in the course of an hour or two the green of the tree was warmed to life and beauty by these contrasting colors.

Mander, watching Mary solicitously, saw that she fell more and more into the spirit of the occasion. She sat on the floor, her feet crossed under her, a bowl of cranberries in her lap, a pan of pop corn at her side,

(Continued on Page 147)

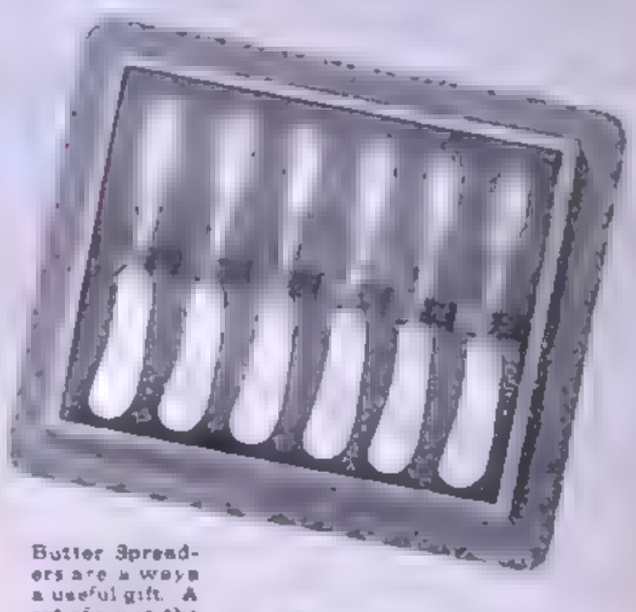
What Every Woman Wants For Christmas

For the women who takes pride in her table this set of Individual Salad Forks, Triumph pattern—$4 55 per half dozen.

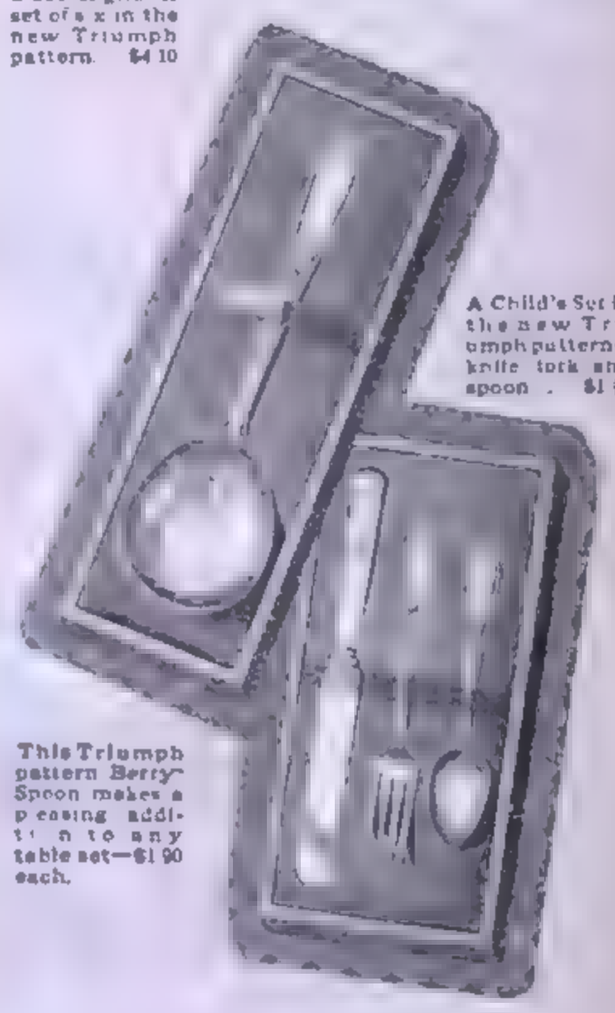


Cold Meat Fork in the Triumph pattern $1.20 each.

Pierced Server in the Triumph pattern $2 40 each.



Butter Spreaders are always a useful gift. A set of six in the new Triumph pattern. $4 10



A Child's Set in the new Triumph pattern—knife fork and spoon . $1 90

This Triumph pattern Berry Spoon makes a pleasing addition to any table set—$1 90 each.

MAKE THIS A SILVER CHRISTMAS. A gift of Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate is sure to bring happiness. These are a few of the most beautiful and serviceable silver gifts that can be had from your dealer in either Triumph, Mayfair or La France pattern.

The New Triumph Pattern Family Service Tray Set
$15 00

WHAT woman wouldn't appreciate this beautiful gift?

Enough silver to set her table for six places. Twenty six pieces in the new Triumph pattern. The tray when lining and ware are removed is an attractive mahogany service tray which in itself is a handsome gift.

Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

ORANGE Spoons are always needed to round out the usual set of table silver. To serve citrus fruits with the proper spoon is a convenience and in good taste.

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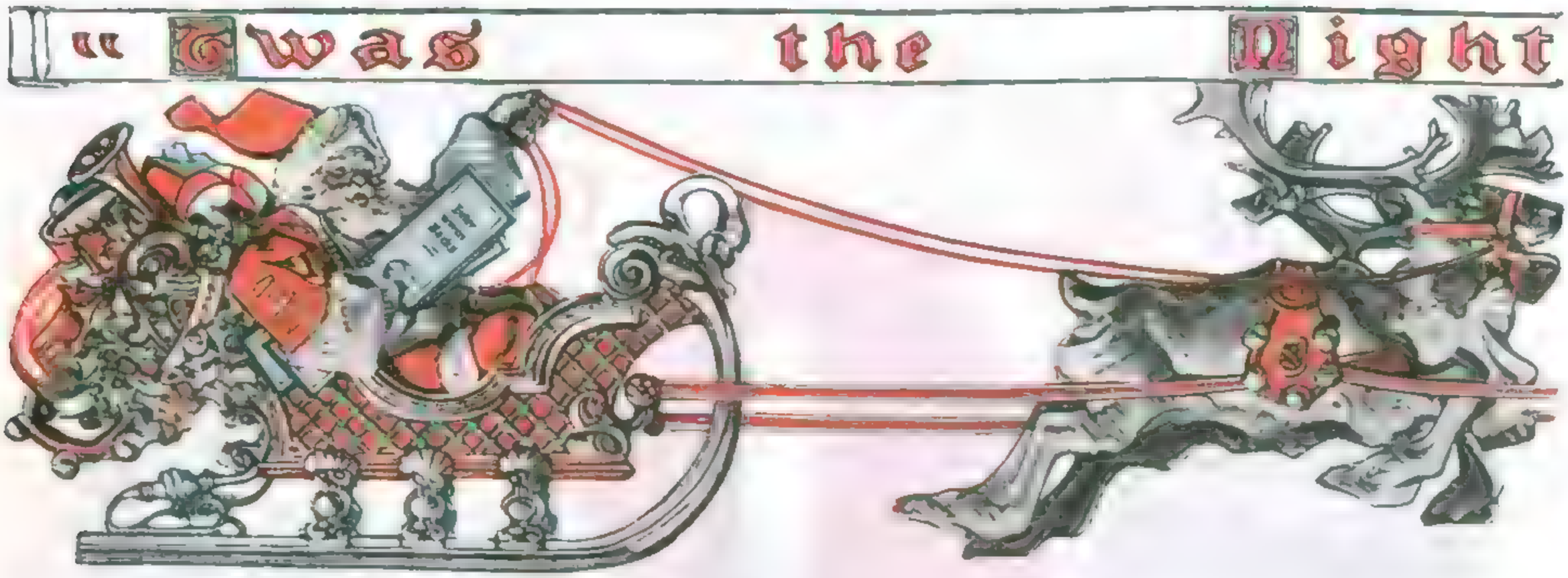

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For Christmas
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WOVEN

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The lacquer finish that stays new

ZAPON

(Continued from Page 142)

her fingers busy; and once or twice, awkwardly enough, she pricked her fingers with the needle and they all laughed at her clumsiness.

And once she said wistfully enough, "I've done this when I was a girl."

"Just the way you're doing it now?" Mander asked.

"Just this way," she agreed.

Then Mander, remembering the part he played, began to recite anecdotes, calling upon her to confirm them; anecdotes of their youth together, of the Christmases they had known as children. And Uncle Joe and Aunt Maggie now and then asked a curious question which Mander answered out of his own memories, telling them about his father and his mother and leaving Mary to confirm everything that he said, as though he and she had indeed had this youth in common. And she fell in with the game; but now and then he saw tears fill her eyes.

When the tree was dressed and the candles burning, Mander said to Uncle Joe, "We'll all have to hang up our stockings, but you can't hang stockings in front of a bricked-in fireplace. Let's hang them in the other room."

So they went into the sitting room, used only on state occasions, where the fine old things sat for most of the time in solitary beauty. And Uncle Joe kindled a fire upon the hearth, and Mary ran upstairs to get a stocking to hang; and Mander insisted on borrowing one of Aunt Maggie's, because, he declared, his socks, even if he hung them both, would be inadequate to the burden of gifts which he expected.

When their preparations were thus completed he said to Uncle Joe, "Have you opened that box that came for you?"

Uncle Joe shook his head.

"Marked right on it," he replied, "that I wan't to open it till tonight. I guess I can do as I'm told."

"Go get it," Mander directed him. "I'll go up and get mine." He turned to Mary. "The box you had sent up is in my room," he told her. "I'll bring it down."

She was surprised into asking, "What box?"

And he said admonishingly, "The box of things you ordered Tuesday afternoon when we went shopping together."

Then he disappeared before she could question him again, and came down a few minutes later with a box under either arm.

Uncle Joe brought the ax from the shed to open these containers, and they all four gathered around, lifting out one parcel after another, reading the Christmas tags affixed to each.

"We're not to open anything," Mander reminded them, "until morning. We'll hang them on the tree and put the little things in the stockings."

So on this basis they proceeded, till the tree, which had sustained the burden of its decorations easily enough, was weighted down, the branches sagging under the riches which they bore. And the stockings which had hung so limply acquired awkward, nobby and irregular contours, and became so heavy that Mary's pulled out the stout pin to which it was hung and had to be secured in place once more.

The long evening seemed to all too short; yet when the last of the parcels had been unpacked and bestowed in its appointed place and the litter on the kitchen floor had been, at Aunt Maggie's insistence, cleared out of sight into the shed, they were all tired and growing sleepy and glad to go upstairs to bed.

"I'll come down in the morning," Uncle Joe told them, "and get the fires going. "You won't want to be getting down early, I reckon. Guess you don't get many chances to sleep late in town."

"I don't know about the rest of you," Mander replied, "but I expect to wake up before daylight, and I certainly don't intend to lie abed Christmas morning."

"Don't you go coming down," Aunt Maggie warned him, "until I'm ready for you. I never could see the sense in starting the day hungry. We'll have something to eat before we open a thing."

"Just a cup of coffee and an orange," Mander urged.

"I did think of making waffles," Aunt Maggie insisted. "Joe's got some nice maple sirup that he put up himself last spring, and we ain't hardly touched it since."

"What do you say?" Mander asked the girl. "Waffles for breakfast?"

She nodded, scarcely able to speak.

"Waffles would be wonderful," she agreed.

So they said good night, and Mander at least slept soundly and dreamlessly till long after dawn. When he looked from his window he saw with satisfaction that though the snow had ceased to fall, a fresh carpet inches deep had been laid across the countryside, while in the clear sky scarce a cloud remained to mar the blue.

He knocked at Mary's door before he went downstairs, and she called to him, and he asked, "Awake, are you?"

"I've been awake for hours," she assured him.

"Dressed?"

"No."

"I'll let you know if Aunt Maggie is ready for us," he promised. "If she is don't take time to dress; just put on your dressing gown and come down."

"It won't take me any time," she agreed.

From below, a moment later, he called up to her to hurry; and when she started to descend the stairs the odor of coffee and of burning grease on the hot waffle iron greeted her nostrils; and when she came to the kitchen door it was to discover the room ablaze with light from the candles on the tree, while the drawn shades furnished an artificial darkness to accentuate their splendor. And Mander and Aunt Maggie and Uncle Joe, delighted at her surprise, called Christmas greetings to her, and Mander saw the quick tears spring into her eyes, and Aunt Maggie rescued the situation and made Mary smile again by crying:

"Well, to hear you and Hugh talk last night, I didn't look for you to lay abed half the forenoon, you that was so brash about getting up before day. Here it is sunrise and you just downstairs!"

"Sunrise!" Mary repeated softly. "I haven't got up that early for years. I'd forgotten how much fun it is."

Then Aunt Maggie insisted that they eat something, and they sat down bravely enough; but Mander was not willing to delay too long. So when he had finished half a cup of coffee and one of the waffles, which Aunt Maggie cooked while they ate, he said to Mary, "Come on, sis, let's get the stockings and bring them in here."

"Don't you go cluttering up my kitchen till I've got my dishes done," Aunt Maggie protested good-naturedly.

But Mander threw his arm about her broad shoulders and kissed her upon the cheek and said reproachfully, "Forget your housekeeping for once, Aunt Maggie. We're going to make just as much clutter as we choose."

He was as good as his word, and she forgot her protests a little later when the table was covered with tissue paper and ribbons and boxes while they emptied forth the contents of the stockings, and unwrapped the parcels which they contained, and thereafter stripped the tree.

Mander, in making his purchases, had not been wholly able to stifle that impulse toward lavish and almost ridiculous generosity which, growing by what it feeds on, becomes an obsession with the Christmas shopper. The gifts which he had bought were sensible enough; mittens, mufflers, lengths of silk and gingham, and trinkets full of charm even though of little value. But there were so many of them, till the table overflowed upon the floor, and the two old people became speechless with awe, and Mary fought back her tears. Mander had put a good deal of thought and planning into his arrangements, and each of the gifts was labeled as though it had come from some individual unable to be with them, yet regretful at the separation which circumstances had imposed. Thus the tags were inscribed, Merry Christmas from Uncle Joe, From Aunt Maggie, From Hugh, From Sister or from a score of other names which it had amused Hugh to make as grotesque as possible and which evoked from them all gales of laughter. From Uncle Ichabod, From Aunt Zephaniah, From Cousin Zebulon, From Lizzie, From Mike, and so through an endless category.

And now and then one of the parcels contained a bit of doggerel written for the occasion, and now and then the labels presented a quotation—a phrase or a familiar line or two—until Mander began to be surprised at the extent of his own ingenuity, to be amazed at the success of his own plans. Thus he unconsciously assumed more and more the position of a spectator, of an author at the first night of his own play, watching the reactions of these others, watching particularly the happiness which shone upon the weary face of the girl. Yet now and then across her countenance a cloud passed, as shadows pass across a sun-drenched hillside; and Mander tried to read her thoughts, tried to guess what it was that at such moments made her wear an almost tragic mien.

And he began to perceive in the bursts of gayety which followed these momentary moods of hers something faintly desperate, faintly hysterical, as though she drove herself to laugh and be merry and to forget the thoughts which might have made her sad.

After breakfast Mander and Mary went for a walk along the drifted roads. She had found in her room knickerbockers, heavy garments, high shoes, all the appropriate gear which enabled her to venture fearlessly into the deepest snow; and when Aunt Maggie insisted that it would be easier to get dinner if Mary and Mander took themselves away, the girl consented to set out.

They walked for a while swiftly, and the going was hard. They had to plow through snow which at the best was halfway to their knees, and in the drifted spots was deeper. The sun had risen brightly and was reflected from the crisp snow crystals everywhere in a dazzling flood of light, and the great clods of snow upon the pendent branches of the spruces, loosening their grip a little now and then under the warming influence of the sun, dissolved and fell in showers of tinsel white pricked through with little points of light; and sometimes one of these showers sprinkled them as they passed, and they laughed together at the delicious discomfort of the experience and dug the stuff out of their necks and shook it out of their sleeves and pushed on, their blood running faster and faster, their faces flushed with their own exertions.

But after a time the girl became more quiet, and Mander, watching her always, saw this and felt uncomfortably that she was unhappy again, and at last he asked her, "What's the matter, Mary? Aren't you having a good time?"

"Almost too good," she told him, a suggestion of bitterness in her tones. "I don't know whether I can stand it."

"Stand it?" he protested.

"I mean," she said, "I don't know whether I can stand going back to the way I've been living."

"I myself find," Mander remarked, "that when I have a particularly good time it stays with me afterwards. You know, the principal business of life is the accumulation of pleasant memories. Most of us don't have time enough to do as much of this as we should. But there's nothing like a well-stocked storehouse of memories to comfort you when you're feeling a bit blue. Don't you think that's true?"

"Not so true as it might be," she insisted. "It's all right to remember a pleasant experience if you can look forward to having it again. That's the only real fun in remembering things. There's no satisfaction in remembering a thing which you know you'll never have another chance to do. The only satisfaction in a happy memory comes from looking forward more or less unconsciously to repeating it."

(Continued on Page 149)

What makes springs break?

Wear and tear and lack of care, are obvious causes of spring breakage. But, inferior or uneven quality of steel, lack of uniformity in shape and resiliency of the leaves condemn a spring to a short life at the very outset.

A spring to be good, must be good all through. Harvey Springs are made of special formula spring steel, correctly heat treated. Each leaf is made with the utmost mechanical precision, insuring correct spring action and long life. Harvey Springs have no weakening center hole—they are boltless.

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And there, unhurried and unjostled, he requisitions the Christmas joy for Mrs. Claus and the younger Clauses.

SOME folks think of the jewelry store as the place to go, chiefly, for those gifts where expense is the second consideration.

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He judges the worth of a gift not alone by what it costs, but by what it yields—in service and satisfaction . . . . And long ago, he discovered that a dollar goes farther at the jewelry store than it does anywhere else, in procuring enduring usefulness and pleasure.

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Specializing in jewels, the jeweler sees to it that every article in his stock is truly a jewel. And whether it be for adornment or for utility, it must measure up to *jewel-standards*, in craftsmanship and integrity.

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Gifts never forgotten through all the time they so faithfully record—ELGIN WATCHES

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THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

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(Continued from Page 147)

"There's no reason why we can't repeat this," Mander urged, "another year."

"A lot of things can happen in a year," the girl reminded him. And this was so true that for a moment he was silenced; and when he spoke again it was to say in a tone which dismissed such reflections.

"Well, let's have a good time while we can anyway. Let's not spoil this by remembering that it may not happen again. We can be melancholy afterward if we want to; but let's not be melancholy together. Let's take turns, if you like, but let's not both grouch at the same time."

She looked at him in quick apology.

"I don't mean to be grouchy," she told him. "I don't want to spoil this for you."

"I don't want you to spoil it for yourself," he amended gently.

"You're giving me a wonderful time," she continued, "and God knows I'm grateful for it. I didn't know just what I might be letting myself in for. I suppose I was taking a chance."

"Having a good time, are you?" he insisted, refusing to be drawn out of the mood appropriate to the day. "Well, remember we've got to work up an appetite for that dinner. There's a sixteen-pound turkey that I know of. Come on, let's walk!"

"It's only an hour from breakfast," she retorted, laughing with him at last, "and I could eat a sixteen-pound turkey now."

"There'll be fixings," he assured her. "You can count on Aunt Maggie for that."

"She's not really your aunt," Mary reminded him, "or she'd know I wasn't your sister."

"She's a perfectly satisfactory aunt," Mander assured her. "Don't always be picking flaws with things. Did you ever have a better aunt in your life?"

"She's been awfully good to me," Mary agreed.

"I never had an aunt of my own," Mander told her. "My father and mother were both only children. I was born in one of those communities way up in the country where the families are mostly dying out, and I never had a brother, or a sister, either, until I got hold of you. Did you, when you were a girl?"

"Oh, there were a lot of us," she told him, but in such a tone that he saw at once she was unwilling to talk about herself.

So he asked her no further questions, but it amused him to tell her a great many things about himself, even though his confidences elicited no response in kind from her. So he told her what his boyhood had been, and how it came about that he left the community where his childhood had been spent, when his mother died. He had worked for a year or two on one of the Boston papers, had tried free-lancing, had written fiction, had drifted west to Chicago and then to California, and so by degrees had come to the place he now held. Mander was a good talker when he chose to be, and most people enjoy talking about themselves; so the fact that she was persistently silent did not distress him, and he talked more than he had talked for years, told her more about himself than was known to any other living person.

They came back to the house at last, tired, hot and hungry; and the day went on as Mander had planned. They sat down early in the afternoon to a heaping board, and they ate until they had reached that point of almost painful plethora which is an inseparable part of every proper Christmas celebration. And Mander refused, so long as it was possible, to remember that now in a little while they must put all this behind them again and return to New York.

But the hour came at last. And late in the afternoon they had again that ride in the sleigh, this time in the hour immediately before sunset, when the fresh snow everywhere assumed opalescent tints in the glancing rays, and when the westward hills, clad though they were in white, wore also a shimmering mantle of blue which grew deeper and deeper as the sun sank beyond. And the ribbon of color across the western sky was so intensely bright that these hills, sharply outlined against it, seemed to rise higher and higher, as though erected by some invisible hand against the glory which the sun wore like trailing robes.

The journey back to New York was a part of this day which Mander would have been glad to avoid. He had foreseen that they would both be in the grip of the reaction from all that had taken place, that the train would seem to them hot and smoky and stifling, and that as they approached the city and the open country gave way to clustering huddles of houses cut each from the same pattern they would feel the oppression of the place heavy about them. The fact that darkness had fallen before they left the country well behind somewhat ameliorated this impression. An electric bulb sheds, after all, as cheerful and amiable a light as an oil lamp; and they saw the towns through which they passed rather as prickings of light against the darkness than as houses which must have seemed so dull in the light of day. And there were in some windows candles glowing, rows of candles like bright necklaces of rubies; and even the street lamps had something cheerful in their glow, as though they smiled.

Nevertheless, as they drew nearer the city, Mander, glancing now and then toward his companion, saw that she was more and more unhappy, and he felt now and then, desperately, that he must do something to rouse her from the tragic mood into which she was perceptibly falling.

When at last they left the train and came into the lofty Concourse of the Grand Central he said uncertainly, "Suppose we have some dinner together before you go home."

She looked at him with listless eyes.

"Do you want me to?" she asked apathetically.

"I want you to do it if you'd like," he told her. "We've had such a good time, I hate to see it end."

"We've had such a wonderful time," she confessed, "that I should hate to spoil it. I'd rather say good-by to you here unless you want me to go with you."

"It isn't actually good-by of course," he reminded her. "We'll do this again, another year."

"I don't think it would ever be the same again," she said wearily.

"By that time," he urged, "we ought to be pretty good friends. I'll call you up in a day or two."

She shook her head. "No, I don't think you will," she told him.

"Look here," he urged, "I don't want this all to end right here. I think we can have a lot of good times together. We'll be seeing each other right along."

"No, we won't," she insisted, and he saw abruptly that there were tears in her eyes.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "you're crying!"

She brushed at her eyes.

"I didn't mean to," she told him.

"You mustn't cry," he urged. "What's the sense in that?"

"I never thought I'd have such a Christmas again," she said miserably.

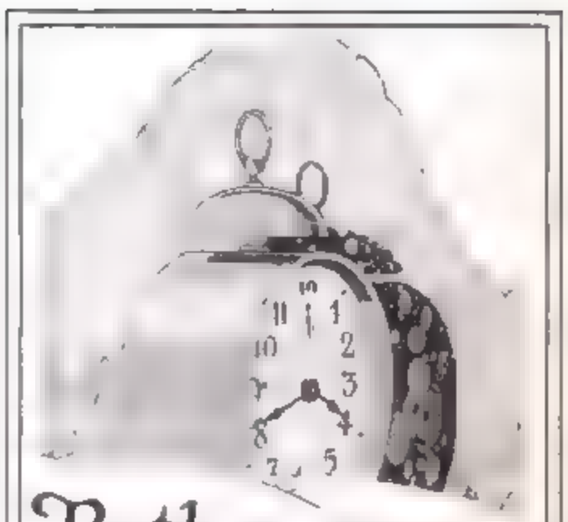
"Well, you've liked it, haven't you?"

"You know I have."

He felt that bewilderment which a man is so apt to feel when a woman cries because she is happy or because she has been happy.

"See here," he protested, "I wish you would have dinner with me, after all. I can't let you go away like this."

The Ride Was at Once an Ordeal and a Pleasure, Keen and Stimulating; and It Seemed to Mander So Short That He Was Almost Sorry When Uncle Joe Called Over His Shoulder, "There's the House Now"



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BRISTOL
AUDIOPHONE
Loud Speaker

"I wish you would," she told him.

"Let you go?"

"Yes."

He hesitated for a moment, confused, perhaps a little wounded.

"Why, if you want to," he assented at last.

"I do want to," she said steadily, and her voice rose a little, suggesting something of the passion which tore at her. "Let me go, Hugh," she begged. "Let me go."

He took off his hat.

"I'll say good night then," he agreed. "Can't I get you a taxi or put you on a car?"

She shook her head.

"No, no; just go away; just leave me here. I'll take care of myself." She laughed a little in a bitter way. "I've been doing it for quite a while," she told him.

"Good night then," he agreed.

And some of his hurt must have revealed itself in his tone, for she said quickly, "You mustn't be unhappy about this."

So he managed a different farewell.

"Don't you worry," he told her reassuringly. "It's been wonderful, and you were a brick to go, and I appreciate it, and I'll never forget it, and I'll call you up some day and perhaps we can do it again."

"Don't call me up," she protested.

"But I'll want to hear from you," he told her.

She considered this for a moment, then said slowly, "You may hear from me. Good-by, Hugh."

So Mander said good-by and went away. Yet he bore for a while in his thoughts the memory of the picture she made as he left her standing there. Her eyes were full of tears; her face, he thought, was even more weighted with weariness than when he first saw her the afternoon before. She stood very still, her loose brown coat hanging as motionlessly as though upon a statue; and almost the last thing Mander saw was the little twist of red ribbon in her buttonhole.

On the night of the day after Christmas, by Keets' design, Mander and Keets and Guy Hawks and one or two others again had dinner together in that little restaurant on Eighty-sixth Street. And it was Keets who insisted that Mander give them an account of his adventure. Mander himself was not inclined to do so; but Keets was so insistent, and the others were each in their own way so curious, that he was at last constrained to tell them what had happened.

He did so diffidently, seeing the affair rather through their eyes than in the light in which it had at first appealed to him; and in his narration he scanted some details, hurrying through the story. He saw even before he was done that Keets found something incredibly amusing in the whole tale; but he did not think this extraordinary. Keets was, as has been said, a man whose sense of humor was often a burden to his friends; one of those men who are so insensible that they find grounds for hilarious merriment in what to others seems uninteresting or perhaps even pathetic. Nevertheless, Mander went on with the tale and finished it, and only when he was done did Keets let loose the full flood of his amusement. The man roared with laughter, pounded upon the table, rocked in his chair and held his sides, and tears of mirth streamed down his cheeks, while the others watched him and waited more or less politely, more or less patiently, for an explanation of this merriment.

When Keets could speak, between guffaws, he cried, "Took her out in the country to a farm?"

"Yes," said Mander.

"Told the folks there she was your sister?"

"Exactly."

"And treated her like a sister, I suppose?"

Mander colored a little.

"Naturally," he agreed. "What's the joke, Keets? What strikes you as funny about that?"

"You big booby," Keets told him. "You'll never get wise. You're too blamed innocent to be let loose on the streets at night." He appealed to the others. "Listen, fellows! You heard the line this guy pulled, but you don't know the story back of it. The whole thing was a plant! I took pity on Mander, so I engineered it for him. Here he was all set for as lively a Christmas as anybody would want, and all he did was go out and take a walk in the snow."

Mander said quietly, "You mean you engineered this, Keets?"

"Sure I do," Keets told him. "Man, I wrote the letter for the girl. She didn't have the brains to write a letter like that."

"You know her then?" Mander asked.

"Know her? Everybody knows her."

Mander held his voice steady, concealing the consternation and the great sense of loss which he could not help but feel.

"Who is she, Keets?" he inquired. "I suppose that's the point of your joke. Who is she? Let's all share in it."

"Who is she?" Keets repeated. "She's May Dell, that's who she is. If you knew anything you'd know her. If you ever went anywhere you'd have run into her. She's the toughest gold digger in New York, as wild as they make them, a bad egg and a hard-boiled one. I've known her six months. I'll tell you she eats 'em alive. There's a girl that can step faster than any three men and never turn a hair. And you cart her off in the country and put her up at a farm, and your idea of showing her life is to take her for a ten-mile walk in the snow. Mander, that's a joke on you!"

Keets laughed again, laughed even more loudly than before; and one or two of the others joined in this mirth with him. But only for a moment; for Mander did not laugh, nor did Guy Hawks, and their silence seemed to dampen the general hilarity of the occasion.

Keets, after a little while, perceived that his bombshell had not exploded properly and he cried challengingly, "How about it, Mander? Aren't the drinks on you?"

Mander hesitated. He slowly stubbed out his cigarette upon his bread-and-butter plate, and his eyes were fixed upon the table

At last he said, with a faint smile, "I suppose it's a good joke, all right, Keets; but I don't get much of a laugh out of it. I don't think she did either."

"You bet your life she did," Keets assured him. "And you'll hear from it too. Say, she'll be telling that tale all over town! You'll see people grinning at you everywhere you go for the next six months."

"I don't think," Mander repeated, "that she found it very funny." He glanced across the table and met Guy Hawks' eye, and something he saw there, some suggestion that the other was waiting for a chance to speak, led him to ask, "How does it hit you, Guy?"

Hawks answered without any hesitation at all.

"There was one point in your tale," he remarked; "that about the red ribbon. It reminded me of something I read in the paper this afternoon.

"The rest of you may not have noticed it. It was just a paragraph or so. The police picked up a girl's body in the North River this morning. They figure she jumped off a wharf somewhere. They didn't know who she was, but she had on a brown sport coat with a little piece of red ribbon in the buttonhole."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 42

"Schultz was two up at the turn ——"
"Ten-fifty, dear, at a sale."
"MY! What a wonderful burn!"
"Pretty near time for the mail."

"Ten-fifty, dear, at a sale."
"Isn't that fat boy a freak?"
"Pretty near time for the mail."
"Who's that big guy with the beak?"

"Isn't that fat boy a freak?"
"Bridge? Sorry, dear, I don't play."
"Who's that big guy with the beak?"
"Well, did you have a nice day?"
—Baron Ireland.

Love and the Linotype

THE linotypist was hopelessly in love. He was too shy to tell her face to face, and, unlike that of the gay and flippant youths of his acquaintance, his telephone line was all wet. He dreaded trying to project his personality by wire, thereby taking a chance on being ruled out of order.

For many years he had seen no handwriting but that of the copy readers whose notations he set into cap and lower case six-point regular. His own chirography had succumbed to the contagion.

She would never be able to decipher his hieroglyphics.

So he composed a saga in lead, tracing his crush from the glorious day when he first heard her tooting a trombone in the Amazonian Burnished Silver Saxophone and Sand Blast Cornet Band. His eyes grew dreamy as the eloquent syllables dripped from his fingers and Herr Mergenthaler's pet invention set it in unenduring lead, slug by slug, cunningly interspersing graceful punctuation and heart-arresting quads as it went. Then he ran off a neat galley and trusted his plea to the postman.

"Helen," ran the epistle, "this is a proof of my EtAOIN TDE tde hoptt for you. Will you ETAOIN ETAOIN szszxx? Ever since I first knew you life has been a melody, a fanfare of shrdlushrdlu tde. I hoped the glance you threw me as you marched by in the fireman's parade that day meant ETAOIN ETAOIN SHRDLU. If it did, and you still mean it, write me one word, 'stet', that is for constancy. 30."

Helen read between the lines. She wrote the linotypist a shy acceptance, in a round, schoolgirl hand. He thought she had refused him, flat. There was not one "it is said," not a single "alleged," never a "it is rumored in authoritative circles" or one saying "police have unearthed a clew and an arrest is momentarily expected" in the entire letter, and to the linotypist it was so much meaningless jargon.

But his galley-proof love letter stood him in good stead at the trial.

The intelligent jury was of the opinion that while the vocabulary he used might have been full of amorous adjectives and promises to wed there was nothing in the unabridged to prove it, and they let him off, free to marry a little amber-eyed proofreader who understood him.

—Hazel G. Sullivan.

"Say, Pop, I Was Just Thinkin'—Santa Claus Wasn't So Darn Careful How He Filled My Order Last Year—Do You S'pose We Ought'a Given Him My Business This Time?"

Why and How I Killed My Wife

"NANCY," I said, "I would not retail
Your faults; and yet I cannot fail
To make some mention of a detail"—
But she corrected me—"detail!"

"My dear," I said, "you're mine, you're my
Nance,
You may correct me when, by chance,
I err, with reference to finance"
And Nancy smiled and said—"finance!"

"Or when," said I, "I fail to fill a straight,
When undue odds my purpose frustrate,
Correct me, if with oaths I illustrate"—
She shook her head and said—"illustrate!"

"Correct my manners or my waggery,
But while correcting, please be wary;
Spare my pronunciation's vagary"—
To that she merely said—"vagary!"

"Yes, when you dine," I said, "or when you
wine,
And I grow talkative, why then you win,
For you correct my words so genuine"—
She said with condescension—
"genuine!"

"Think! Every journey, every sea tour
Has end; and every ill its cure;
It's a long road that has no detour!"
Her only comment was—"detour!"

The blood within my veins ran riotous,
I cried: "No more shall grammar cheat
us!
Take from my vengeful fist your quietus!"
She moaned in agony—"quietus!"

I whammed her on the cerebellum
Her beating brain to overwhelm;
I hung her body on an ellum—
And as she died she whispered—"elm!"
—Morris Bishop.

"Good Day Miss ____"

Of course it's "good day" when she has a token of affection from her youthful admirer and a Handy Can of 3-in-One with which to put her typewriter in proper condition for a good day's work.

Every day is a "good day" for office people who use 3-in-One. It not only oils and cleans typewriters, but keeps every office appliance in smooth working order—calculating, duplicating and dictating machines, time clocks, dating stamps, locks, bolts. And as for those squeaking, squawking office chairs, just squirt 3-in-One into their vitals and the disturbing noises vanish like mist.

3-in-One is not an ordinary "machine oil," but an oil compound of most unusual qualities. Quickly penetrating, and highly viscous, it is a perfect lubricant and a wonderful rust preventive, with properties that remove grime from paint and varnish and produce a brilliant polish.

To clean and polish office furniture—(1) Wring out a cloth in cold water; (2) Put a few drops of 3-in-One on the cloth; (3) Rub a small surface at a time, *with the grain of the wood*; (4) Polish with a soft dry cloth.

You can get 3-in-One at all good stationery, hardware, drug, grocery, auto accessory and general stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The Handy can is the most convenient size; the ½-pint bottle is the most economical.

Be sure to ask for "3-in-One" by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

FREE—A sample of 3-in-One and an illustrated Dictionary of Uses will be mailed on request. Use a postal or the coupon at right.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY,
130T. William St., New York, N. Y.
(Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal)

3-in-One

The High Quality Office Oil

All's Well That's Oiled Well

Warning to Idlers

"How many people working here?"
Asked President McBride
"My guess would be, say, one in three."
The Manager replied
"If two in three are shirking here
Some canning must be done
And then you'll see that one in three
Will work like 3-in-One."

Try This Card Trick

A dampened cloth, a few drops of 3-in-One and a soiled deck of cards are all that you require Sprinkle the oil on the cloth and wipe off the cards, back and front. Presto! All soil has disappeared. Pretty slick, what?

Little hinges should be seen and not heard.

Moral: Oil Your Own

"The easiest money I ever earned," claims Mr. F. M. K. of Oregon, "was $3.50 for 'repairing' a neighbor's washing machine motor with three cents worth of 3-in-One."

"Nickel saving" is the basis of all economy. 3-in-One keeps nickeled bathroom fixtures bright without scouring off the nickel plating.

Dust to Dust

Feather dusters scatter dust
As dusters ever must,
But dust-cloths oiled with 3-in-One
Are cloths that dust, to dust.

"And now I stick at nothing," boasted the drawer of the cash register, recently oiled with 3-in-One

"Success comes in cans—failures in can'ts." Extra success comes in 3-in-One Handy Oil Cans.

If the key sticks in the door to opportunity, oil the lock with 3-in-One.

She sprinkled a few drops of 3-in-One into a basin of water. She wrung out a cloth from the water, wiped off the cloudy mirror and polished it with a dry cloth The mirror sparkled and shone.

"Thus," she murmured, "is food for reflection."

"Squealers" are abominations in any office. Banish 'em with 3-in-One.

Intelligence Test No. 54,719

What is the question to which the correct answer is: "Because it lubricates, cleans, polishes and prevents rust and tarnish."

Honest oil saves honest toil.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co., 130 T. William St., N. Y.

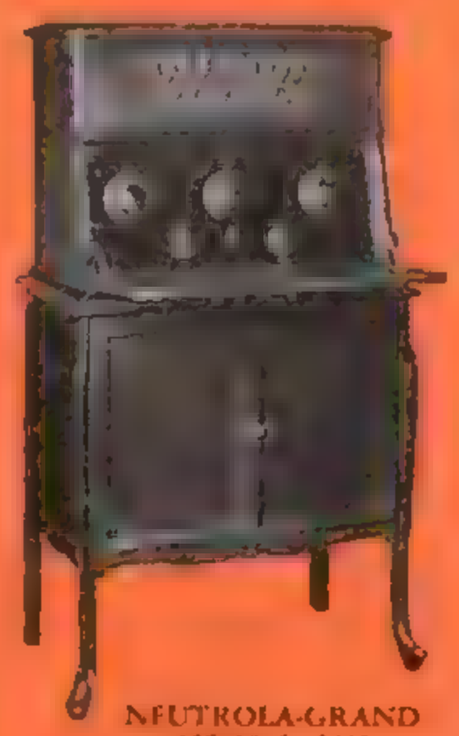
Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Name _____

Street Address or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

NEUTROLETTE 192-A $85
5-Tube



NEUTROLA-GRAND
185 90-A $225
5-Tube
Self-contained loud speaker

[illegible]
SF-10 70 $225
5-Tube. *Self-contained cone loud speaker*

QUEEN ANNE DESK
SF-30 70 $300
5-Tube. *Self-contained cone loud speaker*

To bring a gleam of gladness to eyes we love ~ after all, isn't that *Christmas* to most of us?

TO kindle a warm glow in loving hearts—to see sincere smiles flash because of us—to hear the fluttering "ahs" and "ohs" of genuine delight—what greater joy has Christmas?

And what manner of gift, pray, can bring us the supreme happiness of Christmas giving? How can we make our Christmas wish come true?

How can we transform our Christmas thoughts into living things—to speak for us month after month, year after year?

We must give of *ourselves*—of our *love*, of our thoughtfulness . . . . We must put into our offering what we feel and what we think and wish—we must make our gift say "A Merry Christmas, my loved ones, a Merry Christmas every day of your lives!"

Give them the wonder world that lies unseen about us—that ever-fascinating field of pleasure—that ceaseless source of new enjoyment—Radio!

For here is music to bring warmth to weary hearts . . . music to set young blood to coursing and young toes to tapping . . . melodies to soothe and comfort . . . harmonies to inspire . . .

Here is sport in every field . . . vivid . . . eager . . . play by play!

Here, in short, is Entertainment to meet every mood—boundless . . . joyous . . . without end!

WAITING TIME IS WASTED TIME

FADA Radio

Makes Merry Christmas last the livelong year:-

NOW, before the riotous Christmas rush is upon us, go to the store of the nearest Fada Authorized Dealer—a sorcerer's cell where modern magic is made!

Do not delay your visit—soon the whole town will be a milling mob of fretful, footsore shoppers!

Listen in! Note the *superb clarity* of "FADA RADIO—THE STANDARD OF RECEPTION"—the human quality of every voice variation—the *tonal truth* of every note-shading . . .

Operate it yourself! Experience the *certain ease* with which you can *tune in what you want and tune out what you don't want* . . .

Reach our across the country for distant stations and know the thrill of getting them!

Or, if you like, prove FADA RADIO—in the reposeful atmosphere of your own home . . . there is no charge for such demonstration . . . no obligation to buy.

Most dealers will be glad to arrange convenient terms of payment. Surely this is shopping simplified—painless purchasing!

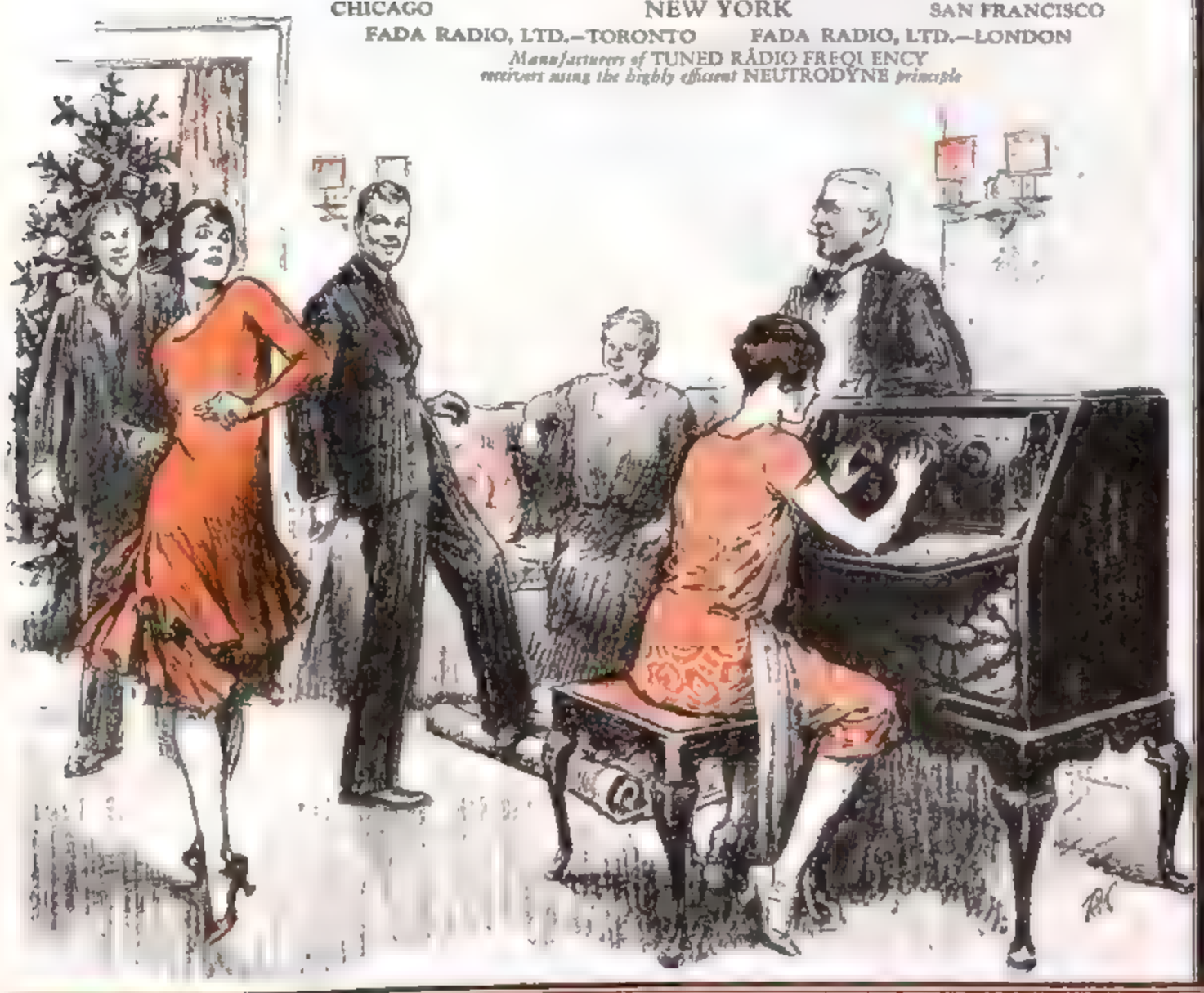
Christmas—*may yours be a merry one!*—is less than three weeks away—call on the dealer today!

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

FADA RADIO, LTD.—TORONTO FADA RADIO, LTD.—LONDON

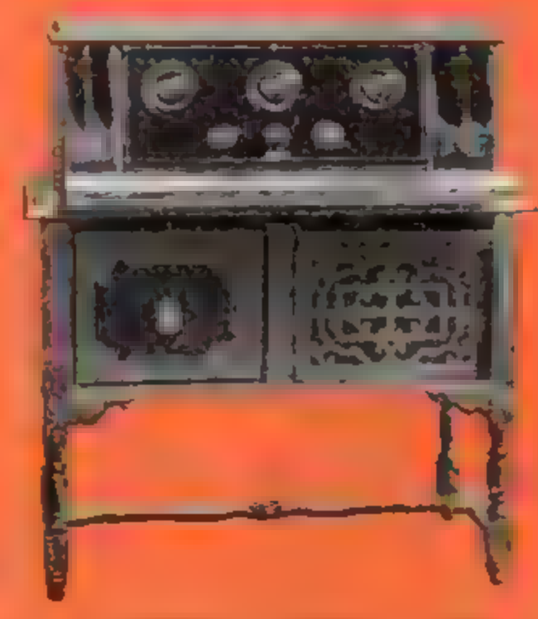
Manufacturers of TUNED RADIO FREQUENCY *receivers using the highly efficient* NEUTRODYNE *principle*



NEUTROCEIVER *175-A $125*
5-Tube

NEUTROLA *185-A $175*
5-Tube
Self-contained loud speaker

BEETHOVEN GRANDE
SF-20 70 $250
5-Tube. Self-contained cone loud speaker



CONSOLE *SF-40 70 $275*
5-Tube. Self-contained cone loud speaker

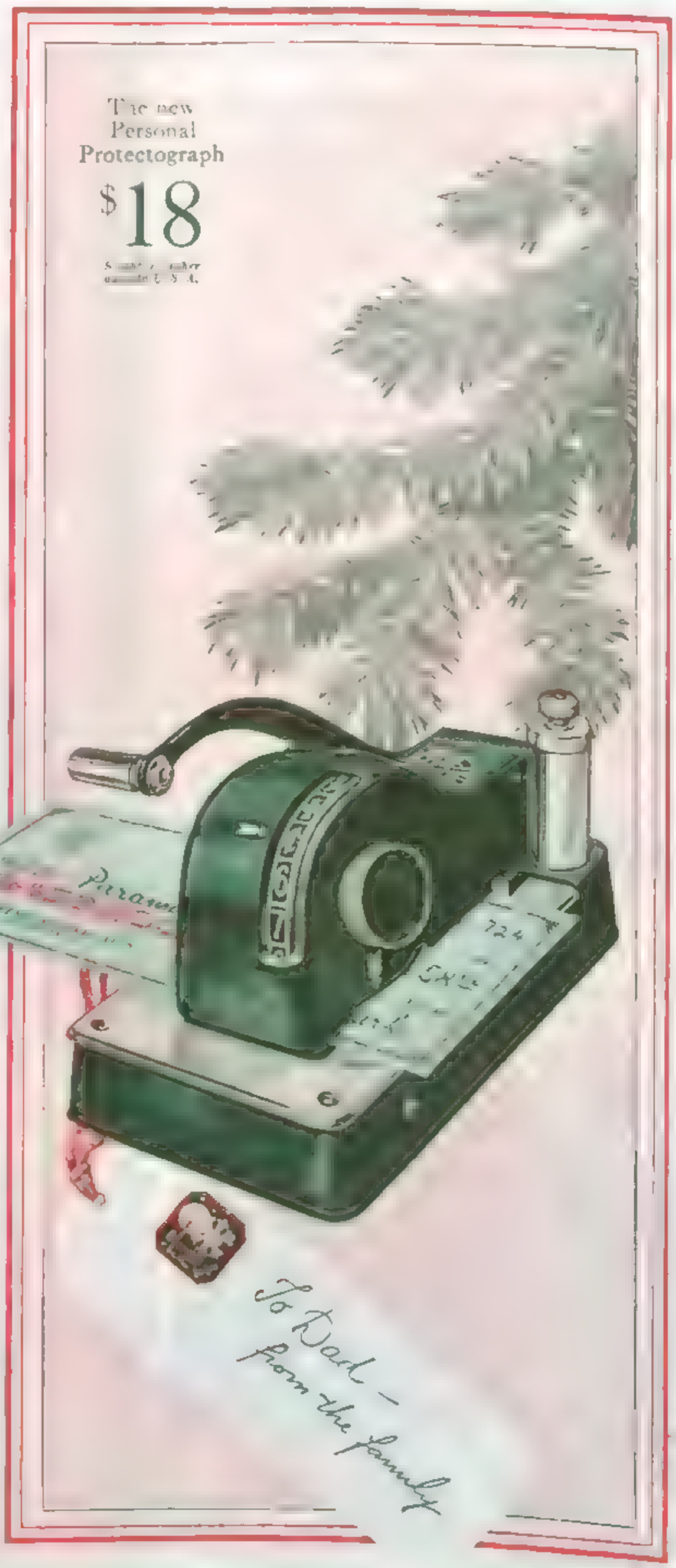
LISTEN TO FADA RADIO TODAY

SEND NOW TO 2581 JEROME AVENUE, NEW YORK, FOR BOOK A, "FADA RADIO—THE STANDARD OF RECEPTION"

Why not give

the business man in your family *check protection* for a lifetime?

How often the sentimental Christmas gift is of fleeting value. How often, indeed, it duplicates presents already received. But here is a suggestion for you who would give the thing eminently worth while to some business man, some man of affairs, some head of a family. For only $18 you can purchase the Todd Personal Protectograph. You can give him check protection for a lifetime!



The need for check protection is recognized today by the nation's leading business firms who are users of one of the larger Protectographs. As a matter of sound policy they are guarding their bank accounts against the forger, whose annual loot through check fraud is estimated by the American Institute of Accountants at $100,000,000.

But most writers of personal checks, whose need for insurance against check-fraud loss is even more acute, have not felt justified in buying one of the larger Protectographs. Not until the invention of the Todd Personal Protectograph was it possible for all depositors with personal checking accounts to have positive protection at a price within their reach.

Though it costs only $18, the Personal Protectograph guards the amount line on personal checks by the same method used on the checks of big business. It shreds the amount line into the very fibre of the check paper. Erasures are impossible. The bold, closely spaced figures are insurance against raising the amount even by "pen changes," the clever method that does not need erasures.

The Personal Protectograph guards bank accounts from forger and "scratcher." It makes personal checks so orderly and so neat that every one is a compliment to the writer's signature!

See the Personal Protectograph today. In your vicinity there is a Todd expert in preventing check-fraud losses who will be glad to explain it thoroughly. You can see it, also, at many banks and in most good stationery and department stores.

Write for free copy of "Check No. 197"

Your name on the coupon will bring to you "Check No. 197," an interesting booklet on the adventures of a single check, as well as detailed information on the Personal Protectograph. The Todd Company, Protectograph Division. (Established 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

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THE TODD COMPANY, *Protectograph Division*
1144 University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Check No. 197," and detailed information about the Personal Protectograph.

Name

Address

Name of Bank

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

1 *The Protectograph* is made in a variety of standard models ... \$37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

2 *Todd Greenbac Checks*, with their patented ... priced—even in small quantities. For business and personal use

3 *Standard Forgery Bonds*—Qualified Todd users ... Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company.

KEEPING TIME

(Continued from Page 50)

at the same time dedicating. As France and Germany were not at war, I naturally played the favorite German patriotic song, Die Wacht am Rhein. The Germans were terribly nervous about it, and one of their officials came over to me and whispered to me to stop, which I didn't do. It was the first time the tune had been played in Paris since the Franco-Prussian War. The French officials and the populace didn't seem to mind it a bit. I didn't want to play the German national anthem, Heil dir im Siegeskranz, because the music is the English God Save the King. It was talked about in German circles for days afterward.

On May twentieth, Harry Thaw, of Pittsburgh, the young fellow who got into trouble in New York some years afterward, gave a party at the Ritz Hotel that made even gay Paris get up and rub its eyes. Mr. Thaw got in communication with my manager and engaged my band and myself to give one hour's concert, for which he agreed to pay $1500. So as not to be short of music, he had a large Hungarian orchestra to play dance music. His guests numbered twenty-five. I recall among the well-known people there, Mrs. Arthur Paget. It was said that the party cost $8000, which someone with mathematical accuracy gave forth as follows:

Number of guests	25
Sousa's Band	$1500
Price of entertainment	8000
Cost per guest	320

I was particularly struck with Thaw's intelligence in music. Though he did not ask for anything from the old masters, he was fond of Wagner and Liszt, and we played Tannhäuser, The Second Rhapsodie, and a Carmen fantasie, together with some of my marches.

He was an attentive and enthusiastic listener to each number and was very genuine in his praise of all but one number—the Carmen number. Of one movement he said, "Don't you"—designating a movement by singing a few measures—"take that number too slow?"

"I don't think so," I replied. "It is marked *molto moderato*."

"Well, I heard it sung by Calvé and she sang it faster than you played it."

"Ladies first," I replied. "The next time I play it for you I'll adopt the lady's tempo."

After Paris we went to Brussels and Liège, and our receipts and criticisms were both very satisfactory. We went on from Liège to Berlin on a special train, which was a nine days' wonder to the people who had never heard of a mere troupe of musicians traveling special all the way from Paris to Berlin. It was almost too much for their credulity. It was a bold stroke on the part of the management. Its publicity made every man, woman and child appreciate the fact that we would be in Berlin on the twentieth of May.

Calling Off the Kaiser's Concert

Occasionally, in our travels through Germany, we met critics who said things just to be satirical, or what they thought funny, rather than truthful; but taking German criticism from beginning to end, the treatment of the band as an artistic institution was thoroughly satisfactory.

While we were in Berlin I had an interview with Count Hochberg, the intendant at the Royal Opera House, relative to giving a command performance for the Kaiser at the Schloss. My experience at Washington had taught me that the Presidents did not want their names used to advertise a show before they attended it, and it was always considered good manners never to tell that the President was coming to a theater before he appeared—but be sure to tell everybody afterward. So, believing that the Kaiser would probably feel the same, no one except Count Hochberg, my manager and myself knew that we were to play the following Friday for the Kaiser.

On Thursday morning a notice appeared in one of the Berlin papers stating that I had received a royal command to play for the Kaiser. Before I was out of bed a reporter called and asked to see me on an important matter. I asked him to come up to my room. He came, showed me the article underscored with blue pencil and asked me what I knew about it? I said I knew absolutely nothing about the article and there was evidently some mistake in its appearing in the paper—which was rather begging the question, but it was necessary. He seemed to be satisfied, and left.

When we reached the Royal Opera House for rehearsal, Count Hochberg came and said he regretted exceedingly, but the Kaiser was called out of town and there would not be any concert. I have reason to believe that the advertising fever had taken possession of the German manager and he had advertised the concert for the Kaiser with the idea of filling up the house that night; and I also believe that the Kaiser felt it was a breach of good manners and called the concert off.

Tipping as a Fine Art

The Washington Post was probably the most popular piece of music in the world at that time. It had established the two-step in America; a dance, I was told by a famous dancing master, which had languished for years until the Washington Post brought it into publicity. In England and Germany they not only called the dance a Washington Post but European composers, writing compositions for the dance, called their numbers Washington Posts. Thus, when Herr Diffenderfer wrote a number, he called it Vorwaerts, a Washington Post.

My experience regarding the march was interesting. I would usually play it as an encore to the third number on the program. Everybody who came to my concerts expected me to play it for the third number. If I had not given it, usually a gentleman with a guttural Teutonic voice would shout out from some part of the house, "Die Vashingtun Pust! Die Vashingtun Pust!" Then a unanimous "Yah! Yah!" and deafening applause would greet this request. Perhaps about the sixth number another guttural Teuton would cry out, "Die Vashingtun Pust! Die Vashingtun Pust!" And the same scene would again take place. I had on more than one occasion to render it no fewer than six times.

We finally left Berlin for a tour of Germany. The manager of the German Musical Bureau who had conducted our affairs had been superseded by Mr. Salomon Liebling, a fine musician and court pianist to the King of Saxony. The night when we closed, Mr. Liebling came to me and said, "Mr. Sousa, I have noticed in your tipping waiters and others you show but little discrimination. If you are pleased with them you tip too liberally, and if you are displeased you show your displeasure in too marked a way. I would like the privilege of doing your tipping for you on our tour. I have toured this country and know it thoroughly. I will take charge of the tipping and give you a faithful account every week of the amount I spend."

I was delighted. To take the disagreeable task away from me was to grant a boon. I thanked him and said he might assume the duty.

Cassel was the first town we went to after Berlin. Though Mr. Liebling could not be called the tightest wad in the world, he certainly did not believe in spending money unnecessarily for tips. I understood German somewhat, and this would be the usual experience:

Liebling and I would enter a hotel. I would approach the office and stand like a poor boy at a huskin'. Mr. Liebling would advance boldly to the desk, register myself and himself, and then looking around at the menials in the office—porters, bell boys, waiters, and so on—he would say, "Men, look at him!" nodding toward me—"look at him. Look well. He is so great that he never carries money. Look to me for everything. See that he gets the best of service. Be careful—the best of service—but look to me for everything." And then he would walk pompously away. Of course, I was supposed not to know what he was talking about, and it worked splendidly. If ever there was a traveling man who received perfect attention in a hotel, I did.

When the time came to leave and Mr. Liebling and I were in the office, he'd settle up and begin rewarding the various servants. There would be a line of the many who had served me waiting with palms ready. Liebling would take out his pocketbook, bring it up very close to his nose and search diligently for a coin of a certain value, then hand it to the man or the woman. I do not believe he ever gave a pfennig more than the coldest custom had established. But, strange, whatever the opinion of his parsimony was, these men, waiters, bell boys, maids and chambermaids never seemed to show the slightest feeling toward me or look to me for any redress for his closeness. I was a stranger in a strange land, and I had nothing to do with tips, because I was so great I never carried money!

Of course I had to reciprocate. From the time of the cholera in Hamburg in the 80's, Liebling had never touched a drop of water. He substituted Moselle wine instead. Six or seven times a week I would invite Liebling to dine with me. We would sit at the hotel table. I would ask the waiter for the wine card. My eye would reach the Moselles. I would turn to Liebling and ask if he was fond of Moselle wine. Of course his answer would be, "I drink no other." I would see a Moselle marked twenty marks.

"May I ask," I would inquire solicitously, "do you consider Fleckenberg a fit wine to drink?"

"Oh, Mr. Sousa," he would exclaim, "that is a very rare wine, only drunk by emperors on state occasions."

Decorated in Belgium

I would look grieved, but would continue, "I did not ask you, Mr. Liebling, if this wine is only drunk by emperors on state occasions. I asked you the simple question if you consider it fit wine for gentlemen to drink."

"Oh, Mr. Sousa"—and his eyes would grow large and his face assume a look of ecstatic joy—"it is a delicious wine."

"And you indorse it?"

"Oh, Mr. Sousa, yes!"

"Very well. Waiter, bring us a bottle of Fleckenberg."

This dialogue, with the usual exclamations, was repeated daily; the only change would be the name of the wine and the price.

In June, after my tour of Belgium, I received the following:

"In recognition of the success of the concerts given in Belgium, the Academy of Arts, Science and Literature of Hainault has conferred on you the Grand Diploma of Honor and decorated you with the Cross of Artistic Merit of the First Class."

I am still wearing the decoration and hope to continue to do so.

When I was about twelve my father called me to his side and spoke of tobacco.

"You know," he said, "that I am an inveterate smoker; it is seldom I am not smoking either a cigarette or a cigar, and I rather imagine you will follow in my footsteps in your love of tobacco. I would ask, though, that you do not commence smoking until your sixteenth birthday. I think it is best if you don't. If you do not smoke

(Continued on Page 158)

"It's the Point"

Buy a Moore Pen. You get your point set in a brilliant black or beautiful Tuscan red holder that does not stain or become discolored. The point is made in only one quality.

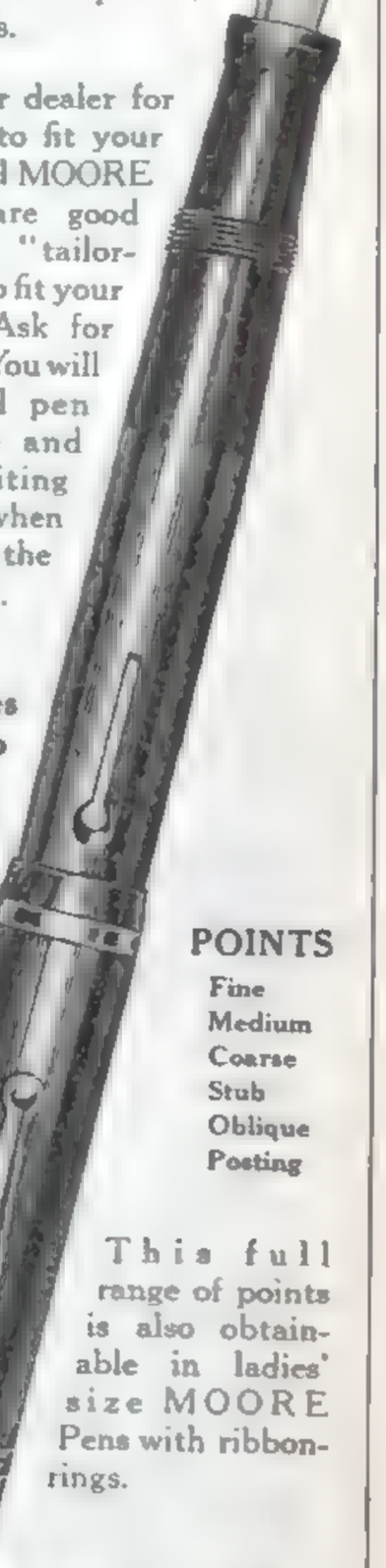
One Quality Only

That is the best quality made. We "tailor-make" our pen points in our own factory. When you see

Moore's

on a pen it means absolute insurance against imperfections in workmanship and materials.

Ask your dealer for a point to fit your hand. All MOORE points are good and are "tailor-made" to fit your touch. Ask for your fit. You will get real pen pleasure and real writing comfort when you use the MOORE.



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Fine
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Coarse
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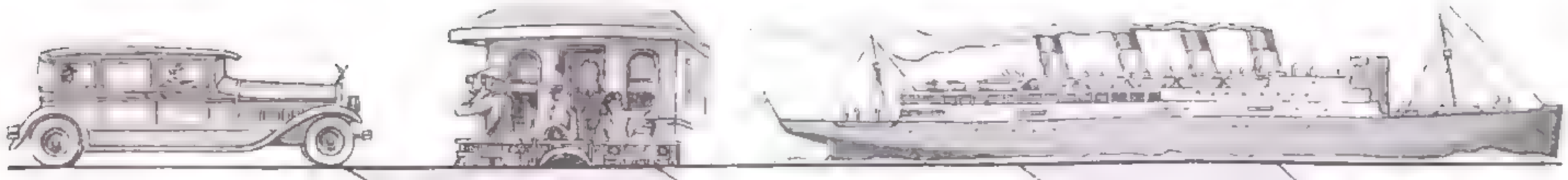


MOHAIR

In all luxurious travel

There is one upholstery material which, by reason of its rich beauty, luxurious comfort and extreme durability has for years been used in de luxe parlor cars, sleeping cars, and steamships; in leading hotels and in closed automobiles. This unrivalled fabric is a mohair velvet—CHASE VELMO.

FOR THE UPHOLSTERY OF YOUR CLOSED CAR—The upholstery requirements of closed motor cars and railway coaches are very similar. Both demand a rich looking, comfortable, cleanly and exceedingly long-wearing fabric.

Recognition of this fact first led closed car builders to consider the upholstery material used by leading railways.

This material was Chase Velmo—a handsome, lustrous mohair velvet—which 40 years of actual use had proved unequalled for beauty, comfort, cleanliness and extreme durability.

Today Chase Velmo is recognized as the finest, most luxuriously beautiful closed car upholstery. It is restful to ride upon. It is hard to soil and easy to clean. Velmo is dependably color-fast and as nearly impervious to wear as any woven material can be.

What VELMO upholstery
Means to Closed Car Owners

Through its rich beauty of color and texture, Velmo upholstery will increase your pride and pleasure in your car.

Instead of causing garments to wear shiny, the deep, rich pile of Velmo protects clothing.

Instead of being cold, dusty and slippery, its velvety surface is always soft, yielding and luxuriously cosy.

There are grades of genuine Velmo to meet varying price requirements, so—Velmo upholstery—like standard makes of tires—is available in moderate priced, as well as in expensive cars.

VELMO is Standard Equipment
on Many Fine Closed Cars

If Velmo is not standard equipment on the closed car you buy, pay $20 to $60 more for this upholstery—on resale get $50 to $100 extra!

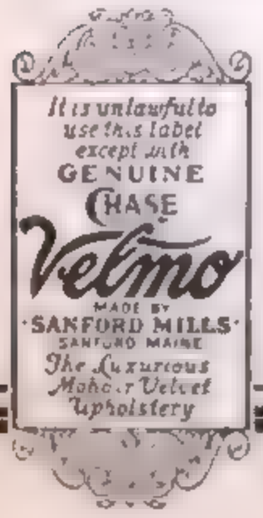
Other materials are often so unsightly when the car is turned in that re-upholstering is necessary. Dealers—because they save this expense—are willing to allow more for a Velmo upholstered car.

Chase VELMO is a Mohair Velvet—
But not all Mohair Velvets are Velmo

All mohair velvet is woven from the silky, lustrous fleece of the Angora goat. The difference in the many makes of mohair velvet lies in the quality of fleece used and in the manufacturing methods.

The Sanford Mills have courageously maintained their standards. They have refused to produce inferior mohair velvets which could not be guaranteed as is Velmo.

That is why it will pay you to make sure, first: that your closed car is upholstered with mohair velvet—and second: that the mohair velvet is the finest obtainable—VELMO.



This label sewn in the cushions of your car signifies that the manufacturer has given you the genuine Velmo.

CHASE VELMO—*Perfected Mohair Velvet*—Made by
SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, MAINE

L. C. Chase & Co., *Selling Agents,* Boston
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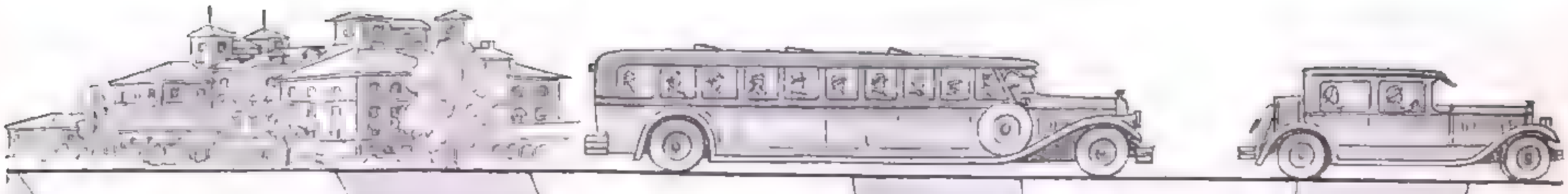

VELVET

FAR-OFF Turkey is the home of the Angora goat. His fleece—called Mohair—is white, soft and silky. And Government tests have shown it to possess 2½ times the strength of wool. This accounts for the marvelous durability of Velmo, which is woven from the finest Mohair fleece.

How this silky, white fleece has helped to increase the beauty and luxurious comfort of the closed motor car is told in the booklet, "A Glimpse Inside." A copy will gladly be sent you—free—on request.

CHASE

Velmo

VELVET MOHAIR

THE MOST LUXURIOUS TRAVEL FABRIC

(Continued from Page 155)

until you are sixteen, you have my full permission to do so thereafter, and I have no doubt that on some occasions I may be so liberal as to give you a cigar."

I gave him my hand, and I smoked my first cigar and got beastly sick on my sixteenth birthday. With a few lay-offs, I have smoked steadily ever since, and if no reformer shuts me off, I shall probably smoke until the end.

I did not touch any alcoholic beverage until I was twenty-one, although wine and beer were always on my parents' dining table. My older sister has never known the taste of alcoholic drinks. After I left the Marines, I made a resolution never to smoke until after lunch and never to drink between meals, and I have kept this resolution inviolable. Up to 1898, my only drink was a little wine or beer at lunch and dinner. In that year, on the advice of a humorous physician, who said that Scotch whisky contained only one poison, while other alcoholic beverages contained many, I dropped wine and beer and took a well-diluted highball of Scotch whisky, sometimes for lunch, but always for dinner. After Mr. Volstead injected his objections, with the legal support of the Constitution, I had to amend my custom, for there is so little preprohibition Scotch in the cellars of people who entertain me at dinner that I have been compelled to fall back on water.

This is all introductory to a confession I desire to make of an episode in which I figured in a certain proud and aristocratic German city. We were announced and booked to give three concerts in this lordly town—an evening, a matinée and an evening. When I arrived at the hotel, in a very short time the American consul called on me. He seemed strangely apprehensive, and finally explained his fears as delicately as he could. He had been consul for twelve years in Germany, and naturally his acquaintance was very great. He knew nearly everybody in town, and as soon as it was announced that I was to come there and give a series of my concerts, every man he met when he went to his office in the morning suddenly became sarcastic, and would say, "Why doesn't America send us a pork butcher? She knows more about pork than music. We don't want an American band." Then, he said, they'd give him the merry ha-ha, and this continual poking fun at American music got on his nerves until he was almost a wreck.

Celebrating a Success

I tried to reassure him. I said we had played in Paris, Berlin and Brussels and other metropolitan towns of the Continent with success and I saw no reason to believe we would register anything but success in his city.

"If audiences get what they expect, they are always satisfied, and perhaps we shall prove ourselves superior to what they expect of us," I said.

"I hope so," he wearily replied, and went on his way.

We gave our performance to a remarkably enthusiastic audience, encores being even more than usual, and band and soloists received great approval. At the end of the concert I met the consul at the hotel and he was radiant in his joy. If there ever was joy unconfined, he had it that night. We went to his apartment and had a glass of Rhine wine. He then went over the program and discussed each and every piece, claiming each was better than the one before it; and then, putting his hand on my shoulder, he said, "This is the happiest night of my life, Sousa, we are Americans. Let us celebrate this great victory as Americans should. I have a bottle of Kentucky whisky. We will take it down to the café, select a private room and drink to your great success."

We took his bottle of whisky and, with his wife accompanying, we went down to a little private room in a café. He mixed two highballs. We drank to each state in the Union. Then he mixed two more and we drank to the governor of each state in the Union. Then we drank to the President and to the cabinet, and to every man, woman and child in the United States of America and its possessions. Then we got slightly pugnacious. We fought the Revolution over again, switched to the War of 1812, took a couple of sips while we were doing up Mexico in 1846, then we drank a long one to the flag and then proceeded to whip Spain over again. Then I, looking at him steadily, with love in my heart for my country, said, "We have whipped everything in this world; bring on another planet."

His poor little wife was fast asleep by this time, and the dawn was beginning to creep through the window. We took a final drink and lit a fresh cigar, I bade him good night and asked him to say good-by to his wife when she woke up.

I went to my room. I never was more wide-awake in my life; there wasn't a suggestion of sleepiness. I sat on the edge of the bed for ten minutes, then rang for a waiter. The waiter who had attended us the entire night, and who was loaded down with a myriad of tips—we gave him one every time he filled the glasses—came, and I said, "I think I have what is known in this monarchy of yours as *Katzenjammer*. What would you, with your superior knowledge, advise me to take?"

Without hesitation he suggested a large glass of Munich beer. The thought was repellent to me, and I said, "No, no!"

"Then take some cognac."

A Cure for Katzenjammer

The thought of any spirituous addition was frightful, and I again replied, "No, no! Bring me four quart jugs of Seltzer. Be sure you bring four quarts."

The waiter retired and in a few minutes returned with my order. I opened the first bottle and sipped the quart, then started on the second, then the third and finally the last bottle. By that time it was midday and whatever alcohol was left in my system was diluted to a harmless consistency. I took a bath, ordered some soup and toast, dressed, went out for a walk, and then to the matinée. The matinée had a crowded and appreciative audience. After the matinée, I repaired to the hotel and ate a dinner worthy of a laboring man. I helped it along with a pint of champagne, had a cigar, and was at peace with the world. I then went to the theater and conducted the evening concert. The audience was insistent for encores and I believe we gave more there than anywhere else.

After the performance I returned to the hotel, where I met a bedraggled and woebegone consul. He looked as if he had been through a threshing machine.

His first words were, "What did you do today?"

"I don't understand you," I answered.

"Did you go to the matinée?" he asked.

"I'm not here for my health," I replied. "Of course I went to the matinée and also to the evening performance. But why do you ask?"

"Why, man, do you know what we did last night?"

"Of course I do. We sat down and had a few drinks, celebrating the success of the concert; that's about all," I said

"All!" he said, feeling his head and moaning. "All! Why, man, we drank an entire bottle of Kentucky whisky! I have been in bed all day with a towel around my head and I have been so knocked out I could not even sign important official papers."

"Consul," I said impressively, "you have been here twelve years. You have grown soft. Go back to America, my dear sir, and be a man again."

When we left Paris for our second invasion of Germany, our first stop was Mannheim. I took an earlier train than the bandsmen. When the bandsmen's train reached the frontier, the manager, baggageman and the entire corps were fast in the arms of Morpheus. Either through stupidity, lack of knowledge of the passengers or pure cussedness, the three cars containing the band were shunted to three different trains going in as many directions. One was going to Mannheim, the two others to some point in France. The baggage car was finally located at Ems and reached us in Heidelberg.

When the car containing the American musicians reached some village far to the north, at the end of the line, the boys got off and inquired where they were. The name of the town was given them. They made themselves understood that they were Americans, and finally they found an American in the village who said he would interpret whatever they said.

"But," he asked, "who are you?"

"We," said Arthur Pryor, the solo trombonist of the band, "are members of Sousa's Band."

"Sousa's Band?" queried the American. "I never heard of them."

"You never heard of them?" shouted Pryor. "Never heard of Sousa's Band?" Then, in utter contempt for the American, he said, "Stranger, I don't know what part of America you come from, but I'll bet ten dollars to one that your town isn't on the map!"

The stranger didn't want to lose his money on a sure thing, so he didn't accept the wager.

One-third of the men reached Mannheim about eight o'clock, but only those who played clarinet, flute or oboe had their instruments with them; the rest were in the baggage car. We hoped against hope until 8:30 that the instruments and the rest of the men would arrive, but as they did not, we were compelled to dismiss the audience and refund the money. I made the announcement through an interpreter to the audience, assuring them that they were the artistic center of the universe and I hoped I could return later and give them a concert. One little sawed-off fellow mounted a chair and shouted that that was very true, but he had come fifteen miles on the railroad, and who was going to pay his fare?

Arguments are of no avail in an angry mob, so I retired and left them to disperse.

We finally got together in Heidelberg and gave a concert in the municipal garden of the town. There is a peculiarity about German terms for amusements. In the summer months, when we played in the famous gardens, we would get anywhere from 85 to 100 per cent of the gate—that is, the money taken in at the various public entrances. The audience would reserve the tables, but when we played indoors in the winter months—as we did in 1905—we would have difficulty in getting 70 per cent. In the gardens the proprietors look to food and drink for their profit, and as we were a strong attraction, we received nearly all the entrance money. In Heidelberg, the local management was rather indifferent if anyone came in without paying.

Playing in Heidelberg

I noticed a pole across the road and a stream of people stooping under it and coming in without any tickets. I went to the attendant—who is always a count or a duke, or something of the kind—and complained to His Giblets that people were coming in under this pole without paying any admission.

He said, "Impossible!" and became exceedingly angry, and wanted me distinctly to understand that no German would for a moment come in without paying.

"Very true," I said; "but please remember there are Americans, French, English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Senegambians at large in the world, and they may have all concentrated on my concert today in Heidelberg. I want them to pay just as well as the Germans."

"Nonsense!" he shouted louder. "I will do nothing in the matter."

"Very well," I said. "If in five minutes there are not proper guards put on that road, I will march my band out of here, sue you for breach of contract, besides reporting you to the authorities at Berlin for dereliction of duty and limited capacity." I pulled out my watch and held it in my hand. He got busy and became remarkably tractable. In three minutes he had guards at the pole and I do not believe they would have allowed the Kaiser in if he hadn't a ticket! Authority, assumed or real, is a great weapon in Germany.

When we reached Dresden, we found a beautiful city and a splendid audience. Among the musical artists there was the famous pianist and composer Emil Sauer. At the end of the concert he called at my dressing room and we had a very pleasant chat. The German maidens kept us busy for an hour writing our autographs on postal cards. The importunate maidens' pleading "*Bitte, bitte*" filled the air. When we had signed the last card and the last maiden had departed and the final "*Bitte, bitte*" had melted into the lambent atmosphere, we talked. He was very complimentary regarding the performance that night. I had played an overture, two suites, a valse, and several marches, all of my own, and he wondered at the difference between the German and French composers and myself.

A Little Tax Trouble

"We," he said, "travel along a rough musical path, full of cobblestones, ruts, and often discordant; while you have discovered a delightful little path of roses of music which you seem to hold entirely for yourself."

After Dresden, we played Nuremberg and then Munich. The proprietor of the hall we played in had guaranteed us 16,000 marks for four concerts and advertised that fact as widely as he could. It was an unusually large sum for the times and the country, and he hammered it home with great persistency.

At the first concert, Miss Olive Fremstad, the famous prima donna of later years at the Metropolitan, was present and told me afterward that she was compelled to stand up during the entire concert, it was so crowded; and at a breakfast next day with a party of friends she said she wouldn't have stood up for anyone in the world but an American like me. She was young, pretty and a great favorite with the Munich operatic people.

The day after the first concert, I lunched with the proprietor of the concert hall. While at lunch a tall cadaverous individual in a somber black shining suit and cloak entered, and said in German, "Herr Sousa?"

I nodded. He handed me a large envelope. I opened it and read that a law passed before the whale swallowed Jonah, or in the Pleistocene period, required that any stranger giving a concert in Munich had to pay a tax of 10 per cent of his takings for the privilege.

"This doesn't concern me," I said. "This is a matter for this gentleman with me to adjust. We are guaranteed and our expenses are guaranteed for this concert, and no doubt all expense of taxes is to be borne by him."

The proprietor said, "Don't worry; I'll fix it up," and said something to the cadaverous and sorrowful intruder, who, bowing very low, withdrew. "Don't bother," he assured me; "I'll fix it."

Just before the last concert I was dining with him and the same individual appeared and placed the same envelope in my hand.

"What's this?" I asked, turning to my dinner companion and handing him the envelope.

"It's a demand that you pay 10 per cent of 16,000 marks."

"But I understood you to say you had fixed it."

"I did. The original order gave you until four o'clock today to pay it; I had the authorities extend the time to six."

"But the debt is yours," I said.

(Continued on Page 163)

A Gift that Inspires Gratitude

for Father or Mother
for Son or Daughter
for Teacher or Pastor
for Dearest Friend

This Christmas Portable may be had in our handsome Christmas package without extra charge. For sale by over 5,000 dealers and Remington branches everywhere. Easy payment terms, if desired. Write for illustrated booklet, "For You —For Everybody". Address Department 126.

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Remington Portable

"OVER FIVE MILLION HAPPY OWNERS"

"American" MINIATURE TRANSPORTATION

No. 1434. Complete Train Outfit, as illustrated, with all accessories, including 24-Speed Transformer, charges prepaid..... $59.00

The Complete Outfit as illustrated above, includes the following accessories which are also sold separately. Can be operated with either the "0" gauge or wide gauge trains:

2012	Semaphore with light	$2.25	2020	Water Tower	$1.25
2010	Double Arc Light	3.25	2022	Crossing Gate with Light	2.25
99	Station—3 lights	5.25	4255	Tunnel, 18 inches long	2.25
2016	Auto. Danger Signal Bell	3.75	1261	Transformer, not illust.	5.75
			1433	All American Train	33.50

(Prices shown include postage)

Train No. 2—Engine 6½ inches. Tender 4 inches. Cars 5⅛ inches. Baggage car has sliding doors. Eight pieces curved, two pieces straight track. Length of track 103 inches. Length of train 24⅝ inches. Weight 4 pounds. Price $2.75

Train No. 13—Engine 7 inches. Equipped with piston rods and brake. Cars 5½ inches. Baggage car has sliding doors. Ten pieces curved, two pieces straight track, two switches. Length of track 160 inches. Length of train 25 inches. Weight 5 pounds. Train can be switched from large oval to small oval by opening or closing both switches. Price..... $4.25

Train No. 1221—(No. 0 Gauge Track). Heavy pressed steel electric engine with headlight, 8 inches. Complete as shown, including tunnel, station, semaphore and automatic mail bag catcher. Double truck cars with disappearing couplers, 6½ inches. Baggage car has sliding doors. Passenger car and observation car have interior electric lights. Eight pieces curved, six pieces straight track. Length of train 31 inches. Length of track 142 inches. Weight 10¼ pounds. Price, prepaid $12.25

No. 1250—New "American Flyer" air-cooled, 18-speed Transformer. 110-volt A. C.—60 cycle—75 watt. Price..... $4.00.

No. 1261—Transformer, 24-speeds. For use with Wide Gauge Trains when several electric lighted accessories are operated. 110-volt A.C.—60 cycle—100 watt. Price..... $5.75.

"American Flyer" Transformers will operate any Electric Trains. They have half-volt control steps which give any speed desired, eliminating the need for a rheostat.

OUR NEW CATALOG SENT FREE

This beautiful, big, new Catalog, just off the Press, illustrating in full colors our complete line of "American Flyer" and Structo Toys will be sent to you upon receipt of 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

There's an "American Flyer" To Fit Every Purse

THERE is a hope imbedded deep in the heart of the average boy that some day he will possess a miniature railroad—If that hope wasn't there, our millions of sales would not have been possible. To gratify this wish, we have included in our line, trains to meet the needs of every age and every pocketbook.

Your toy dealer can show you a wide assortment of "American Flyer" Trains. There's an Electric Train with Headlight as low as **$5.75.** Regardless of price each train embodies the same careful workmanship that has made the name "American Flyer" nationally famous for miniature train construction.

Our mechanical trains are strong, sturdy and attractive. The heavy-duty "American Flyer" clockwork motor will last for years. They make an ideal gift for the younger kids. Complete outfits from **$2.00** up.

At the left we show a few representative "American Flyer" Trains. Your dealer will be glad to show you many others. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.

If your dealer does not stock the exact model you want, he will order it for you, or we will send it direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

American Flyer Mfg. Co.

2217 S. Halsted Street :: Chicago, Illinois

"Flyer" SYSTEMS

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

of the "ALL AMERICAN"—the new Wide Gauge Electric Train of the "American Flyer" Line.

The majority of these features are patented

1. Automatic Reverse—It really reverses.
2. Automatic Reversing Headlights—Reverse as the train reverses.
3. Heavy locomotive underframe with unbreakable cow-catcher.
4. A real Automatic Coupler.
5. Two electric lights in each car.
6. Dome light on observation car platform.
7. All cars lithographed on heavy steel in attractive colors, not painted.
8. Automatic Mail Bag Catcher with bags.
9. Car roofs of one piece and easily removable.
10. Spring doors on vestibule entrances—four sliding doors on baggage car.
11. Lowest voltage motors made—economical to operate.
12. Universal Track Terminal for either No. "0" or wide gauge —Allows use of any accessories with either equipment.

No. 1433—as illustrated above, consists of 15-inch locomotive with two reversible headlights, 16-inch combination mail and baggage car equipped with mail bag catcher and bags, 16-in. Pullman and 16-in. Observation Car. All cars have two interior electric lights. Eight pieces curved and six pieces straight 2¼-inch, wide gauge track. Train length 61½ inches, track 212 inches. Weight 25 pounds. Price..... $33.50

No. 1432—Same as above, without Observation Car. Locomotive has one headlight. Length of train 46½ inches, eight pieces curved and four pieces straight 2¼-inch, wide gauge track. Length of track 184 inches. Weight 21 pounds. Price..... $26.00

The Boys of America Designed This Train

WHEN we started to design this new, Big, Wide Gauge, Electric Train, I told our Chief Engineer that we must build a train that would be "the first choice" of every boy in America. First of all we found out from hundreds of smart, keen boys JUST WHAT THEY WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IN A WIDE GAUGE ELECTRIC TRAIN. It has taken us a long time to perfect this Feature Train because we wanted to put into it every practical idea that any boy could suggest. That is why we say "The Boys of America designed this Train."

While we were planning this Wide Gauge Train we also included some of its "features" in other "AMERICAN FLYER" models. Read the list of "EXCLUSIVE FEATURES"—note the big, powerful locomotive (New 20th Century Model)—the long, electric lighted cars—the general effect of a "Real Train," and I believe you will agree with me that we have produced just such a Train as any boy would naturally prefer above all others.

I have in my personal files hundreds of letters from boys all over the United States and Canada, so I am writing this advertisement to express my thanks for the many valuable suggestions which have led to the production of this "ALL AMERICAN" Wide Gauge Train. The experience gained in making over five million trains is your guarantee behind this "AMERICAN FLYER" Wide Gauge Train.

W. O. Coleman
President

Show this advertisement to your dealer. Ask him to show you the trains and accessories illustrated in The Saturday Evening Post.

AMERICAN FLYER MFG. CO., 2217 SOUTH HALSTED STREET, CHICAGO

softness that only *Thirsty Fibre* can

Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
TRADE MARK REG U.S. PATENT OFFICE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa. U.S.A.
1000 SHEETS — 4½ × 5 INCHES

roll

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There's a refinement, an exquisite, soothing texture in ScotTissue, which women appreciate instinctively.

Nicety in personal hygiene and pride in home appointments inevitably dictate the choice of ScotTissue, with its soothing softness, its dainty whiteness and purity and quick absorbency, which only Thirsty Fibre can impart.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 15 cents with your dealer's name and we will send you a full-size roll of ScotTissue, prepaid.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.
New York Philadelphia
Chicago San Francisco

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(Continued from Page 158

"That's what I thought," he replied, "but the tax office told me that it reads that any stranger coming to Munich must pay 10 per cent, and of course you know I am not a stranger, so the law makes you pay. I hope to have the law changed later on." I paid.

After a short tour in Holland, we sailed on the St. Louis, reaching New York on September ninth. The boat was decorated with the colors of Germany, France, Holland and Belgium, the cities of Cologne and Frankfort. Forward on deck, we played American airs, and especially Home, Sweet Home. I told reporters I was delighted with the successes which had marked the tour of the band and the favor with which we had been received everywhere. I was pleased that our Americanism had been one of the factors of our success abroad.

I said, "We have more than once been in towns where they did not know that our colors were red, white and blue, but they do now, and are familiar with The Star-Spangled Banner and The Stars and Stripes Forever. We have made them known throughout Europe. I cannot speak too highly of our reception abroad. Everywhere our treatment was most cordial."

I received hundreds of telegrams and letters of congratulation—one from a lady who had been a prima donna in a company when I was the conductor, but who was then retired and living the life of the enviable being whose husband loves her and gives her all the money she wants. She inclosed a note I had sent her when she sang Josephine in Pinafore.

A Prima Donna's Petticoat

The lady had the unforgivable habit of singing sharp, and the equally unforgivable habit of being slouchy in her dress. One night when she made her appearance, her petticoat showed fully two inches below her dress, and she was singing a shade or two above the pitch. I hurriedly scribbled a note that she, after all the years, returned to me, and the note read:

"*Dear M——* Please raise your petticoat two inches and lower your voice one inch. "J. P. S."

While we were in Glasgow playing a four weeks' engagement at the International Exposition, His Majesty's Grenadier Guards were there also, and after an introductory period of looking offishly at one another, which is common among musicians of rival organizations, a friendship sprang up among the members of the two bands, and we got up a dinner to the Grenadiers which was reciprocated by them in the same week.

Musicians as a rule are very loyal to their organization, or else horribly indifferent. At the very beginning of our engagement at the exposition our men might easily have become enemies owing to the rivalry existing between the two bands. Mr. Hedley, manager of the exposition, read to me a note from the leader of the Grenadiers complaining that we were assigned a better place to play than that given his band, intimating that Hedley was favoring the American band to the detriment of the British band.

"What would you do in my place?" Hedley asked.

"The easiest thing in the world," I answered. "Just write and tell him the stand where Sousa's Band plays is to be his without change during the time he is playing at the exposition, and that you will assign the American band to the despised point now occupied by him."

And if the people afterward flocked in greater numbers to where we were playing, I had no reason to object.

But this dinner smoothed out and brought the two bands in close companionship. At the dinner, of course, we toasted His Majesty King Edward and the President of the United States; then I proposed the health of the Grenadier Guards and said

"It is thirty years since the Grenadiers and the Americans have had a drink together. Thirty years ago the Grenadiers took part in Boston in what was believed to be the greatest musical festival ever organized, and it was organized by the great bandmaster, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. It had 3000 of the best players in the world and there were the three leading bands of the world—one from France, one from Germany and the Grenadier Guards from Great Britain. At that festival American bandsmen got one father and three mothers. The father was Gilmore, the man who knew that music was a universal language and believed no geographical lines stood between musicians; while the mothers were the English band, the French band and the German band; and from those mothers and one father came that which was ultimately known as Sousa's Band. There is, therefore, a brotherhood. It may be necessary for diplomats to keep their own politics, but as music is a universal language, I have great pleasure in asking you to drink to the health of the Grenadier Guards and its distinguished conductor."

Your true-born Briton is a man who will fight an injustice, maybe only for the pleasure of squelching a knocker. While we were playing in England one paper in a city where we held a concert was so manifestly unfair that the president of the syndicate that I was under came into my room and asked me if I had read the notice. I had not, for my valet had purposely forgotten to give it to me. The president of the syndicate pulled the paper from his pocket and I read it. It was a clear case of vituperation and abuse.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Let it die in its swaddling clothes," I replied. "It's absolutely at variance with the attitude of the audience and they'll know it's unfair."

"I don't propose to let it rest. I propose to proceed legally. Do you want to contribute to the fund?"

"Yes," I said. "How much do you want?"

"Ten pounds," he said.

Now in England the way they start a lawsuit is to engage a solicitor who writes a polite note to the offender. Our solicitor sent a letter to the proprietor of the offending newspaper, and in a few days an answer came back from the paper that the editor had the utmost confidence in his critic, in his honesty, his capability and his integrity, and whatever the critic said the paper would indorse. They would not withdraw any of the remarks that had been made.

The Amende Honorable

That brought the matter to the second stage—that is calling in a barrister. The barrister, after reading the letter and consulting me, immediately entered suit against the newspaper for £100,000 damages.

The barrister informed the offender that the syndicate, the conductor, and each and every bandsman from the piccolo to the bass drum, had been horribly mortified and grossly libeled by misleading and false statements and £100,000 damages was not enough to compensate for the ignominious position in which the offender tried to place the offended.

I then took part in the conversation by saying that it was not so much money I wanted as a full retraction in their paper.

The barrister said if I would be satisfied with a recantation of the remarks, he would give the paper an opportunity to retract or suffer the suit. This is the retraction: "Mr. Sousa and His Band.

"We learn with regret that Mr. Sousa is deeply hurt by the criticism of the performance in —— which appeared in the ——.

"Mr. Sousa considers our critic very far outstepped fair criticism. That was certainly not the intention. Our critic has strong preferences—they may be called prejudices—in favor of other bands, and the interpretation they give of classical music; but the superlative excellence of Mr. Sousa's band in the treatment of American music has undoubtedly been proved by his great popular success throughout his British tour, terminating in his performance by royal command before the King, Queen and royal family at Sandringham. We regret, therefore that the publication of our article gave pain to Mr. Sousa, whose tuneful genius has been a source of infinite delight to thousands."

This was the amende honorable and we let it go at that.

When we returned to London for some final concerts, I was called on by Mr. George Ashton, who has charge of the entertainments for the royal family. After enjoining secrecy and dismissing the valet from my room, he said, "His Majesty desires a command performance by you. He desires it as a surprise to the Queen on her birthday."

We quickly arranged matters. I told the bandsmen we were going to Baron Rothschild's on Sunday to give a concert, and asked them to be in Liverpool Street Station at six o'clock. An Englishman in the band immediately told me that the station from which to reach Rothschild's was the Euston Street

The Best Listeners in the World

I told him, "This may be a concert on the railroad. That station was given me, there is no mistake about it."

When we got aboard the train, not a soul but Ashton and myself knew where we were going. The band was entertained at dinner on the train, and we reached Sandringham about 8:45. The concert was announced for ten.

At that hour Their Majesties entered the large ballroom, which had been converted into a temporary concert hall. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Denmark, Lady de Grey, and a few others were present. The program was as follows:

1. Suite, three quotations	Sousa
2. March, El Capitan	Sousa
3. Trombone Solo, Love's Thoughts	Pryor
Mr. Arthur Pryor	
4. Collection of Hymns of the American Churches	Sousa
(b) March, Washington Post	Sousa
5. Soprano Solo, Will You Love When the Lilies are Dead?	Sousa
Miss Maude Reese Davies	
6. Caprice, Water Sprites	Kunkel
(b) March, Stars and Stripes Forever	Sousa
(c) Coon Song, The Honeysuckle and the Bee	Penn
7. Violin Solo, Reverie, Nymphia	Sousa
Miss Dorothy Hoyle	
8. Plantation Songs and Dances	Clarke

The King demanded no fewer than seven encores and in most cases stipulated what they were to be. At the end of the concert he presented me with the medal of the Victorian Order and congratulated me on the fine performance I had given. The Prince of Wales—now King George—came over and, with the Queen, joined the party. The Queen said something very complimentary about the beauty of Mrs. Sousa, and the Prince of Wales took the casket from my hand, withdrew the medal, and said, "Where shall I pin it?"

"Over my heart," I replied.

"How American!" he said.

I told His Majesty I hoped to have the honor of composing a march to be dedicated to him. He said he would be delighted to accept the dedication.

We left at one A.M. and had supper on the train as we sped to London.

After a week more of concerts, we sailed from Southampton for New York on December thirteenth on the good ship Philadelphia.

The English as musical audiences are the best listeners in the world. Perhaps some of our bigger cities equal them, but

(Continued on Page 165)

"Some Present from Dad"

Your Boy! Will this be his happiest Christmas? Will Santa Claus bring to him this year, that greatest of all gifts for a boy, from Dad, a

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The Saxophone is the ideal boy's instrument. It fascinates him. It tempts his ambition and brings out and develops his latent musical talent. Both Father and Son love the Saxophone.

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(Mention any other instrument interested in)
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Town State

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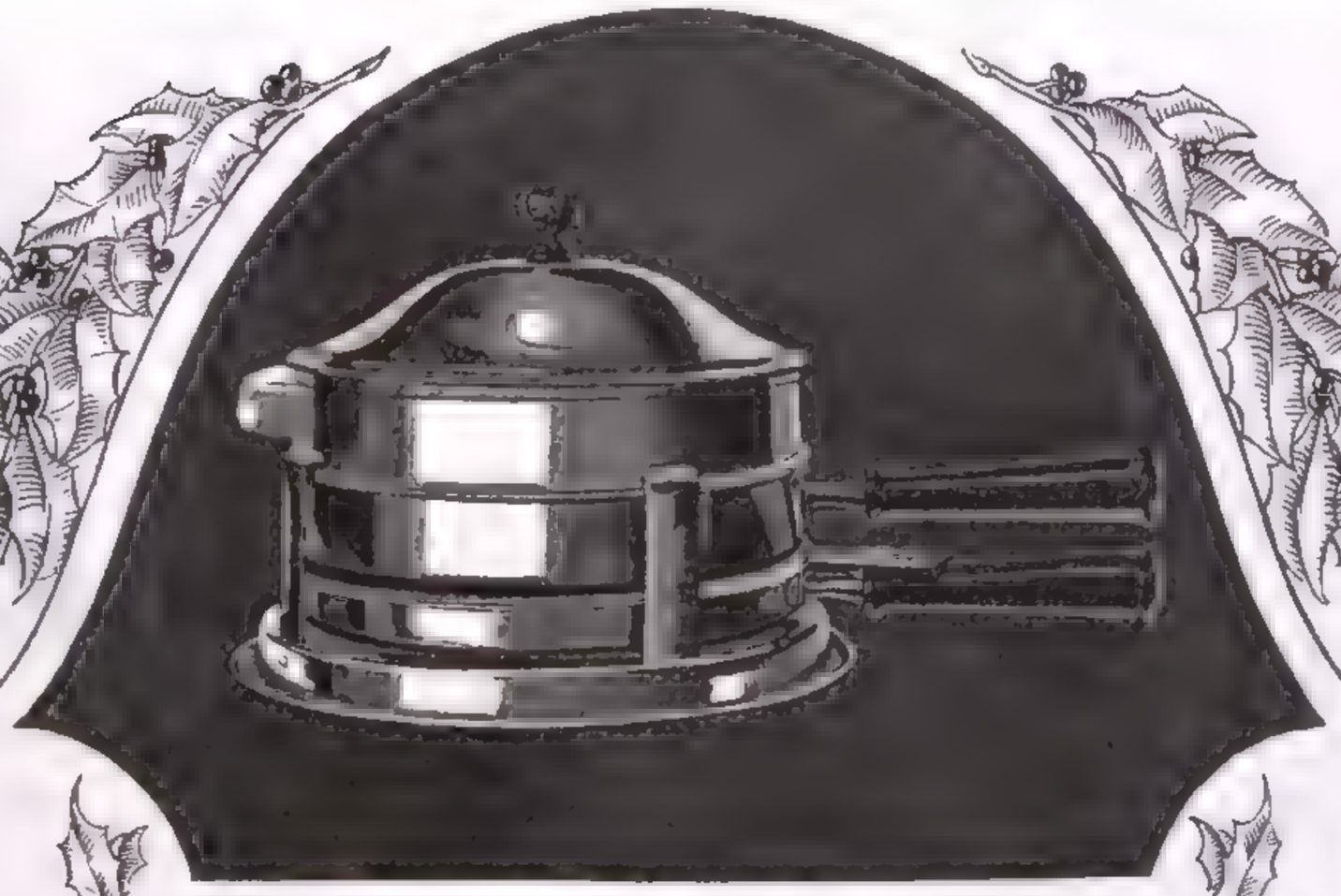

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GIVE STAR-Rite Electrical Gifts — there's one for everybody on your list. STAR-Rite Gifts are both useful and beautiful—they please as nothing else can.

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Latest model, special hinge—new deeper die-cut aluminum grids, extra size—thumb screw gives instant access to new patent heating element, mica construction, $9.00. In Canada $12.00

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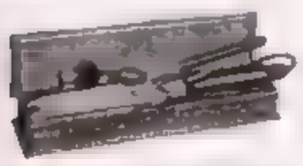

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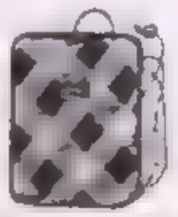
Makes your sewing machine electric, sharpens knives, cleans silver—fitted with foot control and cord, $15.00. In Canada $18.50

STAR-Rite Heating Pad
Single-heat pad $5.00. In Canada $6.25

STAR-Rite Aristocrat Heating Pad
Three-heat pad in old rose, aristocrat, $10.00. In Canada $12.50 west of Ontario $13.00



STAR-Rite Plaid Heating Pad
Three-heat pad in tan or plaids $7.50. In Canada $9.00 west of Ontario $9.50

STAR-Rite Model D Heater
$4.50. In Canada $6.00 west of Ontario $6.50

(Continued from Page 163)

I do not believe they can be surpassed. I have found the English audiences always fair and sometimes wonderfully enthusiastic. If I had to build a reputation, I would not want a better country to do it in than among the educated English. And it is natural that it should be so. They have been educated in music by the oratorio and the organ—the two severest forms of vocal and instrumental music. They are particularly fond of fine orchestral music and light music as well. As they have no society to maintain by the standard of wealth, grand opera does not assume the importance that it does in America.

The educated ones have a musical perception that makes it a delight to play for them. They know values and place a composition where it belongs. An inspired waltz or march will get applause when a dry-as-dust symphony will be met in silence; and an inspired symphony will meet with spontaneous approval where a poor waltz or an inane march will fall positively flat. They judge a composition for its musical worth rather than for its *genre*.

I had a lot of fun in England in interviews, and sometimes Constant Reader or Vox Populi would write a complaining letter to the press over my poking fun at something that struck me as funny in Great Britain. It never occurs to some people that a musician can be a human being and try to cultivate a sense of humor. As I am guilty of trying to be a human being, I'm sometimes misunderstood.

The Love of Old Hymns

Willow Grove is a famous park outside of Philadelphia which stands unique as an amusement enterprise. Its first consideration is its music, and it tries every year to engage the best the country affords. Organizations like the Chicago Symphony, the Damrosch Orchestra, the Russian Orchestra and famous bands like Conway's, Pryor's, Creatore's and Bandarossa's have played there at various times. All these can be heard without the payment of a penny. The park from its inception has had one marked difference from others: It started nonalcoholic twenty-eight years ago and has remained nonalcoholic. I recall on the first day I opened there I dined at the Casino. I asked a waiter for a wine card.

He said, "We do not have any wine or liquors."

"Tell a bellboy to come here," I said, and scribbled a note to the manager, saying, "Please send me a bottle of claret."

The manager returned with the note in his hand and said: "Mr. Sousa, as a true Philadelphian, I love you and your band and am ready to do anything for you within possibility. I can give you the park, if you want it, but I can't give you a bottle of claret, for such a thing doesn't exist in this place."

I found the water quite iced.

At the close of the Willow Grove season we left for Buffalo on a special train and opened there in June for a month's stay.

The man who does not exercise showmanship is a dead one. I noticed at my first evening concert that the lights were suddenly dimmed until the grounds were involved in darkness; then a little light appeared, the illumination grew brighter and brighter until the grounds seemed a blaze of beauty brightness. It was new then and seemed almost supernatural.

When you look deep into the heart of real America you will find an intense affection for the hymn tunes of the churches. It doesn't matter much what a man's religious predilections are; a hymn tune gets to his heart and soul quicker than anything else. With this thought, the next evening when the illumination started, I had the band begin softly Nearer, My God, to Thee, and as the lights grew the band swelled out its power to the utmost. The effect was electrical. It was the subject of editorial comment, and one paper said, "It was left to a bandmaster to discover the meaning of the illumination." It was inspiring and beautiful. I received hundreds of letters of congratulation and the crowds flocked near the band stand to hear the music.

Convincing the Cashier

After several days someone in authority sent me an order not to play Nearer, My God, to Thee, but to play The Star-Spangled Banner.

Patriotic songs are inspiring only on patriotic occasions, and at other times are simply perfunctory; but having been brought up a soldier, I immediately obeyed orders, for the law of the soldier is to obey orders first and protest afterward. I played The Star-Spangled Banner the next night, and the morning afterward received a number of protests; and I have no doubt the responsible official did also. After three nights of The Star-Spangled Banner, the order was revoked and the request came to me to resume Nearer My God to Thee. And we continued to play it every evening during our stay at the exposition.

At the end of the week, Mr. Barnes, my manager, received a check for the week's work amounting to several thousand dollars. He asked me to go to the bank to identify him. When we went to the paying teller's window, I saw on the other side a very old man. Barnes handed him the check, which was made out to my order.

"Are you Mr. Sousa?" asked the teller of Mr. Barnes.

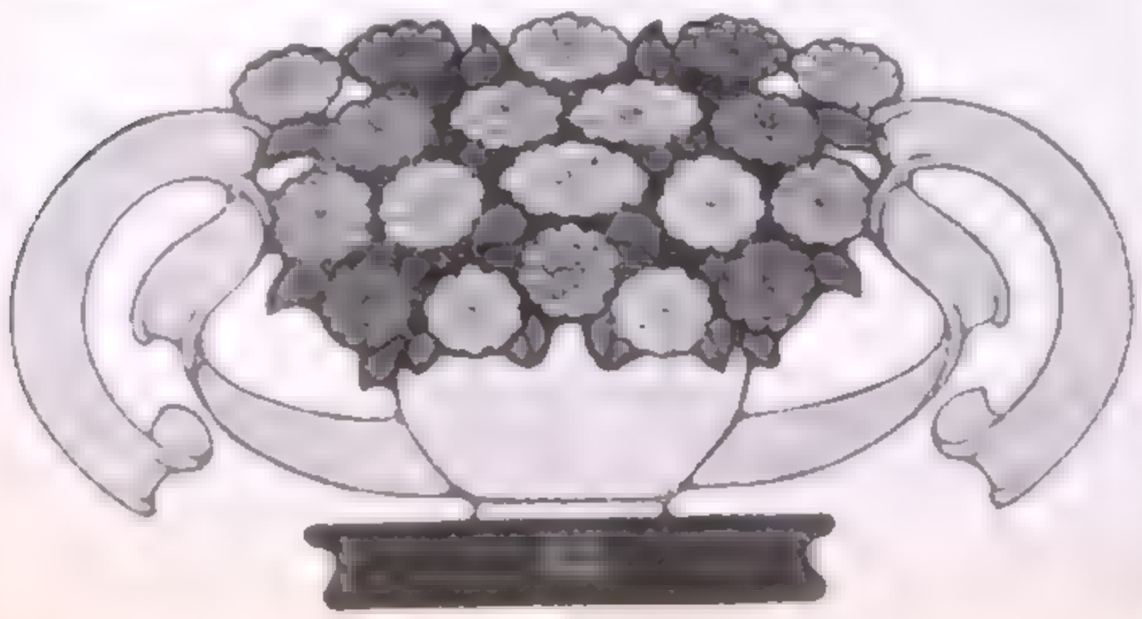
"No," I answered, "I'm John Philip Sousa."

The teller looked at me with calm indifference, and then said, handing back the check, "You'll have to be identified."

Turning my back to the teller's window, I raised my arms as if I was going to start the band, then began whistling The Stars and Stripes Forever, bringing my arms up and down in the manner familiar to everyone who has attended my concerts.

The clerks sitting in the room broke out in laughter and applause, and one ran over and whispered to the aged cashier, who beckoned for the check and cashed it—but without uttering a word.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Sousa. The sixth and last will appear next week.



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THE GET-BACK

(Continued from Page 25

close on him he took another and went quietly. When they got him to the station and ran him down, they found most of the money and the check.

I went personally to Ed's office, and I had only to look at his face to know that he saw his number and landing. But he pulled a bluff.

"I never gave that check or signed it," he said.

And here was the curious thing: The check hadn't been torn from his current book. It was one he had been carrying around in his pocket for months—that is my theory; I've never been able to prove it.

"I didn't see this man Jones"—Wilson's name on the check; "my clerk saw him."

I noticed that he was talking very loudly, and I thought that it was for the benefit of the clerk in the next room. Sarah wasn't known to me then, and how should I know that she was listening at the door?

"I want to search your office, Lasthall," I said, "and maybe I shall ask you to come along to the station to see this man Wilson."

Now in this country you cannot search an office without a warrant signed by a magistrate, but I figured that he would not dare refuse.

"You can do as you damn please," he said. "My own opinion is that my clerk knows more about this than I do. I've seen him imitating my signature."

He was still talking loudly, and this puzzled me. It wasn't likely that his clerk would take any blame that was coming. After I had turned over his room we went into the outer office, but nobody was there. The boy had gone home, it appears, and we made our examination without his help. In the top right drawer we found the two stones, and on the blotting pad, written three or four times, the words "Edward Lasthall," and they were pretty good imitations of Ed's signature.

Sarah was a quick and a bold worker. How bold she was you can gather, for she gave evidence not only before the magistrate but before the judge that she had seen the boy and Wilson in conversation on the landing, and noticed Pat Larsen take something from the man. Wilson didn't squeal, naturally. Ed was a very useful man in many ways. By some pull he had got himself made a justice of the peace for Middlesex, and used to sit on the bench and try poachers! And a J. P. can sign passports and do a whole lot of things that can help a man.

Pat was sent down for eighteen months—he was under twenty and had never done a crooked thing in his life. That was the cruel part of it. I knew that he was innocent, but could say no word to save him, especially after it was known that he was a Larsen and that his brothers were inside.

And that is just why I went down to Wandsworth. For one thing, I wanted to rescue Ed Lasthall from his evil surroundings and put him in a nice moral jail.

As nine o'clock struck, the two boys came out through the little wicket gate in their crumpled suits. They saw me at once and came over toward me.

"What's the idea, Sooper?" asked Joe. "You've got nothing on us."

They thought it was a prison-gate arrest. We sometimes take a man as he comes out of a jail for some offense he committed before he went in.

"Nothing at all, boys," I said in a hurry. "Only I thought I'd come along and see if there was anything I could do for you."

Harry smiled lopsidedly and jerked his thumb at the prison door.

"I Never Gave That Check or Signed It," Lasthall Said

"You can walk in there and bring out Pat," he said. "You put him there!"

"Aw, listen," said Joe with a grin, "what's the sense of roasting Sooper? You know who put Pat away. And, Sooper, we are going to make Ed Lasthall be very, very sorry for himself!"

Harry nodded.

"And when we've skinned him we're going abroad to live on the hide," he said, "and Pat's joining us. We've given him the town and the place and the best way of getting there."

Personally, I take very little notice of threats when they are made at the right end of a sentence—which is the beginning. It doesn't worry me any when the man I've sent down turns as he leaves the dock and tells me what is going to happen to my face when he leaves jail.

That is natural. After his time's up he usually comes along to see me and apologize. But to be threatened after a sentence is through—that is different.

"Skin him if you can, Harry," I said; "but there are eighteen thousand policemen in London whose job it is to see that you don't get away with the pelt."

And then I began to talk to them about Ed. I thought that, being sore, they would squeal a little. You see, I happened to know that Pat was the apple of their eyes, and thought that if I got to them quick enough they would spill everything in the basin. But I was wrong.

"It's no use trying to smoodge us, Sooper," said Joe, shaking his head. "We've never had any dealings with this man Lasthall. He doesn't know us and we don't know him. But we're going to get better acquainted. Even Pat wasn't aware that he was a fence, though everybody else in town seems to know it."

I had my little car on the spot and drove them to a coffee shop in Wandsworth, where we had breakfast together. We talked about old friends inside and out, but all the time the Larsen boys were on their guard and I got nothing out of them that I could put into an autobiography, if I ever wrote one. The food was better in Wandsworth than Pentonville; Hawkey, the coiner, was in charge of the library, and the screws were more reasonable. In thieves' slang, "screw" means "to look," and warders and guards are called by that name because they look through the peepholes into the cells. They told me, before I left, that they were going to stay with relations at Lewisham, but that meant nothing.

Ordinarily, I warn a man who has been threatened at the wrong end of a sentence; but Ed was my lawful prey and I was looking forward to the day when I should put him in the steel pen and read over a charge to him; and those kinds of birds you don't warn.

When I saw him a few days after he was coming out of Nethersole's Bank looking as black as thunder. His face changed a little when he saw me, but he was too mad to hide up his feelings.

"'Morning, Sooper. What's the matter with that bank? I've been a client for twelve years and they treat me like a dog."

"What's the trouble?" I asked him.

It appeared that he had been negotiating for the purchase of a big block of flats in Baker Street. He bought and sold property as a side line, and always at a profit, but this was one of his biggest deals.

"I've never had less than thirty-five thousand pounds in my current account," he said, "and they know that I'm as solid as Rothschild's, and yet when I ask them for a twenty thousand loan to finish this deal, they treat me as if I were a thief. And I only want the money for three days and can lodge the deeds against the loan!"

The sum he had to find was seventy thousand, which meant that his fluid account was somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty thousand pounds. That is pretty big money in loose cash, and no business man would keep as much in his current account; but I have in my mind the idea that Ed expected a day would come when he would have to jump for safety—and jump quick.

That's deduction, or maybe guesswork, or possibly good police work, for we had made a few discoveries about Ed Lasthall. Number One was his relationship with Sarah. Number Two was a seagoing motorboat that he kept in the estuary of the Thames.

"I'll change my bank," he said. "These old-fashioned private banks aren't safe anyway."

Nobody knew better than Ed that Nethersole's was one of the toniest banks in London. All the big swells kept their private accounts with Nethersole's and it was a good advertisement for Ed Lasthall to be able to put "Nethersole's Bank" on his note paper.

I don't suppose that he was seriously inconvenienced, because he had money on deposit at the Crédit Lyonnais. Anyway, I heard that the deal had gone through.

I had Sergeant Brett into my office the day after I met Lasthall.

"Watch out for the Larsen boys," I told him, for my job was to keep the police end of the business in good shape and order. Brett had to know what the trouble was, and when I explained he seemed amused.

"Thieves big and little have been trying to get money out of Ed ever since I've been in this division. Poor old Looey busted his house in Colville Gardens and got nothing out of it but nine months' hard labor. The Larsen boys will have to improve on their style to have any hope of catching Lasthall."

(Continued on Page 171.

What would Christmas be without these Vital Spots?

When Mueller began making quality plumbing material 68 years ago this Christmas, the convenience of a modern bathroom was unknown and unmissed.

But Christmas is different now. The bathtub, lavatory, sink and other sanitary fixtures are as much a part of today's Christmas as are happy children and their toys.

Many home owners, however, are missing the *full* joys of modern plumbing. Their faucets leak, pound, howl and require frequent repair expense. They are constantly reminded that these *Vital Spots* should have been selected with greater care.

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Your dealer can show you Ingersolls to fit every purse and purpose. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls. Radiolite dials that tell time in the dark. Jeweled models in nickel and rolled gold-plate cases.

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The thin model Eclipse equipped with luminous dial. Tells time in the dark. $4.00

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A *jeweled* watch for $5.50 12-size, nickel case. Combines stamina with style. $5.50

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The *jeweled* Waterbury with luminous figures and hands. Metal dial. $6.50

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The 7-jewel, thin model Reliance in green or white 14-k rolled gold plate case. $11.00

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Made from the richest vitamin food known to man

The luscious tomato, used in Snider's, is the world's most important source of vital vitamins. This has been established by scientists working in their impartial way, testing every food for the element absolutely necessary to life itself.

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Snider selects the seed from which the tomato is grown, Snider watches over the growing of the young plants, Snider lets the tomatoes ripen naturally on the vine, Snider picks the tomatoes and cooks them the same day.

All of which means—for good health, good taste and good digestion, use plenty of Snider's Catsup at your meals and to flavor your cooking.

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adds zest

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(Continued from Page 166)

I don't know that I agreed with him. As I have said before, all criminals are fools, and for this reason: They never choose the right material. Their workmanship is fine, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are in the position of carpenters working on steel. There never was a good watchmaker who could do much with a pick and a shovel; and the Larsen boys had worked some of their cleverest gags on people with as much imagination as the average cow, and naturally they had come unstuck.

The boys were kind of superior confidence men, and they had got into trouble because they had operated on brokers and business men instead of on poets and parsons. I've studied their methods very carefully and I'm bound to admit that their graft was the cleverest that has ever come under my notice. But they had failed because they were aiming at the wrong target.

For a swindle to succeed, it is necessary that everybody concerned, including the poor pigeon, should have the minds of swindlers. No con man has ever made money except out of the potentially dishonest. I think "pōtentially" is the right word; but if it isn't, you'll know what I mean.

I saw nothing of the boys, nor did Brett, and it looked as though the Larsens had gone honest. There was no mention of them, either in confidentials or in the Hue-and-Cry; and although I read the newspapers carefully, I could find no record of a City merchant buying blocks of shares in North African gold mines or oil concessions in Bessarabia.

The two boys had a little money put by—Joe was the saver of the family—and there was just a chance that they had decided to quit and had found work that hadn't got a comeback. But I was wrong. I got the story afterward from Ed, and it wasn't an easy story to get, because every few sentences he either knocked his head against the wall or stopped to remark what he'd do to the Larsens if he ever laid his hands on them. And when he wasn't doing that, he was praying that the Lord would do something vicious to Joe and Harry at that very minute. I never knew Ed had any religion in his system until then, but apparently he was rather strong for prayer.

About the middle of April he had a letter from a man called Weiss, asking him on what terms he'd loan him a thousand pounds. Ed did a lot of advertising and had a pretty large connection. He sent Mr. Weiss the usual inquiry form; you know the kind of thing I mean—kindly state age, color of eyes, where born, how often bankrupt—and in reply he had a strange letter, which I have seen:

"*Dear Sir:* I need hardly tell you that I have not given you my own name. I am in terrible trouble, not on my own account but on account of my brother. I am still hoping that the blow may be averted, and that it will not be necessary for me to come to you for money. How terrible it is that the sins of others should be visited upon the innocent! Your most kind and generous letter has touched me very deeply. I feel, indeed, that in you I have a good and loyal friend. I will write to you later when matters develop. "Yours sincerely,

"M. WEISS."

The letter was dated from an accommodation address in South London, and Ed's "kind and generous letter" he wrote about was the usual brotherly hokum that Ed sent out to all prospective clients.

Lasthall wasn't so much puzzled by the letter as I should have been. I guess he had a pretty curious correspondence; and being a professional money lender, he knew that nobody borrows for themselves. They always want the money for a dear friend or for a husband or to help somebody else. They've either backed a bill for a near relation or they've been the victims of other people's circumstances.

Nothing further came, and Mr. Weiss had gone out of Ed's memory until the third day of May, which was a Friday. Edward was sitting in his office, reading the Sporting Life. He was going away to Brighton that night to spend the week-end, and he was only waiting till Sarah brought up some letters for him to sign before he left the office. He had read through yesterday's racing and was wondering if any of his clients had been hit, when his new clerk came in and said there was a young man who wanted to see him.

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Weiss," replied the girl, and then Ed remembered the mad letter he had had.

"Shoot him in," he said, and a second or two later Mr. Weiss came in.

Ed said he was a young and artistic looking man, and so far as I can understand, Ed got the notion that he was artistic because he wore no waistcoat, had a big, black flowing tie and longish hair. He seemed in a terrible state of agitation; his lips were trembling, and he couldn't keep still for a second. He was hardly in the chair where Lasthall politely asked him to sit before he was on his feet again, walking up and down the room.

"Forgive me," he said—Ed Lasthall repeated the conversation word for word; I guess it had burnt itself in pretty deeply. "Forgive me, Mr. Lasthall, but I hardly know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. This is dreadful—dreadful! I've guessed the truth all these months, yet the news has come as a blow to me. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, how could you!"

He wrung his hands like a man in the last stages of despair.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Weiss," said Ed. He had seen folk carry on in that way before, but it was usually after a loan came due.

"My name isn't Weiss," the young man replied. "I am Arthur Jorlton."

Now Ed had no knowledge of art or poetry, but there was a dim idea at the back of his mind that he had either seen the name in the papers or had somewhere heard of it before.

"I am Arthur Jorlton," said the young man, rather impatiently. "You must know my work. I have a play at the Everywoman's Theater."

And then Ed remembered. It was one of those highbrow plays that the critics like but the public won't pay to see; all about souls and the rights of women to do as they darned please; and Ed, who was strong for girl and music shows, had enough knowledge of the theater to know that Tombstones—that was the name of the play—was an artistic success and was losing money.

"Why, yes, Mr. Jorlton, I know your work very well," he said. "That play of yours is one of the greatest we've ever had on the stage, and shows that the British drama is coming back to its own."

He remembered this bit from a criticism he'd read.

"Artistic success?" said Jorlton bitterly. "Here I am on the very threshold of fame—and this has happened!"

Ed waited to hear what "this" was.

"I have feared it," said Mr. Jorlton, throwing his arms about like an actor. "I taxed him with it in March. I said, 'John, I cannot understand how, on your salary, you can afford to keep this expensive flat and to play the races as you do.' He told me that he was earning a lot of money by his literary work, and like a fool I believed him."

"And what has he done?" asked Ed very gently. He was beginning to get the hang of the situation.

"What has he done?" Mr. Jorlton turned round on him fiercely. "He has not only ruined himself irretrievably, he has not only ruined me, but by his wicked folly he has dragged down thousands of innocent men and women to ruin and penury!"

Ed looked at the clock; it was ten minutes past three, and he was due to catch the 3:40 for Brighton.

"Now listen, Mr. Jorlton. You come along and see me on Monday morning and we'll have a heart-to-heart talk ——"

"On Monday morning it will be too late," said the young man, who became calm in an instant; and pulling up his chair to the other side of the desk, sat down. "Mr. Lasthall, I am not a business man," he said. "You would hardly expect that in one of my temperament. I am a writer, a dreamer, a poet, if you will. Only the terrible force of necessity would have brought me to you; but I am encouraged by the humanity of your letter. I want to borrow three thousand pounds for a fortnight."

"Really?" said Ed politely. "That's a very large sum, Mr. Jorlton, and of course you have security?"

Nobody who had ever been to borrow money from Ed had had security, and he nearly dropped off his chair when the man took out of his pocket a thick envelope and produced a bundle of War-Loan scrip.

"There is a thousand pounds' worth of War Loan here," he said. "But a thousand pounds is not enough, and although I know nothing of business, I realize that it is foolish to ask you to accept a thousand pounds' worth of security for a loan of three thousand."

Ed looked at the scrip and then at Mr. Jorlton.

"It is certainly not a proposition that I could listen to," he said. "I'm willing to give you a thousand-pound loan on the security of this stock ——"

The young man shook his head.

"That is not enough. Indeed, three thousand pounds is not enough, but it would stave off the ruin which I fear is inevitable. The auditors are making a very careful examination of the books, and I am afraid the bank suspects something is wrong."

"The bank?" said Ed quickly. "Which bank is this?"

But Mr. Jorlton was not agreeable to telling that.

"It is a private bank, that is all I can tell you."

"And your brother has been robbing it?" asked Ed, going pale. "How much money has he taken?"

Mr. Jorlton sighed wearily.

"I can't tell you exactly. It must be between a hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred thousand. Sufficient, I fear, unless the joint-stock banks come to their rescue, to ruin this unfortunate house."

He took a drink of water to steady himself

"It's Nethersole's Bank, isn't it?" he asked, and the young man looked at him suspiciously.

"How did you know that?"

"Never mind how I knew it," said Ed roughly. "Is it or is it not?"

"It is," said Mr. Jorlton, in a whisper.

Ed sat back in his chair and did some quick thinking. "Have these defalcations been discovered?" he asked.

"Not yet," said Mr. Jorlton, "but I fear ——"

"Never mind what you fear. You say the auditors are in and the loss hasn't been discovered? How much money has your brother taken?"

The young man pulled a small book from his pocket and turned the leaves.

"He has a record of a hundred and sixty-one thousand pounds. It has been taken from the account of a very rich man named Buckler."

Ed knew Buckler; a retired wine merchant who lived in Ladbroke Grove. As I say, Ed was a quick thinker. Nethersole's principal branch was at Notting Hill, and the peculiarity of the bank was that it kept on the premises an enormous cash reserve.

"Is your brother at the bank?" he asked.

"No," said the young man. "He has absented himself today. I couldn't let him run the risk of arrest. He sent a message to say that he was sick. Now, Mr. Lasthall, can you help me?"

Ed looked at the clock again; it was twenty past three; the bank closed at half past.

"Just wait here," he said. "I'll go along to my bank and get some money, and then I'll fix you."

(Continued on Page 173)

Your Christmas Gift Will Bring Him Joy Every Morning

Make him happy with a James Stropper. It puts a better-than-new edge on his blade and gives him the finest shave he ever had.

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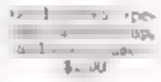

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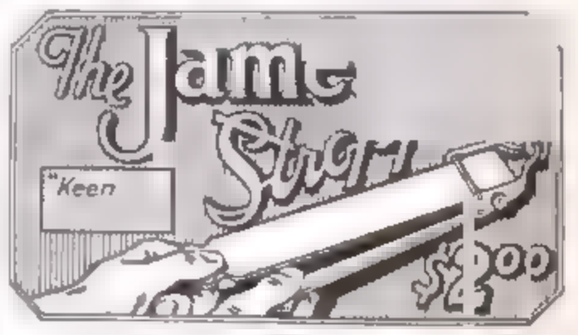

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Excellent hotels, sports and amusements. The country's oldest golf club, with four more—one of which will soon be open for play—as part of a great recreational development program.

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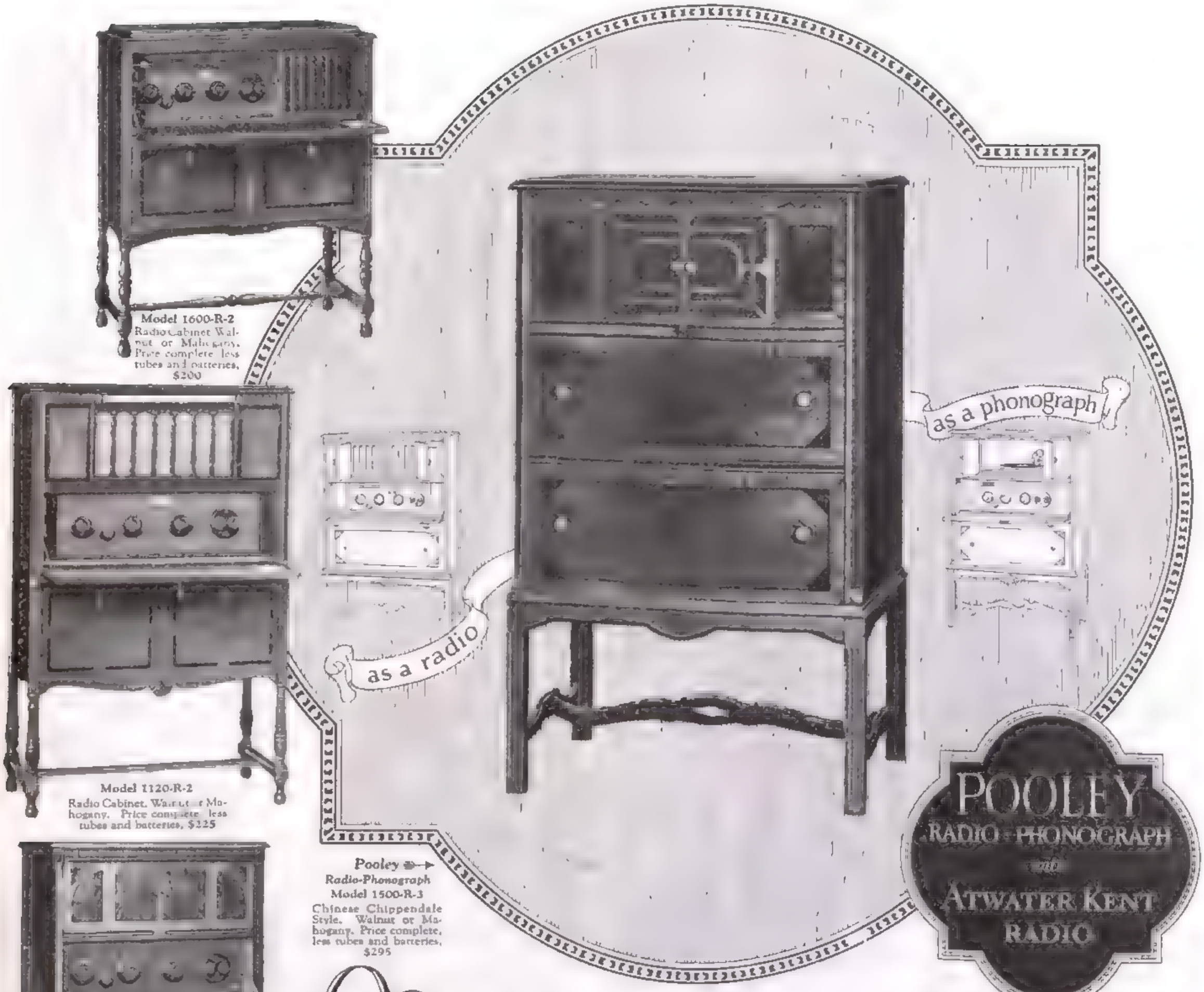

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Radio and Phonograph made beautiful —

A CHIPPENDALE cabinet to adorn your living room. Graceful lines and rich burl woods to charm the eyes of you and your friends. Crowned with a vase of flowers (for the top is stationary), a lovely and harmonious object in your home.

What is it? Simply a musical instrument—but a royal one. Here are a 5-tube Atwater Kent Receiver—a built-in Pooley floating horn of luscious tone—a superb Pooley Phonograph—all hidden, all instantly accessible. Batteries and wires concealed, too.

The entertainments of the air—the riches of the records are yours to command through this charming bit of furniture. And it is made to last a lifetime.

Pictures give a hint of it. But see and hear it at the nearby Pooley dealer's.

Six beautiful, new Pooley Radio Cabinets and Radio-Phonograph Cabinets, priced from $75 to $295, are shown and described in a booklet that is waiting for you. Send for it.

THE POOLEY COMPANY

1652 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

(Continued from Page 171)

He seized his check book, dashed downstairs and hailed a taxi. He only had about five hundred yards to go; but time was precious, and three minutes later he walked into the bank and made his way to the desk of the old cashier who usually attended to him. There were two or three people waiting to cash checks or pay in, and Ed got almost beside himself as the hands of the clock moved toward half-past three. At last it came to his turn.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Lasthall," said the old clerk, who was rather talkative. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, but we're rather short-handed just now. One of our clerks is away ill—a young man whom you may have remembered seeing. He's a brother of Jorlton, the play writer."

"Yes, yes," said Ed. "Very interesting. Will you tell me the amount of my balance?"

"We can tell you anything," said the oldish boy. "We've got the auditors in just now ——"

Ed waited, hardly daring to draw a breath. By and by the cashier came back and pushed a slip under the grille. Thirty-eight thousand five hundred pounds was the amount, and with shaking hands Ed drew a check. The cashier looked at it.

"That nearly closes your account, Mr. Lasthall," he said.

Ed muttered something about buying property and the cashier went away. He was gone a long time, and Ed was beginning to feel hot under the collar, when the old gentleman came back, and laying a bundle of notes on the counter, counted them slowly.

The outer doors of the bank were closed by then, but that didn't matter to Ed Lasthall as he stuffed the money into his pocket with a feeling that he had been hauled into a boat after going down for the third time.

The porter opened the door for him and he went out into the street, and was turning toward Notting Hill Gate when somebody tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned round to see a strange and official-looking young man.

"Your name is Lasthall, isn't it? I'm Sergeant Jefferson from Scotland Yard. Will you come along and see Sooper? He wants to speak to you."

"Sooper?" said Ed, in surprise. "What does he want with me?"

"They'll tell you that at the Yard."

"But he's not at the Yard," began Ed.

"I don't want to argue with you," said Sergeant Jefferson shortly. "If it's any news to you, you're under arrest."

Lasthall nearly dropped. I guess he'd been expecting a squeal from some of the stone stealers for a very long time.

"Sooper has got nothing on me," he said, "and if you arrest me there's going to be bad trouble."

There was a car waiting, and at Jefferson's signal it pulled up by the side of the curb and Ed was pushed in.

"There's no sense in getting up in the air about this," said Jefferson. "The Yard is always making mistakes, and probably this is one. And anyway, I'm only doing my duty."

This calmed Ed Lasthall, though he was a bit shaken, I imagine; and when Jefferson offered him his case he took a cigarette with a laugh.

"There's trouble coming to those people at the Yard," he boasted. "I'm not the man to stand for this sort of thing."

"I'll bet you're not," said the sergeant.

Ed told me that it was after he'd smoked halfway through the cigarette that he began to feel sleepy, but he was suspicious of nothing.

At eleven o'clock that night, Ed, covered with dust and looking as if he had been passed through a cinder sifter, staggered into the police station near Chislehurst Common. He hadn't any idea what had happened to him except that he'd gone to sleep, and that when he woke up he was lying on the grass with a pillow under his head, no money in his pocket and a tongue like sandpaper. They brought him along to me and he spilled his story with all kinds of emotional variations, and as soon as I'd heard it through I sent out a hurry call to pull in the brothers Larsen.

Of course, there was a young man at the bank, called Jorlton, and he was the brother of the dramatist; but the "dramatist" who called on Ed Lasthall and scared him into drawing his money from the bank was Joe Larsen, and the artistic detective was his brother Harry. I guess Joe was the car driver—Ed Lasthall remembered that he wore goggles. It was the cleverest thing that has ever been done in our division.

We never caught the Larsens. When Pat came out of prison we put him under observation, but he slipped us and disappeared from England. The only clew I had was that whilst he was in prison he was learning Spanish, and that's no clew, except for detectives who go around deducting and theorizing.

The only good thing that came out of it was that Nethersole's Bank, which is as sound as the Bank of England, closed Ed's account; but he must have had plenty of money, for when we pinched him a year later, in connection with the Duchess of Helboro's diamonds, he briefed the best counsel in England and got away with three years when he ought to have had seven.

"Look, Mamma! There's a Lady Without Any Legs!"

Money Often is Saved in the Shipping Room

A MAN who knows shipping requirements and how to meet them from a box engineering point of view has many chances to reduce costs on the shipment of goods.

General Box Engineers often go into the shipping methods of manufacturers and design boxes that are stronger and lighter than the old containers, thus cutting down both damage losses and freight costs and saving in assembling and packing expense.

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A General Box Engineer will gladly call on you and make a study and report—without cost to you—on the money that may be saved in your shipping room. Write us when he may call. Let us mail you, too, "General Box Service"—bulletins on what our engineers have saved others.

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ONE SERVICE FROM FORESTS TO FINISHED PRODUCT

To the Receiver

The receiver of merchandise has, or should have, a keen interest in the kind of container used to ship his goods. Progressive manufacturers recognize this and ship in containers that are safe and economical, that can be opened and unpacked quickly—and can be re-used.

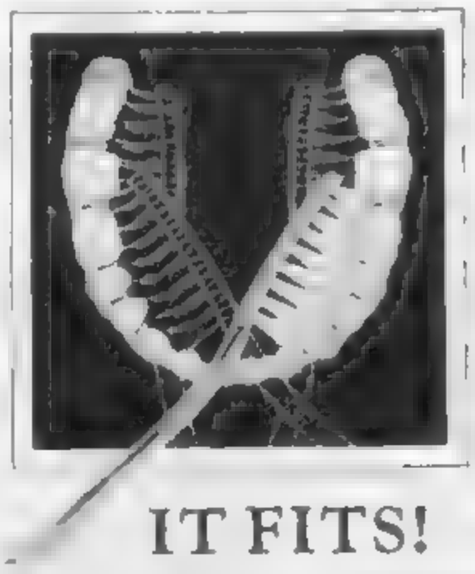
Pioneer Boxes and Crates are highly regarded by receivers. They are light and strong. They prevent petty theft. They are opened in a few seconds. The entire top lifts up like the lid of a trunk. Contents are unpacked quickly.

A booklet, "Incoming Shipments" will be sent you free—if you will write for it.

It fits —

Brushing doesn't mean cleaning—unless the brush fits into the places that need cleaning. Dr. West's is the one brush that is shaped to that back arch of the teeth. No crevice is immune to its pointed, clean picking bristles. No poking or tedious searching. Just a natural, easy up or down sweep that removes the cause of tooth decay.

Words mean nothing—unless you can see just *why* and *how* Dr. West's fits the teeth. The picture above—without one other word of reason—proves conclusively why Dr. West's cleans the teeth—*inside, between* and *outside.*



IT FITS!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family! *Prices:* Adult's, 50c. Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage, 75c. Canadian prices same as U. S. A.

Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH WECO Product

THE PERFECT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 24

"What are you going to do then?"

He explained to her what he was planning to do, what he was hoping to do—all except his hopes of Lois. To himself he commented: "She makes me feel so darned impersonal! I think I'd better yank us out of this rut of business talk. I'll get her to go for a walk—and work things different."

In the street, under the tall, nocturnally graceful elms, with the full moon rising toward their branches like a gigantic drifting snowflake, he walked ecstatically at Lois' side and talked of the value of popularity contest in increasing newspaper circulation. Inwardly, he groaned. "Why can't I lay off this shop talk? But darn it, she encourages me. . . . I wish she'd hang on my words less and my arm more!"

Even as he talked, even between phrases and syllables, he was conscious of her supple slimness in the blue crêpe dress, the neck of which revealed a delicious triangle of white flesh rising to her full soft throat.

When they came back to her house, and stood facing each other to say good night, the flame of her eyes caught him again, and his brain swirled.

"You're all wrapped up in your work, aren't you, Ferris? I think that's fine!"

"Yes, I am. It means a lot to me. It's fascinating."

"You do love it, don't you?"

"Yes; there's nothing in the world I love more."

"That's as it should be. . . . Goodnight, Ferris."

"Goodnight, Lois."

He went down the street saying to himself, "What an unmitigated liar I am! Keep away from me, Diogenes! It's disgusting! I'll never do that again."

But he did the same thing the next Saturday, and the next, and the next. Schemes of promotion, plans for improving the Leader's circulation, fell so exclusively from his lips in Lois' presence that his dream of the perfect accident began to undergo a harrowing change. At night, when he dreamed that dream now, and sprang out of the train to rescue Lois from the wreckage, she lifted her face to his and said, "Subscriptions resulting from prize contests are an unhealthy increase of circulation, aren't they?" And he replied, "Yes, dear. By that method the newspaper bankrupts its future." And then, while the wreckage blazed and the cries of passengers dying miserably rent the air, he ran up and down the embankment, shouting, "Furthermore, when the subscriptions end, the readers make no renewals!"

II

ON A SATURDAY night in July, when the warm summer air scarcely stirred through the town, he left his boarding house at the usual hour. He made his way impatiently through the Saturday-night crowds, as he always did, eager to get to the other side of town where Lois lived, irked by the slow, crawling throngs and their window-shopping pace, the eddies whirling in and out of stores—farmers, shoe workers, cigar workers, wives and husbands, children and babies, all pouring into Leightonville on this night; the husbands with their weekly pay envelopes in their pockets, the wives with some of it to spend, all in a stream of life flowing with irritatingly stubborn sluggishness along Main Street.

Tonight he would propose to Lois. He wouldn't hold off any longer. He'd ask her to marry him and have the agony over with—and the ecstasy afterward, if she said yes.

He saw the baby carriages parked at the side of each store entrance, and inside, stout women dragging little boys by the hand as if they were inanimate bundles to be yanked through the crowds, flopping back and forth, bumping people on all sides. The sidewalks were packed full, the streets first flowed and then were dammed with traffic, which the policemen at the corners tried to release in a steadier stream. There were automobiles, buggies, farm wagons with horses, and once in a while a bicycle.

At Eddie Mullins' cigar store, which was close to the Chenango bridge, and hence within a couple of minutes of Lois' house, Ferris stopped, for he was a little ahead of time. In the cigar store he found the usual crowd of young citizens and the usual masculine persiflage. Here, too, he encountered Herb Andrus.

"On your way to see Lois?" inquired Herb easily.

"Yes," replied Ferris, suddenly feeling none of the confident poise of Herb's mood and manner. Herb evidently knew all about his Saturday-night calls at Lois' house. Herb was a hearty, good-natured fellow, solidly built and sanguine, who wore four-plus knickers and had what business-school prospectuses called personality plus.

"Have a cigar, Ferris?" invited Herb companionably.

"No, thanks."

"Lois and I both like you a lot, Ferris."

Ferris felt his heart suddenly skip a beat.

"That so?"

"Of course!" Herb assured him without reservation. "I suppose I might as well tell you. You'll know in time anyway. Lois and I are engaged."

"Engaged?"

Ferris felt dazed. The floor of the cigar store seemed to heave under him like a pavement buckling with the heat.

As soon as he recovered sufficiently from this upheaval to find his voice for purposes of conversation, he tried to congratulate Herb, as one man to another, and to wish him happiness—an emotional condition which Ferris felt he could never achieve for himself now. Then he began to have doubts about his evening's engagement with Lois.

"That's all right," Herb told him expansively. "Go ahead. Lois told me she was expecting you. She likes to talk your ideas over with you. Our engagement isn't going to make any difference in your friendship. What do you think I am, a goofy?"

"No, no, Herb! You—you're fine!"

Ferris acknowledged, with a feeling of depression, that Herb had reached a pinnacle far above him. He went out into the street again to continue his way to Lois'. Now the crowds that had been flowing along the sidewalks with such deliberate sluggishness seemed a stream of life on which he felt like a dead object, a piece of débris.

It was too late to ask Lois to marry him. That dream had been shattered.

In River Drive, not far from Lois' house, he paused in doubt, and said to himself miserably: "Why should I go on with this? It's a mockery. Lois is going to marry Herb, as I might have known if I hadn't been such a dub! What's the good of seeing her and talking about advertising and circulation figures and advertising rates? Of course, I couldn't talk about anything else now."

Fifteen minutes later he was pointing out a new moon to Lois over her shoulder and saying:

"It's a lover's moon, the kind I would give a girl like you for an earring."

Lois, leaning against the porch rail, looked at him, astonished.

"Why, Ferris, I never heard you talk like this before!"

"Oh, I've talked like this frequently," he returned.

"Not to me."

"Yes; but not out loud."

She laughed and moved toward the sitting-room door.

He followed her into the house, profoundly perplexed at himself. Facing her on the divan, he couldn't tell why, but now that he had been robbed of Lois he felt himself uttering freely the thoughts that he should have told her long before. It was impossible for him to hold back the

(Continued on Page 177

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any temperature from cool to oven heat for any kind of cooking or baking.

Under the Range that has a RED WHEEL is NOT a LORAIN

"'Twas the night before Christmas

—and all through the house not a creature was stirring," except Mother. Mother knew the joy—and need—of placing beneath the tree some wholesome goodies that the children could nibble at to their hearts' content.

To be sure, it was a queer time to be making cookies. The hour was late and Mother was tired. But *this* particular Mother was very, very wise. Like thousands of other housewives, this Mother owned a gas range equipped with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, so she knew all the "tricks" and short-cuts of Cookery.

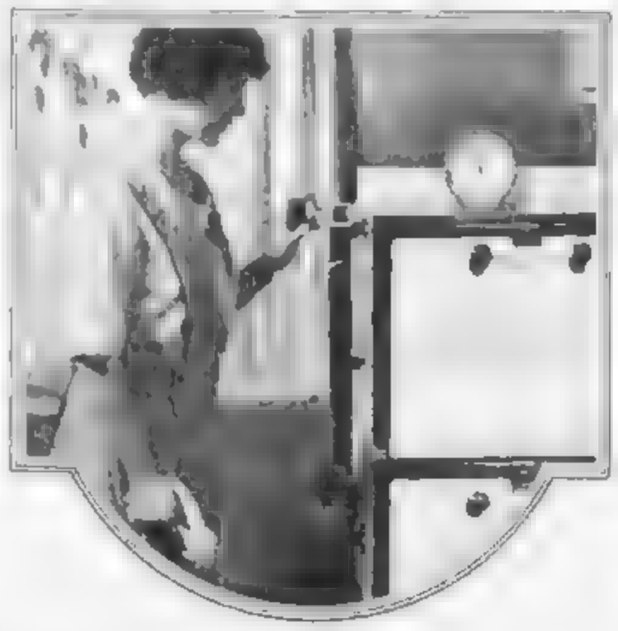
Two days before, she had made the cooky dough and had placed it in the ice-box. Then on Christmas Eve all she had to do was to cut out the cookies, place them in the oven, set the Red Wheel at a given temperature, and after a few minutes remove whole trays of delicious, nut-brown cookies!

On Christmas Day this same Mother will put a whole Turkey Dinner in the Lorain Self-regulating Oven at nine in the morning; then she'll play with the children until one in the afternoon when the deliciously cooked dinner will be ready to serve. And—next Summer she'll can all her fruits by the new Lorain Oven Method.

What a great and glorious Christmas Gift for any Mother—an all-white-enameled gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator!

Dealers and Gas Companies everywhere will gladly demonstrate the Lorain Self-regulating Oven. Many of them sell Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges on easy time-payments. A few may try to sell you something else not nearly so good. So, insist on a gas range that has a Red Wheel Regulator. That is the "Lorain"—the Original.

Lorain has been in use in thousands of homes for over ten years and has proved unfailingly durable and dependable. Lorain is an Oven Heat Regulator but—all heat regulators are not Lorain. *There is only one "RED WHEEL LORAIN". Accept no other!*



Every reader is invited to sign and send in the coupon below for a free copy of the Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes for Christmas Cookies. Among the recipes are those for Oatmeal Spice Cakes, Yuletide Kisses, Almond Squares, Butterscotch Cookies and Ginger Wafers. Follow the directions given in each recipe and you can't fail to make delicious cookies.

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

Look for the RED WHEEL

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:
Reliable, Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O. Direct Action, National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O. **Clark Jewel**, George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill., **New Process**, New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O. **Dangler**, Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O., **Quick Meal**, Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

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Enclosed find 50c in _____ for copy of 128 page Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes.
Note: Check which you wish and *Print* name and address plainly.

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IT is with a distinct sense of pride that we announce Hayes Wheels as standard equipment on the Locomobile Junior Eight. This selection is, we feel, a signal tribute to Hayes traditions. It is evidence of the valued advantages which the Hayes Wheels alone possess

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Factories: Jackson, Mich.; Albion, Mich.; Anderson, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn Canadian Plants: Chatham and Merriton, Ont Export Office: 30 Water Street, New York City

HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 174)

impetuously passionate declarations, causing Lois to stare at him amazed. There was that transfiguring glow in his eyes which lit up his whole sharp face.

"It's too late for me to tell you these things now, Lois," he said, "and just for that reason, I guess, I've got to tell you. I love you. I've never loved anybody as I have you. I'll never love anybody again as I do you. You—you're wonderful! To me, you have been a dream woman—a lovely, unattainable woman. Oh, the thoughts I've had about you, Lois! No wonder you look surprised.

"You'd be more surprised if you knew it all. Why, I even had the house picked out where we were to live, and my salary increased at the office—in my dreams, of course. And all the while I've loved you, loved you so ——"

He paused, trembling, and was suddenly smitten by the thought of what he was saying in this rush of words. He was making love to another man's fiancée. He was taking advantage of Herb's confidence. It made him desperate.

"I had to tell you this," he groaned, grabbing up his hat. "I had to get it off my chest." And the next moment he had seized Lois in a rough embrace and kissed her emphatically on the lips.

Furiously ashamed, he cried, "Good-by!" and bolted out of the room. The front door slammed after him decisively.

He went home, knowing that he would never see Lois again. That night he dreamed of running up and down the railroad embankment beside the wrecked train, pursued by a mob of infuriated passengers shouting at him accusingly.

III

SATURDAYS came and went, and Ferris never crossed the bridge into River Drive. He avoided the part of town where Lois lived.

Once or twice he saw Herb Andrus as he passed the cigar store, but Herb said nothing of Lois, and Ferris was spared the anguish of a reply.

The summer passed. Ferris actually received the dreamed-of raise in salary at the Leader office and, more than that, he was put at the head of the promotion department during Mr. Clitter's vacation.

"That means," he was told by the business manager, "that if Mr. Clitter ever leaves us, you'll get the job."

The business manager was as good as his word. Mr. Clitter, who had always preached the gospel of writing advertisements that would have a pull, was enticed to California by some sunlit El Dorado, and Ferris found himself the promotion manager of the paper—a responsible position for one so young.

Now he could have filled in most of the blank spaces in his little black book's identification page—the name of his lodge, the name of his secretary, the number of his bank book, the make and license number of his automobile. He could even afford to join the country club. But he did none of these things. He was checked by the thought of Lois and what he had lost in her. He never looked at his little black book now, for there were no more entries to pen about the nights he saw Lois.

IV

AGAIN it was Saturday night in Leightonville. Again the sidewalks swarmed with the slow multitudes. Again through the open doors of the five-and-ten-cent store, which gave off an odor of cheap chocolates, men and women and children pushed with dogged determination. And again Ferris walked through the Main Street crowds; but now, instead of having a goal to hasten toward, he drifted with the throngs, abstracted, heedless of where the stream swept him.

As he stopped abruptly on the curb to look up at the courthouse clock, to assure himself that the hours were really passing, he reckoned without the force of pedestrian traffic behind him. Immediately behind him was a baby carriage, and behind the baby carriage was a stout, resolute mother bent on seeing all she could.

Ferris, of course, realizing that traffic regulations in Leightonville ran riot, should have put out his hand, perhaps, to signal to the baby carriage and its maternal motive force that he was coming to a halt. Failing this, he had only himself to blame for what happened.

The baby carriage, propelled by the inattentive mother, pushed him forcibly off the curb directly in front of a bicycle ridden by a boy in a breathless hurry, as most boys are, to get nowhere.

Boy, bicycle and Ferris all piled up in a heap. The boy and the bicycle got up. Ferris lay still; his head had hit the curb.

Of course the crowd, being already there, did not have to gather around the spot; it merely stood still. Somebody said, "He's unconscious"; and somebody else said, "He's killed!" The boy with the bicycle said, "Gee whitakers! It wasn't my fault." The woman with the baby carriage said nothing; she was already half a block up the street, inattentively pushing the carriage while gazing at a shop window. A policeman called an ambulance, and the ambulance, clanging through the clamorous street, carried Ferris to the city hospital, where he did not regain consciousness until the next day.

From his white bed he looked bewildered around at the other white beds in the ward, at the small enamel tables, and the nurse standing at his bedside, regarding him with her chart in her hand.

"A hospital, eh? Must have got quite a bump." And he began to grow more curious about himself.

The nurse leaned over him abruptly.

"Don't touch the bandage on your head. They took half a dozen stitches in it."

Ferris lay back and closed his eyes wearily. When he opened them again, he was aware of the dusk of evening and a soft hand caressing his head.

"I feel a lot better, nurse," he said. "I had a good sleep."

"That's fine, Ferris."

It was Lois Harmon's voice he heard at his side. He caught his breath. Blinking his eyes, to make sure that he was indeed awake again, he saw that it was Lois Harmon and not the nurse who stood so close to him now.

"Lois!" he gasped.

"Don't stir!" she cautioned him, putting her hand on his cheek

"How did you come to be here?"

"To see you, silly!" she said, with a tender rebuke for his lack of comprehension.

"But how did you know?"

"They found my name in your memorandum book. 'In case of accident, notify Lois Harmon, 96 River Drive.' That was sweet of you, Ferris."

Again he gasped, and then lay wondering. He remembered now that he had written Lois' name on the identification page in his little black book a long while ago, when he had been seeing her regularly. She had succeeded the Queen of Rumania. And after the fatal night when he had seen Lois for the last time, he had forgotten to erase her name and supplant it with another equally remote.

He let his gaze travel to Lois' vivid little face and then he perceived what she held in her hand. It was his black book.

"Yes," she said, answering the look of panic in his eyes, "I read every word of it—especially the notes about me."

He looked frightened.

"I—I never expected to see you again—after that night when I—when I ——"

"When you kissed me?" She smiled at him.

"If you could call it that."

"I've called it a lot of things since then, and most of them nice—though you were rather rough-and-ready. However, I forgive you, Ferris." She bent over and kissed him gently. "I love you, dear."

"But you are engaged to Herb!"

"Not any more. It was a mistake—and we're out of it now. Herb and I were never meant for each other. Herb was meant more for the cigar store where he hangs out, and I was meant for you. Herb's all right, but he's like a thousand other young men. . . . Do you still love me, Ferris?"

"Love you?" He gazed at her with that transfiguring glow in his eyes. "I adore you! You're all I have in the world and all I want." Their hands met and clung together on the sheet. Then he said, agreeing with her happily but inconsequentially.

"Herb's all right, isn't he? He offered me a cigar one night."

She smiled over him.

"Ferris, what knocked you down? Was it a car?"

"No; nothing so dignified." He sighed, elated. "Even so, it was a perfect accident. It brought me you. It was a baby carriage, dear."

For some reason Lois blushed beautifully.

The Comic-Strip Artist Poses a Model

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The New Erector
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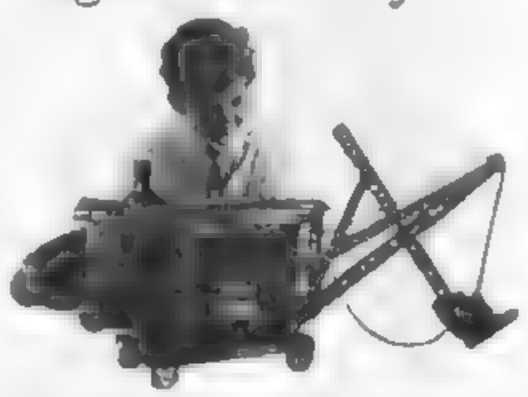

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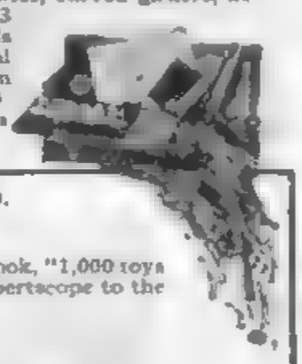
Super Erector No. 7—$10

THE most popular Erector Set—contains powerful electric motor, new Erector boiler, steam shovel, base plates, curved girders, assortment of gears—473 parts, builds 533 models—with 64 page manual in colors. Packed in wooden chest. Price $10. Other Erector Sets from $1.00 to $50.00.



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Dear Sirs:
Without obligation on my part to do anything more than give THERMIODYNE a fair trial, you may install a set in my home for a free demonstration.

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NOTE. If demonstration is not desired, so state and we will send descriptive folder on complete line, also details on partial payment plan.

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The U. S. Air Mail is the fastest mail transport in the world. Flying east from San Francisco the air mail reaches Elko, Nevada, in 5 hours—and shortly afterwards begins its journey across the Rocky Mountains. In that same time the world buys 7980 *more* Dunlops

BEFORE
the air mail
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the world buys
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DUNLOPS

AGAIN Dunlop has proved its right to *world leadership* through Dunlop Balloon Tires.

Those miles of *extra* comfort that motorists are finding in Dunlop Balloon Tires is but the natural result of the experience that could belong only to the "Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry."

"Dunlop at its best," is the world's appraisal of Dunlop Balloon Tires—than which there is no higher praise.

EVERY 2¼ SECONDS
somewhere in the world someone buys a
DUNLOP

Makers of the famous DUNLOP GOLF BALL

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

BROTHER BONES

(Continued from Page 23)

break had been, so perfect was Nature's remodeling.

Indeed, Nature gave us two tips of highest value from animal fractures, one which we followed some time since, the other only the day before yesterday.

The first was the steady pull to set and overcome muscular jumps; the second, early gentle movement of the broken limb to speed up callus and healing.

Not being quadrupeds, with a natural tripod handy, we couldn't use gravity for the pull, so we did the next best thing by putting our man into bed, fastening a stirrup bar under the sole of his foot by adhesive-plaster strips strapped round his ankle, then tying on a cord which we carried over a pulley at the foot of the bed, and hanging a weight on it.

This we called extension, and a huge improvement it was over surface splints. Settle your man comfortably in bed, pull the bones gently into place against the whole weight of his body, hang a ten-pound weight on the pulley rope and let the muscles fight that! Five to ten hours is all they want and up go their hands! Take off five pounds and they are your grateful and obedient—and much more comfortable—servants for the remainder of the session.

No straps, bandages or splints on the sore part of the leg over the break; just a steady gentle pull on the foot to keep the muscles hypnotized, and Nature can concentrate all her attention upon the problem of callus, while the patient can sit up in bed, read, turn over and change his position as he pleases, with a little assistance. The whole limb from hip to ankle can be washed, rubbed with alcohol, massaged, kept clean, unchafed, comfy, which, as we shall see, is a great and special advantage.

This brings us to the works, the nub of the whole process—callus, its birth and its sublimation. The most perfect of settings, splintings and extensions, without proper callus, both in quantity and quality, would be like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. Clumsy, almost stupid-looking at first, it develops into one of the most beautiful and ingenious mechanisms in the whole body, equal almost to the masterly epic of wound healing. In the beginning, little more complex than the ordinary rush of wrecking-crew cells with their repair materials which respond to the S O S of insulted or injured tissues anywhere in the animal body and even in many plants. But this is no ordinary crew or common repair material; it is a mason's job and mortar is called for.

Bone Repair

Now the only good mortar stuff, either in or out of the body, is lime, and none of the local supply depots keep much of it in stock. This makes the process no longer a local affair and calls the whole body into the game. So superb is its organization, so ready is it for just such a call, that within sixty hours so much idle lime is picked up from small depots all over the body and poured into the blood that its normal load is doubled and even quadrupled, and sent pouring into the breach in the broken bone. All the local periosteum cells have to do is to scoop it up and plaster it round the break with both hands. By a strange reversion, in a fracture case, the blood goes back in its lime load to the same high level it carried in childhood when bone building was the order of the day, in fullest swing all over the body, day and night shifts both.

So much for the raw materials of bone repair poured out round the broken ends—so profusely that the clinging mass swells to twice or three times the size of the shaft, like a hornets' nest round a twig. But by its very abundance and quick stiffening it clumsily clamps the broken ends together safe and firm. What forces are there to carve and mold and model the handful of wet plaster into a round, graceful, hollow, fluted column as a sculptor models his clay? The same which built in the first place, in the days of happy childhood—the balancing pull and strain and pressure of living, rippling muscles, multiplied by the weight from above and the support from below.

Our muscles made and shaped our bones in the beginning. They haven't forgotten the trick and are still able to remake and reshape them when mishap befalls. The bulging knobs of rough-cast hardened plaster, which feel to the touch like the proverbial bump on a log, are rubbed and worn round and slender by the constant play and pressure of surrounding muscles. The plug of cement which filled temporarily the hollow or marrow cavity of the bone, both above and below the break, is melted down and carried away again by the blood. The limb is straight, strong and symmetrical once more, and three months later there is little more than a slight thickening or limp.

Incidentally, it is not only in fractures that Nature shows this brilliant architectural gift. The deforming curves and twists of bone-softening from disease are straightened up and corrected almost equally skillfully.

The Invisible Architect

The bandiest of bowlegs, after ricketa, so hoop-like that the poor little victim couldn't stop a pig in an alley, are often trued up and the weak outbulging bones pulled back into straight, sturdy shafts within two or three years.

The same invisible architect is at work in the cure of those common birth deformities, clubfeet. Formerly we used to think it necessary to cut across one or more tendons and divide cramping bands of fibrous stuff with the knife, and even saw out wedge-shaped pieces of bone, in order to bring back the tiny feet and ankles into normal position and shape.

Now the surgeon just gently but strongly and skillfully molds the soft, flexible bones into proper position, puts on a light plaster or silica cast and gets the little one onto his feet as quickly as possible. The minute he begins to toddle about, his springy muscles plus his baby weight begin to pull up his foot arches, push down his heels, press down his twisted little elastic sole flat and firm upon the ground.

And we used to be almost afraid to let a clubfoot touch the ground until it was firmly and solidly set in good position, which it never would be until it was put to doing its proper work; while it was a standard warning to the mothers of rickety children not to let them stand on their feet too soon or too much, thus hindering Nature's best methods of cure and keeping the poor little patient from escaping out-of-doors into the sunshine, God's own remedy for rickets.

Not only can bones be literally manufactured and molded to their proper shape for their job but new joints can be formed and sockets scooped out and lined with cartilage. This happens, for instance, in that other birth deformity, congenital dislocation, or out-of-joint of both hips.

I had in my teaching museum, as anatomist in my university days, a most interesting shoulder blade, discovered in the dissecting room. The shoulder had evidently been put out of joint many years before and never replaced, so that the head of the arm bone, or humerus, was left an inch and a half below its socket, resting against the sharp edge of the flat shoulder blade. By constant rubbing and friction it had caused an outpouring of enough callus to build up on this narrow edge, scarce thicker than that of a dull spade, a brand-new socket, almost the size of a silver half dollar, so that the patient had probably regained quite a fairly useful shoulder joint.

Not only out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has been perfected praise but also out of the joints of fawns and babies have we perfected surgery. For the last and most vital great advance in the treatment of fractures and dislocations is to get the bones and joints to work again as quickly as is reasonably possible. Casts are made light and tough, cut open down the front and fitted with eyelets and laces, so that they can be taken off every day and the limb massaged, bathed gently, moved and exercised, thus getting quicker, firmer and more symmetrical healing.

Oddly enough, the same thing has been found true and advisable in the healing of the great wounds after abdominal operations. Many surgeons now urge their patients to sit up and turn over in bed very early, and even get them out of bed and walking, with skilled assistance, about the room within the first week, because gentle use of the muscles on each side of the wound makes it heal quicker and firmer and with less likelihood of stretching of the scar afterward. In fine, the broader and deeper becomes our knowledge of bone repair after either accident or disease, the more intensely alive and vital do we find it.

Not only is the quantity of callus most important but its quality is even more so. We had long known that in certain cases of fracture, after good replacement or setting, excellent splints and admirably fitted cast, we would open our thick-shelled Easter egg, at the end of the proper six or eight weeks, only to find the broken ends lying peacefully side by side, or rather end to end, without the faintest attempt at callus or union of any sort. In others there would be union without a particle of lime in the mend, just a scar band of tough fibrous stuff binding the broken bone ends together firmly, like the strap of a leather hinge, with free movement in every direction—what was termed, not unpicturesquely, a flail joint. In the arm this might give a fairly useful limb, but in the leg it was a complete washout, in the argot of the trenches.

Refractory Fractures

Then, gritting our teeth, we would get busy, cut down upon the break and wire or screw the lazy ends together, or inject irritating antiseptics into the sleepy area to stir up callus formation. Sometimes this woke 'em up and started the repair procession, but often it failed. We might get some callus, but it wouldn't set properly.

We began looking farther afield and found that in most cases we had overlooked something, and that was the patient himself. As one of our great surgeon-philosophers long ago remarked, "It is extremely important to know just what kind of disease our patient has got. But it is even more important to know just what kind of patient the disease has got."

When we gave our bad-actor fracture cases a laboratory once-over we found that not a few of them had sugar in their blood, and that, though sticky enough, it doesn't make a good mortar mixture with the lime in the callus. Chocolate drops don't make good or tough cement. Indeed, when we want to keep our plaster casts from hardening too quickly, we put a little sugar in the plaster. Clear the sugar out of the diabetic blood by dieting, or, of late, by insulin and the lifeless break heals firm and sound. So, unexpected as it may seem, insulin will be as great a boon to the surgeon as to the physician. For in addition to this, most forms of coma, or toxic unconsciousness, after blood poisonings or very severe and prolonged operations, nearly all acidoses, or acid states of the blood, and many cases of gangrene, are promptly relieved and cleared up by insulin. So we can now operate on and save many desperate cases which we dared not touch before for fear of simply becoming their executioner.

It's nice to, get up in the morning when your radiator is hot,

After a zero night you will realize how Hoffman Vacuum Valves increase the comfort you get from steam heat. Radiators warm up in the morning when the first vapor is generated at the boiler.

Hoffman Vacuum Valves not only let air out of steam radiators—they keep it out. You don't waste steam to push out the air that has sneaked back and made radiators cold. Your precious coal goes into heat. You will also be astonished how much less coal you burn.

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Make it yourself

Put a Hoffman Vacuum Valve on one radiator or equip all of them. Hours after you have banked your fires you will find these radiators still hot. In the morning they will be the first to heat. That is because air has been kept out. That is the magic of a vacuum.

Send the coupon for "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" which explains in simple words just why the vacuum created by Hoffman Vacuum Valves transforms steam heat. We will also send you a "Thirty-Day Trial Certificate" which lets you test these valves at our risk.

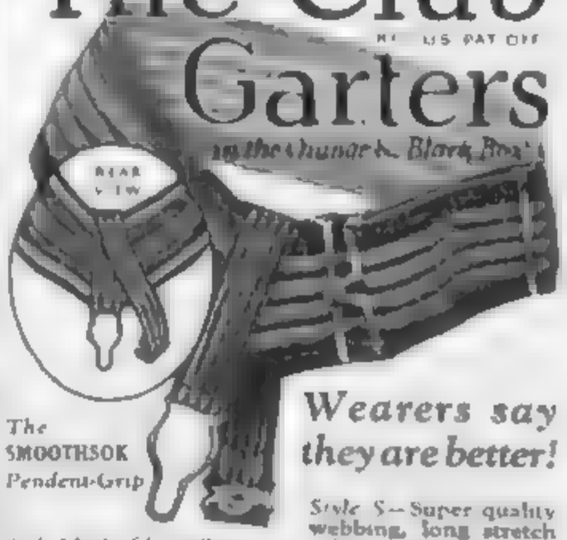
Your local plumbing and heating shops sell Hoffman Vacuum Valves

HOFFMAN
VACUUM VALVES
more heat from less coal

The Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
West 45th Street,
New York City

Please send me with obligation your
Door Against the
"30-day Trial Cer-
Name
Street
City State

The Club Garters



The SMOOTHSOK Pendent-Grip

Wearers say they are better!

Style M—in fifty college and military stripes, all with the Smoothsok Pendent-Grip 50c

Style S—Super quality webbing, long stretch rubber and lustrous iridescent art silk, genuine pigskin Smoothsok Pendent-Grip $1

If your shop hasn't them, write us

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122 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
Makers for 40 years of
Garters Belts Suspenders Pajamas

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $5,000 to $10,000 a year. The
LaSalle Extension University Dept.
1271 H, Chicago The World's Largest Business Training Institution

"This Shoe, *got my biggest* Order!"

"I HAD worked all day on this prospect," says a salesman who now owns steam yachts. "He was the biggest buyer I had ever gone after. Hour after hour I talked, explained, argued. Five o'clock came but no surrender.

"Finally, I suppose it was in sheer desperation, he said for me to come with him over to one of his plants and show him exactly how my machinery would fit in and why it would answer his purpose better. I agreed, of course.

"The building was six squares from his office. He said we'd walk. An athletic type, the man was. I believe he wanted to get me out in the open and show me up. But it so happened that I was a much better walker than a talker. My feet felt good, and I kept about half a step ahead of that fellow all the way. When we finally reached the building he listened for perhaps ten minutes, his mind concentrated largely on getting his breath back, then gave me the order.

"I guess he decided that I had too much stamina for him. So it was that I got the largest order of my career. And I couldn't have made the grade without my Arch Preserver Shoes, because until I had got them I never felt like walking more than a block or two."

A great many business "races" are won in the last few steps, with that last bit of energy. Having the "edge," the little additional amount of vigor and freshness, is what puts over most successful men. Feet are important. Arch Preserver Shoes enable feet to do their work. These shoes have a real "chassis"—a concealed, built-in arch bridge that won't let the foot arch sag, and a flat inner sole that prevents pinching of the nerves, bones and blood-vessels.

Your feet are always comfortable, active, useful. Your feet are always ready to take you where business is, and keep you on your feet until you get it. The Arch Preserver Shoe is now made in a range of prices that bring foot comfort and style within the reach of all.

Send for our Check-up Foot Chart and find out about your feet. You'll get a new idea of what your feet need and why.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S-33, Rockland, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.,—for women by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Sold by Leading Dealers

No. 280
West Point

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

The Check-Up Foot Chart—

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-33, Rockland, Mass.
Send me the "Check-up Foot Chart," and name of nearest dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Another considerable share of our balky broken bones was found to have spirochetes in their blood, which are also far from a happy adjunct to the plaster. Now in many hospitals it is a matter of routine to make a Wassermann test in all cases of severe fracture before splinting. Otherwise weeks and even months may be wasted waiting for the callus to set, when a dozen shots of salvarsan—now more correctly termed arsphenamine—would bring about firm and natural healing like a charm.

Other rebellious or disloyal cases were found suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys—nephritis; others from various forms of anæmias, from high blood pressure or hardening of the arteries. More puzzling and slower to be discovered were old dormant malarial cases. Who would ever have suspected that quinine can set a broken leg? But it does in these cases. Still deeper lay mild and partial forms of paralysis or other nerve diseases, and last and least expected came myxœdema, or chronic shortage of thyroid secretion; and here tablets of thyroid extract made a capital splint.

Then from stern food tests on a grim and world-wide scale came the finding, thousandfold repeated, that broken and diseased bones in populations suffering from starvation, or even from a very badly balanced diet, would not heal properly and often made no attempt to do so. All the kick and comeback was just out of the periosteum.

A Calf's Seven-League Boots

This made us look again, sharply, at some of our unmarriageable bone ends in which no disease of any sort could be discovered to forbid the banns, and we cast a suspicious eye upon their diet. In not a few of them, marked shortage of both calcium and vitamins was promptly discovered; and on giving plenty of our two chief calcium carriers, next to sunlight, our greatest and most sovereign remedy, milk and green vegetables, we got not a milk shake but a milk set, with neatness and dispatch. Milk can curdle not only into cheese but into bones as well, and its heavy calcium load is readily understood when we remember that it is compounded to provide for the bone growth of cow babies, which is more than three times as fast as that of our human tots. A calf wears seven-league boots, striding from thirty pounds to two hundred in his first year's lap, while a baby only ambles from ten to twenty pounds in the same time.

Though we cannot, by taking thought or balancing our diet, add a cubit to our stature or prevent the breaking of a bone, we can markedly increase the chances of its sound and perfect healing, if such an unlucky accident should occur. Abundance of good foods, especially milk, butter, green vegetables, meat and fruits; plenty of play in the open air and windows wide open at night are far and away the best insurance policy against crippling by broken bones.

We can't—most of us—swallow swords, but we can swallow splints, in white, sweet, liquid form.

The diseases of bones are rather few in number and practically always from the spread of infections starting in other parts of the body. There is little specially distinctive about them, except that, as might have been expected from the fact that bones are more than two-thirds lime, they are slow in starting and even more so in healing. "Beware the fury of a patient man" may well be applied to inflammations of bone. Once fairly started and suppurating, you have a job of months on your hands to heal them. The very stoniness which embeds their one-third of living fibers and vessels in a marble casket, and makes infection slow in getting a foothold, is a heavy handicap upon their attempts at repair.

In other words, bones are actually half dead, or, more precisely, two-thirds so and only one-third alive; and once ablaze, they smolder like a forest fire under the dead leaves or a burning coal mine. Their sparse living tissues not merely die of suffocation in their limestone cells; they rot, and the most obstinate, profuse and foul-smelling discharges that we ever have to face are those from infected bones. At the first sight and whiff, the doctor says to himself, "Dead bone in there somewhere."

The Healing Rays

The commonest of these burrowing infections is our ancient enemy tuberculosis. The whole brood of scrofulas, strumas, hip-joint disease, white swelling of the knee, caries of the spine, followed by the pitiful and deforming hunchback and spinal curvatures of all serious sorts, are spawned in and upon our hapless bones by this ghastly and most fatal foe of all mankind. But thanks to our noble shining sword, Excalibur, the healing, ultra-violet rays of the sunshine, we can now heal nearly nine-tenths of these pitiful little cripples if we can only get them out early enough in the golden blaze and warm sand of the seashore, or up into the crisp air and dazzling clearness of the mountains, with the scent of the pine needles and the flowers.

This bone form of tuberculosis was the first to be given the open-air treatment, and our percentage of cures is highest in consequence. We now have hopeful prospects of good results in the dreaded pulmonary form of consumption, given an early start.

Then comes that universal scorner of the brethren, the streptococcus, or pus bug, father of all wound infections, abscesses, boils, sore throats, gumboils, caries of the teeth, rheumatism and damaged heart valves. Usually he doesn't get much deeper than just under the periosteum, but he raises merry Hades there both as to agonizing pain and raging fever. In heavy invasions he may succeed in almost stripping the bone of its skin, through which comes two-thirds of its nourishment and life. Then a long section of the whole shaft of the bone may die and turn black and the plucky but brainless periosteum, rallying, may desperately proceed to coffin the whole corpse in a complete shell of new bone. We may actually have to cut down to the new shell, chisel and buzz-saw an opening half its length through which we can thrust forceps and pull out the decaying Ethiopian in the woodpile, though this stage fortunately is now much less commonly reached.

Indian Lake, Michigan

We men take things for granted

SOMETIMES I count my change, and sometimes I don't.

Sometimes I look at my railroad ticket, to see that it's what I asked for, and sometimes I don't.

Sometimes I question the waiter as to whether this fancily-named dish has onions in it; or ask the barber if his comb is sterilized; and sometimes I don't.

Probably the men and women who come to our hotels are as apt as I am to take things for granted.

So I want to tell you that you *can* take it for granted that these hotels are kept scrupulously clean and "as new"; are managed and manned by people who are anxious to have you *comfortable, contented and happy* while you're with us. We are always checking and rechecking, so that you *may* take things for granted *and be right.*

I want you to know that our rates are reasonable—that you rarely get as much for your money in other first-class hotels as you do here.

And if you have an unsatisfactory experience with us *we want to know about it*; the management will be keen and prompt to satisfy you.

E. M. Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4.00 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, $6.50 in Buffalo, $7 in New York.

And remember that *every* room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room, for one or for two people. You know exactly what the room is costing you—and that you're paying no more than anybody else would pay.

We provide, too, a variety of restaurant-service—and restaurant-prices. In each of our hotels is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to the more elaborate dining-rooms which you expect of first-class houses.

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building:

In the Park Square District of Boston (Columbus Ave., at Arlington and Providence Streets) construction has begun on the new Hotel Statler—which will have 1300 rooms, 1300 baths and all the comforts and conveniences for which these hotels are world-famous.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 23 miles away. The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

For Christmas, and Then—A Truly Happy New Year

A BEAUTIFUL Christmas gift—a practical gift—a gift that will bring joy and happiness 365 days in every year—that is the ideal gift which everyone likes to give.

Royal is a *beautiful gift*—graceful in line and contour, rich in the silvery brilliance of its highly polished aluminum finish. And *practical beyond compare*, saving time and work and health every day in the year.

Few gifts can give a woman more joy and contentment than Royal. She needs it—therefore she wants it. It will keep her home clean and sanitary almost without effort, preserving her rugs, beautifying her home, transmuting her work days into play days.

The new Super Royal is for those who want the best—it is the triumphant result of 15 years' experience in cleaner manufacturing. You cannot be sure you have chosen the right cleaner until you have seen it.

Go to your Royal Dealer today—ask him to demonstrate the Royal—then, *you'll know*. If you now have an Electric Cleaner, now is the time to trade it in on an up-to-date one. Our System of Distributed Payments makes a Royal easy to own. If you don't know your Dealer's name, write us.

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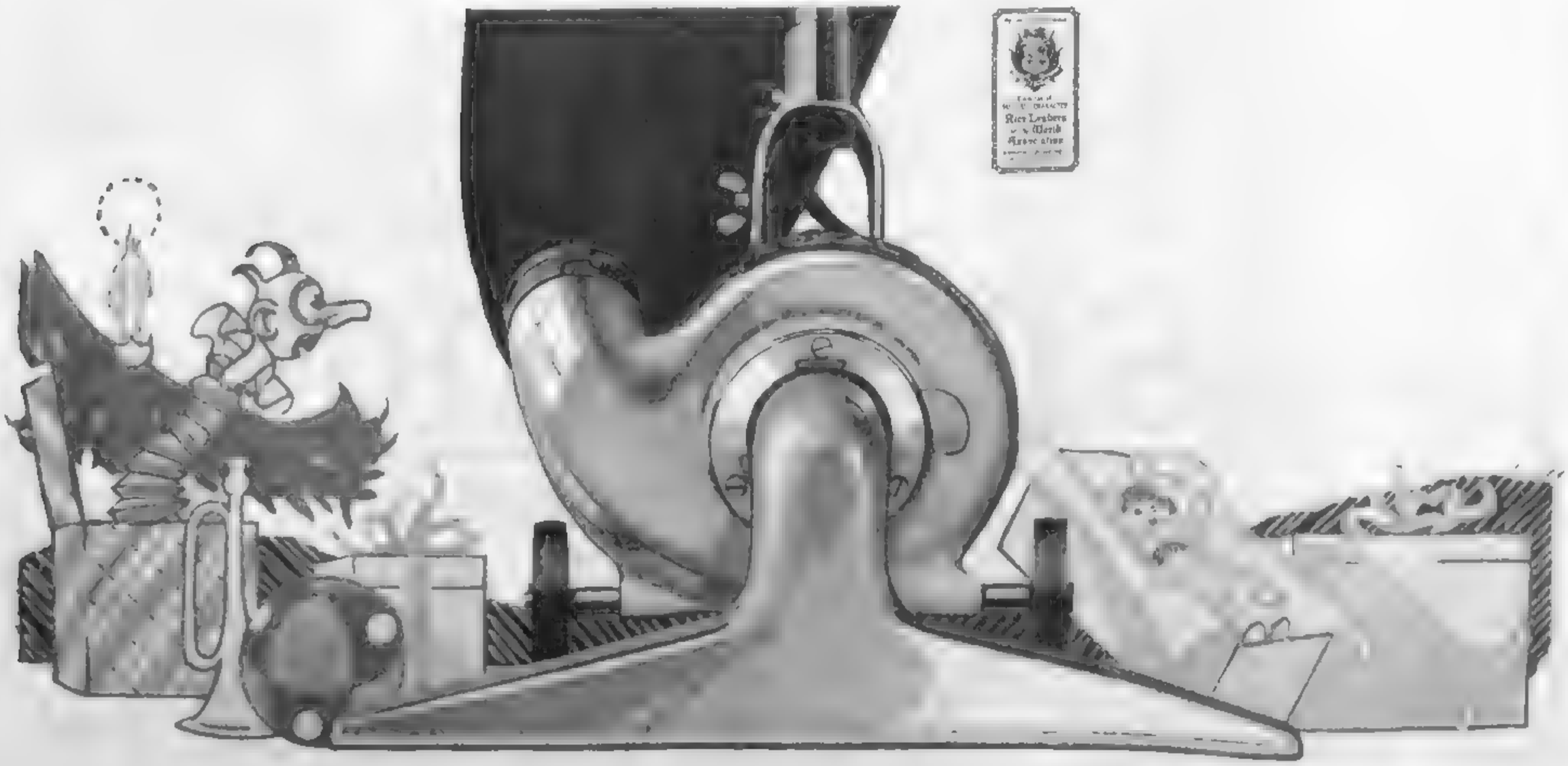
BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO
Manufactured in Canada for Canadians by Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto
Also Manufacturers of Royal Vibrator, Royal Hair Cutter, Royal Dryer, Royal Clothes Washer.

You cannot be content with less than Royal gives



NOTHING TO DECLARE

(Continued from Page 18)

pearls—suitable nest eggs for a dovecot—were characterized by millimeters.

This message had come from the chief of the United States customs special agents in Paris. It was a fairly accurate report of the jewel marketing in which the Finkelkraus family had indulged during their three months of overseas rambling. This message was relayed immediately to the Customhouse in New York, which stands across from Bowling Green as a sort of architectural period to the length of Broadway. Moreover, the name of Finkelkraus, multimillionaire, was inscribed on a record that is known in the customs service as the suspect list.

At the Customhouse, the data concerning the jewelry purchases of the Finkelkraus women, mamma and the three girls, was delivered into the keeping of a man who directs the operations of some thirty agents, including a woman or two. It was this man who ordered his subordinates to check up on the jewelry importations of the Finkelkraus family. Within four days after the Wisteria had docked, two of them, the jewelry-smuggling specialists of the Treasury Department, presented themselves at the Finkelkraus establishment. It was a pathetic scene—from the viewpoint of Mr. Finkelkraus.

"Big boy," advised the senior of the two agents after they had been admitted to his private office, a chamber paneled to its high ceiling with walnut, "come clean."

"What?" Mr. Finkelkraus waded truculently through his thick rugs until he stood before them. "What did you say?"

"I said come clean." The special agent glared in a manner that made Mr. Finkelkraus wish himself back in Europe. Then the government officer's manner softened just a little. "See here, you shipped a large consignment of jewelry from Paris. That shipment is in the possession of the customs now. It is quite all right; everything about it is regular."

"Well then?" asked Mr. Finkelkraus.

"But, Mr. Finkelkraus, that shipment contained only about half the jewelry you purchased during your visit to Paris. We are here to get the jewelry you smuggled in four days ago."

Believe it or not, at that point Mr. Finkelkraus began to shed tears.

Then they went to the Finkelkraus apartment. In half an hour he had produced an assortment of mounted diamonds, emeralds and pearls sufficient to bedeck an empress at her coronation. In assembling them he had, with the special agents at his shoulder, ransacked the jewel caskets of his wife and daughters and sorted some out of a heap in a wall safe.

"I think that is everything, gentlemen," he said finally, as he stood wiping perspiration from the back of his neck with one hand. With the other he soothingly patted the shoulder of his hysterical wife.

Gambling With the Government

"Yes," agreed the senior agent; "that's about all, except for that pearl necklace your wife is wearing."

"That we bought in this country," said Mr. Finkelkraus, making a desperate attempt to form his features into a pleasant smile.

"Not those three big pearls in the center," prompted the agent. "You must have fattened that necklace while you were abroad." He consulted a list in his hand.

"You're right," conceded Mr. Finkelkraus, in the manner of a schoolmaster dealing with a bright pupil. "I nearly forgot that."

Mrs. Finkelkraus handed over the necklace. The agents dropped the collection of seized jewels in a chamois bag, instructed Mr. Finkelkraus to present himself at the office of the collector of the port of New York in the morning and departed—to take up the trails of other smugglers.

Mr. Finkelkraus spent a month trying to dicker with the collector. At the end of that time he wrote a check for $150,000 and then received back the seized articles. He had paid the Government as a fine the full value of the baubles quite as if he were buying them from the Government. On top of that he paid the 80 per cent duties he had tried to evade. But even then his punishment was not finished. The newspapers learned of his escapade and printed columns of words about it. Mr. Finkelkraus could afford to lose $150,000 at Deauville or Monte Carlo for a night of gaming. He could do so and not lose sleep. This was just as true when he gambled with his Government and lost; but he could not afford that kind of publicity. It hurt his business seriously, because his was a business having for its foundation the confidence of his customers in his integrity.

If any of the friends of Mr. Finkelkraus cajole him into discussing his smuggling experience nowadays, it is said that he invariably berates the jewelers of the Rue de la Paix for betraying him.

"The double-crossing ——" But it is impossible to use here the epithets he applies to those cunning salesmen of Paris, and yet his rage probably is misdirected. It would be very much to the disadvantage of those merchants to collect the generous honorariums the American Government pays to those who inform on smugglers.

Who Told Uncle Sam?

Americans are their best customers. The passenger lists of the liners arriving at French ports are as interesting to them as crop reports to a speculator in grain. They think so well of their golden goose, one may assume, that it would pain them to ruffle so much as a pinfeather; but their clerks may be less alive to the importance of shielding the rich Americans from the laws of their barbarous country. Just because a duty of 80 per cent on mounted jewelry creates in the breast that wears the diamond brooch an overwhelming desire to smuggle it past the customs barrier, should a low-salaried jewelry-store clerk concern himself about that? A reward—aye, a prize of $50,000 is worth striving for. It makes a most fascinating lottery of which the proprietor is Uncle Sam.

Who did betray Mr. Finkelkraus? I do not know. The men who seized his jewels say, and probably with truth, that they do not know. The reward of $37,500 was divided between two informers. Half was paid directly by the Treasury Department to some individual in Paris. Half was paid to the American Jewelers' Protective Association, which organization, it may be assumed, relayed the money to an informer who preferred to keep his name out of government records.

Extraordinary precautions are taken to shield customs informers from the wrath of those whose betrayal they accomplish. Even so, it is possible to indicate the sources of the information upon which the customs agents rely for the apprehension of smugglers, whether of jewels or furs or fabrics or any other dutiable importations.

Probably 80 per cent of the worthwhile information concerning those who seek to evade payment of the tax the Government has imposed on articles of jewelry comes from abroad.

Take the case of a New England widow who spent last winter on the Riviera. For the first time in her life she found herself in a position to buy the jewelry she had always craved. She had ample funds, and besides, the pearl necklace she wanted as she never had wanted any inanimate object before in her life was priced at considerably less than she would have been asked in any reliable store in America.

There was a gentleman at her hotel—at least she thought he was a gentleman because he had been introduced to her as a former Russian army officer—who expressed keen appreciation of her judgment of pearls the first time he saw the string of iridescent globules looped about her neck. Would she consider him impertinent if he asked where she had purchased them? He hoped before long to buy, if he could afford them, a string as nearly like it as he could get, for a lady who perhaps was going to share his exile. The widow was both touched and flattered. She told him all about the necklace and was amused as he boyishly counted each pearl. At that time she probably had no conscious thought of smuggling.

When her homesickness plus certain neglected duties caused her to engage passage, she received a pleasant reminder of her acquaintanceship. The former Russian officer sent her a bouquet. As she neared New York and received a customs-declaration blank it began to dawn upon her that she had been positively extravagant during her travels. There was that pearl necklace. Eighty per cent of its value paid to the Government as a tax would be almost like paying for it a second time. She decided to say nothing about it. She did declare a number of gowns and felt that she was being generous when she put down the exact price she had paid in Paris for a mink coat.

On the pier there was what seemed to be a great deal of confusion. Actually, the scene was no more confused than are the lines of tiny insects hurrying to and from an ant hill. The only confusion was among the passengers. Endless lines of stewards and porters were conveying baggage onto the pier. Nearly a hundred customs inspectors wearing uniform caps lounged against the pier railing in readiness to compare the declarations of passengers with the contents of their baggage when that baggage was brought off the ship.

The widow had the necklace secreted in a thin chamois bag slung from her waist beneath her skirt.

The customs inspector who had been looking through her trunks raised himself from his haunches.

"You have not mentioned in your declaration," he said, "anything about a pearl necklace or other jewelry. Is it in your baggage?"

Free-Lance Spies Abroad

A tight band seemed to be constricting the widow's throat. She could not speak, so she shook her head from side to side. The customs officer signaled with an uplifted forefinger to a fashionably dressed woman who had been examining the labels of a near-by cluster of trunks as if she was seeking to identify her own. The woman approached.

"This lady," said the inspector, addressing himself to the widow, "will go aboard the ship with you to your stateroom and help you find that necklace and anything else you may have."

"That's all there is," retorted the widow, and began to laugh shrilly.

The woman customs agent was so tactful that the threatened attack of hysterics passed off as nothing more serious than tears. The following day the widow appeared at the Customhouse with a lawyer. There was not much he could do for her other than to pat her hand now and again when she seemed in danger of losing her self-control. The collector informed the woman she would have to pay as a fine the price she had paid for the necklace plus an additional 80 per cent duty.

"I should rather surrender the necklace," she said.

"Perhaps," agreed the collector; "but in that case I am afraid I should have to send the facts to the United States district attorney. That would mean an indictment and trial. What I am offering you is a compromise."

(Continued on Page 189)

TO
OLD MEXICO
fare 6¢

BY trolley from El Paso—for 6¢ cost and 6 minutes' ride—you can go to Old Mexico. This year come Southwest to El Paso and cross over to the "foreign country" while you are here.

Come to our modern city and then visit the gay Mexican resort—Juarez!—with its quaint scenic and historic attractions. Be sure not to miss Juarez—it is so different!

Ten days of "foreign travel"

Every day in El Paso gives you something new—something you have never done before. Bass fishing in Elephant Butte Dam . . . shirt-sleeve golf in midwinter . . . rugged mountains . . . New Year's dinner in the open air . . . a thousand unusual delights! See the wonderful Rio Grande Valley, Fort Bliss (1st Div. U. S. Cavalry) and many other points of interest.

Come *now* to El Paso where Sunshine spends the Winter!

Write for free Booklet before you start. Railways allow free 10-day stop-over. If you drive, Old Spanish Trail, Lee and Bankhead Highways, Southwestern and Ozark Trails all lead into El Paso. Mail the coupon.

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Please send me the free booklet,
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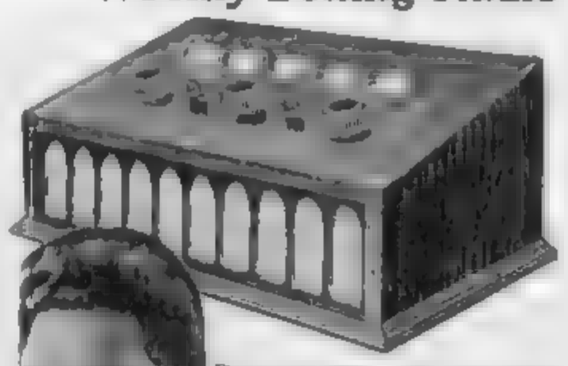

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Demonstrate once—results mean sure sales! Sell what everybody wants—radio at low prices. Long distance reception—4 and 5 tube instruments.

12 Selling Lessons FREE!

Establish a business of your own. Start in spare time—even nights. Send course in 12 lessons and 12 radio service lessons teach you everything.

3100 Men Are Now Doing It!

Success with over 3100 men proves merit of our proposition. $100 weekly not unusual—many Ozarka men make more in spare time!

Free Book! Write me personally—tell me about yourself. I'll see that my 84 page book, Ozarka Plan No. 100, is sent you without cost. Please mention the name of your county. Mail the coupon!

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Gentlemen 11-25-122J
I am greatly interested in the FREE BOOK ... The Ozarka Plan ... Send me ... information ...
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Address City
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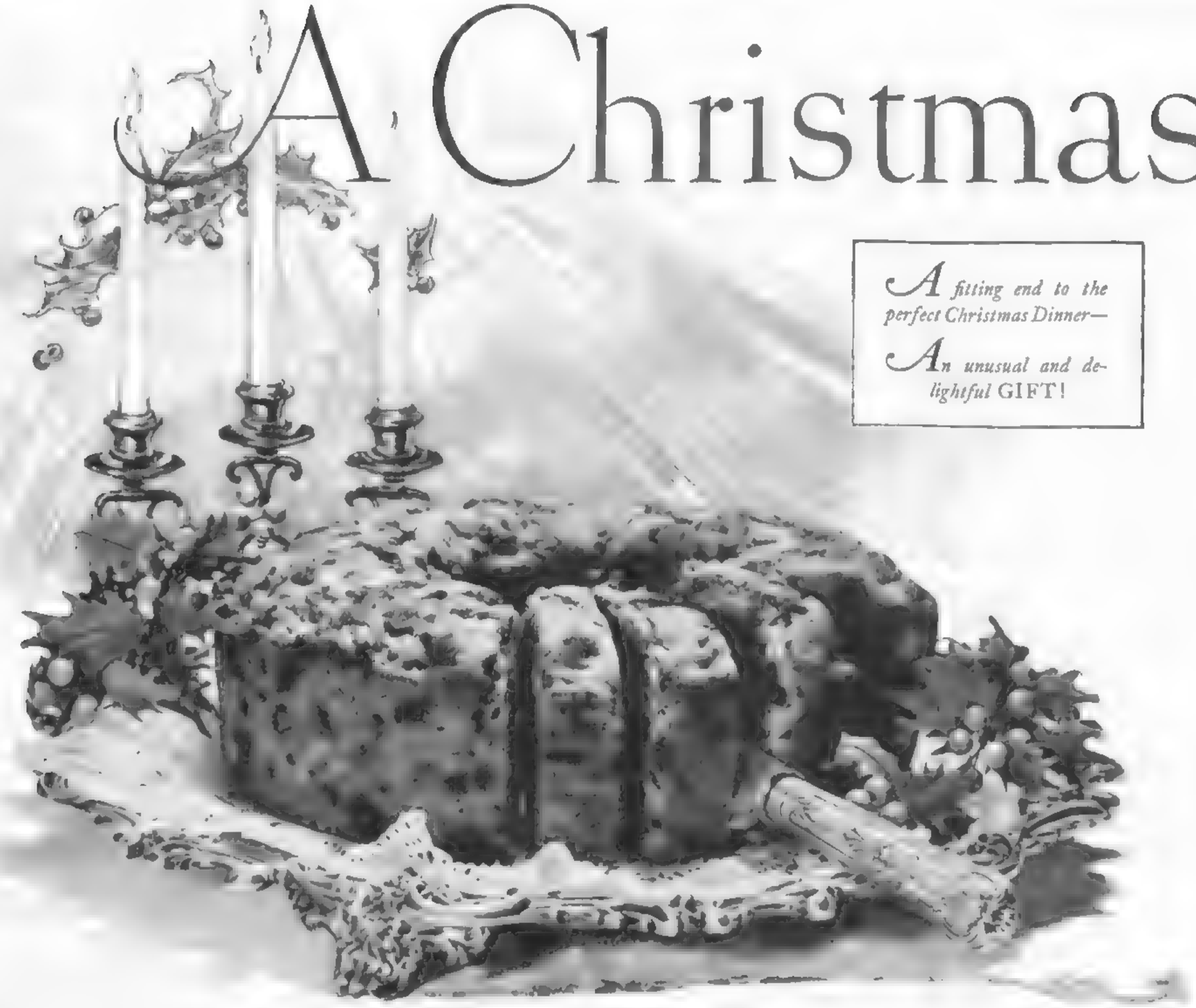
A Christmas

A fitting end to the perfect Christmas Dinner—

An unusual and delightful GIFT!



Made with all the traditional richness of an old fashioned recipe

Do you remember the difficulties of fruit cake making when you were a child? The hours of washing, stoning and cutting of the fruit? The cracking of nuts, the endless careful baking in a heat that must be kept perfectly even?

There was no other way of getting a perfect Christmas cake. One couldn't buy such a cake, of course! And the finest recipes were frequently cherished as secrets—carefully guarded and seldom divulged.

Today, however, you can have a Christmas fruit cake such as the most famous cook could not surpass.

Hostess Holiday Fruit Cake is made with all the traditional richness of an old-fashioned recipe. It is, in fact, richer—for it contains materials that used to be, and often still are, impossible for the housewife to obtain.

Luscious red cherries imported from southern France—candied pineapple from the tropics—giant pecans in perfect halves—white raisins from California with a flavor and sweetness all their own—these are a few of the choice ingredients that go into every Hostess Holiday Fruit Cake.

And then—just enough of the rich, cream-colored cake itself to "hold together" and give added flavor to the delicious array of fruits and nut meats.

A Christmas gift package

Hostess Holiday Fruit Cake will not only give an added touch to your own Christmas parties, but it is especially

Fruit Cake—

designed to make an attractive gift. Packed in a metal box, with its design copied from a rare old embroidery in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, it makes a holiday package in exquisite taste.

For many of the people for whom you find it difficult to choose, a delicious five-pound Hostess Holiday Fruit Cake will prove an unusual and appropriate selection. Like all fine fruit cakes, it is, of course, made to keep for months.

Hostess Holiday Fruit Cake comes in three sizes—the special five-pound gift size, also in two- and one-pound sizes. It is carried by leading grocers throughout the country.

If your own grocer cannot supply you, you can order direct. Send coupon and money for the number of cakes you wish to the Hostess Cake Bakery nearest you.

A rare Old Embroidery from

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

furnished the design for this beautiful metal container, in which each five-pound cake is packed. Hostess Holiday Fruit Cake is baked also in one and two-pound sizes each in its own metal container.

Hostess Cake

Leading grocers everywhere carry Hostess Holiday Fruit Cake. If your own grocer cannot supply you, send coupon and money to the bakery in the list below which is nearest you.

NEW ENGLAND STATES

Boston, Mass., Massachusetts Baking Company, 65 East Cottage St.
Fitchburg, Mass., Swanson Bakery, 7 Circle Street
Holyoke, Mass., Dietz Bakery, 16 Commercial Street
Lawrence, Mass., New England Bakery Co., 97 Lowell Street
Springfield, Mass., Dietz Bakery, 266 Bridge Street
Somerville, Mass., New England Bakery Co., 86 Joy Street
New Bedford, Mass., New England Bakery Co., 1070 County Street
Bridgeport, Conn., Borck & Stevens Bakery, 855 Housatonic Avenue
Hartford, Conn., Chaney Bakery, 1846 Albany Avenue
New Haven, Conn., Emanuelson Bakery, 140 Canal Street
Waterbury, Conn., Reymond Bros. Bakery, 492 S. Main Street

EASTERN STATES

Brooklyn, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., 505 Carroll Street
Brooklyn, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., 89 Heyward Street
Brooklyn, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., 77 Harrison Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y., Ward & Ward, Inc., 313 Fougeron Street
Buffalo, N. Y., Ward & Ward, Inc., 313 Fougeron Street
Jamaica, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., 26 Douglas Street
Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., Oak & West Streets
New York City, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., Park Avenue & 166th Street
New York City, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., 332 East 75th Street
New York City, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., Inc., Murray & Texas Streets
Rochester, N. Y., Ward Bros. Co., Inc., Second & Elizabeth Streets
Utica, N. Y., Crescent Baking Co., Inc., Second & Elizabeth Streets
West New Brighton, N. Y., Shults Bread Co., Tarsney St. & Cary Ave.
Hoboken, N. J., Shults Bread Co., Clinton & Eighth Streets
Hoboken, N. J., Shults Bread Co., 14th Street & Park Avenue
Garfield, N. J., Consumers Baking Co., 214 Maple Street
Paterson, N. J., Consumers Baking Co., 534 Ellison Street
Norristown, Pa., The Stritzinger Bakery

CENTRAL STATES

Chicago, Ill., Livingston Baking Co., 3015 West Lake Street
Chicago, Ill., Livingston Baking Co., 4146 South Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Ill., Livingston Baking Co., 1301 Diversey Parkway
River Forest, Ill., Oak Park Bakery, 155 Lake Street
Anderson, Ind., Taggart Baking Co., 1520 Meridian Street
Gary, Ind., Gary Bakery, 10th Street & Roosevelt Road
Hammond, Ind., Calumet Bakery, 809 Calumet Avenue
Indianapolis, Ind., Taggart Baking Co., 339 East Market Street
Detroit, Mich., Wagner Baking Co., 2901 Grand River Avenue
Akron, O., Akron Bakery, 178 South Forge Street
Cincinnati, O., F. O. Stone Bakery, 640 Richmond Street
Columbus, O., Holland Bakery, 697 North Fourth Street
Dayton, O., Krug Bakery, 13 Joe Street
Toledo, O., Holland-Toledo Bakery, Summit & Elm Streets
Toledo, O., Hostess Cake Bakery, LaGrange & Erie Streets
Youngstown, O., Holland Bakery, Mahoning & Hall Heights Avenue
Madison, Wisc., Occident Baking Co., 849 East Washington Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisc., Atlas Bakeries, Inc., 927 Central Avenue

SOUTHERN STATES

Washington, D. C., Corby Baking Co., Georgia Ave. & Trumbull St. N.W.
Shreveport, La., Campbell Baking Co., Douglas & Travis Streets
Clarksdale, Miss., Crescent Baking Co., 152 Sunflower Avenue
Richmond, Va., Corby Baking Co., Jefferson & Cary Streets
Huntington, W. Va., Stroehmann Baking Co., 710 Fifth Street
Wheeling, W. Va., Stroehmann Baking Co., 22nd & Main Streets
Memphis, Tenn., Memphis Baking Co. Inc., 400 Monroe Avenue

MIDDLE WESTERN STATES

Denver, Colo., Denver Bread Bakery, 600 West 12th Avenue
Pueblo, Colo., Purity Bread Bakery, D & Lamkin Streets
Des Moines, Ia., Campbell Baking Co., Pennsylvania & Grand Sts.
Sioux City, Ia., Campbell Baking Co., 913 Grandview Boulevard
Waterloo, Ia., Campbell Baking Co., 302 Commercial Street
Topeka, Kan., Campbell Baking Co., 1509 Lane Street
Wichita, Kan., Campbell Baking Co., Elm & Emporia Streets
Minneapolis, Minn., Occident Baking Co., 1200 Third Avenue, S.
Kansas City, Mo., Campbell Baking Co., 30th St. & Troost Avenue
St. Joseph, Mo., Campbell Baking Co., 11th & Pennsylvania Streets
St. Louis, Mo., Heydt Bakery, Biddle & 17th Streets
St. Louis, Mo., Hostess Cake Bakery, Glasgow & Hebert Streets
St. Louis, Mo., Wells-Boettler Bakery, Vandeventer & Forest Pk. Blvd.
Omaha, Neb., Jay Burns Bakery, 20th & Cumming Streets
Oklahoma City, Okla., Campbell Baking Co., 121 W. Washington St.
Tulsa, Okla., Campbell Baking Co., Frisco Street & Fifth Avenue
El Paso, Texas, El Paso Baking Co., 809 Texas Street
Dallas, Tex., Campbell Baking Co., McKinney, Thomas & Phelps Sts.
Ogden, Utah, Ogden Baking Co., 2557 Grant Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah, The Butter-Krust Baking Co., 734 E. 4th St.

PACIFIC COAST

Berkeley, Cal., R. B. Ward & Co., Inc., Bonar St. & Allston Way
Beverly Hills, Cal., Pac. Beverly Hills Bakery, 1018 Santa Monica Bld.
Long Beach, Cal., Long Beach Bakery, 1201 Redondo Avenue
Los Angeles, Cal., R. B. Ward & Co., Inc., 6025 S. St. Andrews Place
Sacramento, Cal., Perfection Bread Co., 14th & R Streets
San Diego, Cal., R. B. Ward & Co., Inc., 1220 University Avenue
Portland, Ore., Log Cabin Baking Co., Fremont, Vancouver & Ivy Sts.
Seattle, Wash., Washington Bakeries Corp., 19th Ave. S. & Main St.
Spokane, Wash., Spokane Bakery Co., Broadway Avenue & Post Street

CANADA

Hamilton, Ont., Ideal Bread Co., Ltd., 13 Sanford Street, S.
London, Ont., Neal Baking Co., Ltd., Carlton Avenue
Sarnia, Ont., Neal Baking Co., Ltd., Christina & Davis Streets
St. Thomas, Ont., Neal Baking Co., Ltd., Princess Street
Toronto, Ont., Ideal Bread Company, Ltd., 183 Dovercourt Road
Windsor, Ont., Neal Baking Co., Ltd., Salter Street
Montreal, Que., James M. Aird, Ltd., 165 St. Urbain Street
Montreal, Que., James M. Aird, Ltd., 189 Lagauchetiere Street, E.
Montreal, Que., James Strachan, Ltd., 246 City Hall Avenue
Westmount, Que., Dent Harrison & Sons, Ltd.,
Prince Albert & Somerville Avenues

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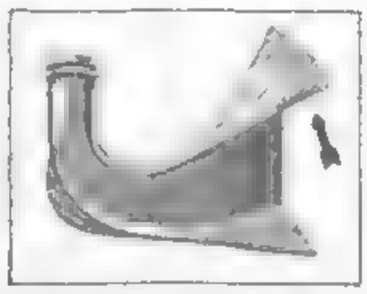
CONTINENTAL BAKING CORPORATION

Enclosed find $ _____ for _____ 5-pound Hostess Holiday Fruit Cakes. Please ship parcel post *prepaid* to:

(Send $5.00 for each 5-pound cake you desire and list any additional names and addresses to which you wish this Fruit Cake sent. If you wish them sent as gifts we shall be glad to enclose your card for you.)

Now ~ to RADIO as well SONORA brings a richer Tone



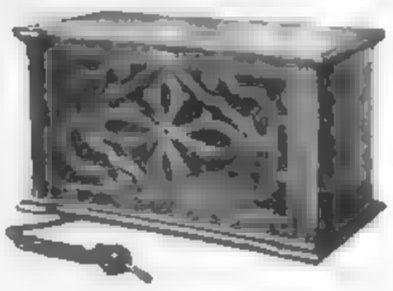
THE SECRET OF SONORA TONE

A cross section of the tone chamber or "horn" which is part of every Sonora instrument. This tone chamber frees radio and phonograph from all mechanical noise. In it many plies of wafer-thin seasoned wood are laid at cross grain to each other neutralizing vibration and eliminating harsh overtones

The New Sonora 5-Tube Radio. *The Sonora radio set is made separately as below; is included in the new Sonora Radio Highboy or can be installed in the new Phonograph Highboys and Consoles —5-tube circuit—three standardized tuning dials—exceptionally low operating cost Price, $90. Shown here resting on the Sonora Table Console Speaker—a graceful cabinet containing the Sonora All-Wood Speaker and space for batteries. Console Speaker Price, $50.*

The Sonora Radio Speaker *with all-wood tone chamber —no mechanical noise—no harsh overtones. Equipped with cord and plug for attachment to any radio set No extra batteries needed*

De Luxe Model—$30
Standard Model—$20



THE HAMPDEN. One of the new Sonora Radio Phonograph Highboys containing a complete Sonora Phonograph—the Sonora All-Wood Tone Chamber and ample space for installing the Sonora 5-tube radio set. Cabinet of magnificent design of Renaissance period. Price $225—with Radio set installed, $100 more. Another exquisite cabinet is the Sonora Radio Highboy containing the Sonora Radio Set and Speaker—complete for $200.

THE NEW Sonora Highboy—a magnificent new cabinet designed throughout by Sonora—contains a complete radio unit—with that rich mellow tone that only Sonora can give.

The new 5-tube set is made by our own engineers—after years of experiment to combine the maximum volume and range with exceptional selectivity and purity of tone.

And into this Highboy is built the famous Sonora Radio Speaker—that All-Wood Tone Chamber that gave a richer, mellower tone to the phonograph. This tone chamber is built of many layers of wafer-thin wood laid at cross grain to neutralize vibration. Through a delicate wall of seasoned wood sound flows easily, naturally.

Other Highboys with complete phonographs, too

And Sonora makes these superb Highboys, combined with a complete phonograph—each one equipped with the Sonora All-Wood Speaker and ample space for the Sonora Radio Set.

Or, if you prefer, your dealer can offer you as separate units—the Sonora 5-tube radio set—or the Sonora Radio Speaker in standard, console or highboy models.

To everyone—whether or not you own a radio—Sonora can bring richer music and more beautiful design. Supreme for years in phonograph tone—now with these new models Sonora brings to radio, too, all its matchless tone and exquisite cabinet work. Sonora Phonograph Company, 279 Broadway, New York, N. Y

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

(Continued from Page 185

She paid, of course, and presumably the Government sent a fourth part of her $20,000 to some informer in Europe. Only recently it occurred to her that there may have been more than romance behind the interest of the Russian who boyishly counted her pearls that day on the Riviera.

Her experience serves as well as any to demonstrate that none who honestly intend to pay the taxes imposed by the Government is in danger from the operations of those free-lance spies, even though there are myriads of them.

The recruitment of this uncounted army of volunteer helpers of the customs service has been progressing since 1922, when a new sum was written into that paragraph of the tariff act dealing with compensation for informers.

That change increased by tenfold the maximum which might be paid by the Secretary of the Treasury to one of these whisperers, raising the Government's offer from $5000 to $50,000. The law says that the talebearer may be awarded a compensation of 25 per cent of the net amount recovered, but not to exceed $50,000 in any case. That, then, is the capital prize in this lottery.

For a while it was just a paragraph in the acres of solid reading matter that is the record of all the laws passed by Congress. Comparatively few persons were aware of this chance road that might lead to a fortune. It was a sheathed sword when an unofficial organization of interested men plucked it from its scabbard of concealment.

On transatlantic steamships, in the smoking rooms and in the stewards' quarters, notices were posted one day. On the highways of the ocean these attracted as much attention as ever was won by a blood-money offer for an outlaw's head. The notices were headed Interesting Facts About Smuggling, and read as follows:

"Under the Tariff Act of 1922—Section 593—anyone who knowingly and willfully smuggles jewelry, precious stones, pearls or any other dutiable merchandise into the United States shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not exceeding $5000, or imprisoned for any term of time not exceeding two years, or both, at the discretion of the court."

Tipping Off the Customs Officers

"The United States Government will pay 25 per cent of any amount up to $200,000 recovered in duties, fines or penalties for information leading to the detection of smuggling or seizure of dutiable merchandise."

Then followed a paragraph of instructions for the forwarding of information with assurance that if it was given to the American Jewelers' Protective Association the name of the informer would not be divulged even to the government officials. Similar notices began to appear in the newspapers of Paris in the form of display advertisements.

Fifty thousand dollars is a lot of francs. In fact, it is a considerable fortune in any language. Within a short space of time a great volume of mail and cable messages was flowing into the Treasury Department and into the offices of the American Jewelers' Protective Association in New York. Some of it was quite valueless, but most of the important detections of smuggling that have occurred since 1922 have been due to tips to customs officers inspired by that fat reward offer.

In the smoky glory holes aboard ship where the stewards bunk, in the labor agencies in New York where chauffeurs and butlers and French maids await suitable situations, and below stairs in the big hotels both here and abroad, a new and easy way to riches was projected on the screen of fancy. Word of this chance spread faster than a sure-thing tip at the race track, faster than the word of a new strike in the gold fields. For this was more than a chance to make money. It was a road to vengeance.

"Lambaste me with her tongue, will she?" complained a stewardess aboard a big liner. "Call me a clumsy fool, hey? I know what I know."

The object of her complaint was a moving-picture actress that this peevish creature served as a stateroom stewardess. When the ship docked the stewardess dropped a package into the mail box. A day later the moving-picture actress received at her hotel a visit from two special agents of the customs. They wanted to inquire about a diamond lavallière that the star had worn ashore without declaring.

"It was a gift," she explained, "brought aboard by a friend the day I sailed. I thought gifts were on the free list."

"Tell that," they advised, "to the collector. He may be moved to regard it as a mitigating circumstance and ease up a trifle on the penalty."

As they started to go with her precious lavallière, the defeated smuggler called after them, "Who told on me, anyway?"

They laughed at her. They might have reminded her that she had thrown into the soiled linen basket in her stateroom the satin-lined box of a celebrated jeweler of the Rue de la Paix, a box that was designed to hold only a lavallière, but they did not; nor did they say anything about the angry stewardess whose chore it was to remove the soiled linen from her stateroom.

It's Never Too Late to Pay

Sometimes the informer is the chauffeur or maid of the tourist smuggler, and the information frequently is not filed with the authorities until long after the day the smuggler landed. Recently a housekeeper who had quarreled with her mistress called at the Customhouse. The information she gave resulted in the seizure of a dozen or more trunks of furs and clothing that had been smuggled in some months earlier. The housekeeper, when the case was closed, was not only hunk, but she was better off financially than if she had saved her wages intact for a year.

In one case eight years had elapsed between the day of smuggling and the day of seizure. The statute of limitations does not operate with respect to duties; so that though a smuggler caught after such an interval can evade prosecution, he may not hope to evade a stiff pecuniary loss. Seizures are made frequently after a lapse of four and five years. Where jewels are involved, the information leading to the seizure comes from a variety of sources.

There was Mrs. Blank. She had been crossing and recrossing the Atlantic for years. Apparently she had never been suspected of smuggling. Then she was robbed of an amazingly valuable collection of jewels. Photographs of each piece were turned over to the police to assist them in its recovery. The customs agents saw some of those photographs as reproduced in the newspapers. They saw that several of the important pieces had Continental mountings.

All of Mrs. Blank's customs declarations were inspected, the work necessitating a search through the files of fifteen years. There was no reference in any of them to the foreign pieces in her missing collection. The agents then paid her a visit. At first, the wealthy woman told them the pieces they asked about had been bought in America, but when they pressed her for details she altered her course and admitted that she had bought several very expensive ornaments abroad.

"But what of it?" she inquired. "They're gone now."

"But you will have to pay the duty just the same," they told her; and later, on the advice of her lawyer, she paid the full duty.

Occasionally information comes from an American jeweler. Some old customer, perhaps, has brought in for repairs a stick pin or maybe a gorgeous ring that did not come from his stock. There is an indiscreet boast from the customer, a reference to the advantage of buying diamonds abroad and neglecting to declare them.

There are numerous cases in the files of the customs service that were brought to the attention of the agents by letters which are assumed to have been written by women made jealous through the display of a society rival's gorgeous jewels. If the luster of a smuggled pearl is no more rosy than that of one which has paid duty, at least the smuggled pearl is more easily made a subject of boastful conversation. In fact, many of the women who have been trapped through their disposition to talk about their thrilling little exploit were smugglers because of the thrill it gave them to try to outwit the customs. A woman, socially prominent, who was caught not long ago through information sent from Europe, confessed gayly that she had no other object in smuggling than to get a thrill, and because she is so rich the customs officers who dealt with her had no difficulty in believing her.

Her detection was a source of tremendous embarrassment to her husband, who stood aghast as the inspector on the pier, with the glee of a small boy hunting Easter eggs, pulled diamond pendants from the toes of satin slippers, pearls from brogues and emeralds from boudoir mules. She had fifteen pairs of shoes and there was a prize in every one. Then the inspector turned his attention to her hats, and the pile of contraband he extracted created a glittering illusion like that of a stage magician with a trick hat, pulling forth watches and rings sufficient, if turned into cash, to buy a pretty good yacht. Certainly her husband could have purchased a country estate with the money he had to pay the Government for his wife's thrill.

A queen from Hollywood was caught not long ago because the inspector who examined her baggage found several bottles of liquor in one of her trunks. She was not on the suspect list, but when the bottles came to light a careful search was made, a hunt far more diligent than is conducted in the baggage of an unsuspected arrival. All told, there were fifteen bottles of forbidden fluids, but the inspector kept looking. In a compartment of the actress' trunk he found a ring. For a moment he must have felt that he had discovered a new sun. Next he found an unset emerald and finally four diamond bracelets.

A Star Among the Smugglers

The woman was not supported even by her lawyer in her contention that since the ring was a gift she should not be expected to pay duty on it. She redeemed the collection with a check for $57,000.

Another movie star who paid $12,900 to redeem four huge unmounted jewels, upon which the duty is only 20 per cent, assured the polite customs agent who received her check that she had neglected to declare the gems only because she had forgotten she had them. But somewhere in Europe an informer not long afterward was able to fatten his bank balance with more than $3000. Was he some Continental jeweler's clerk? It is quite probable.

Although it is the practice of the Government to compromise with the tourist smugglers on the payment of fines imposed by the collector, there is no such leniency when a commercial smuggler is caught. There is a sharp distinction made between those whose smuggling is confined to the evasion of duty on finery or jewels intended for their personal adornment or that of a sweetheart, and those who smuggle for a profit.

There is in a penitentiary at present a Federal convict who only a few months ago was an officer on one of the transatlantic ships. The uniform he wears now is a drab costume by any standard; it is infinitely dreary contrasted with the blue and gold lace that adorned him as an officer.

One of his most important chores after his ship landed was to go directly to the Customhouse with the manifest papers. The leather brief case in which these papers are carried is treated normally almost as respectfully as diplomatic mail bags, which are immune to the searching fingers of the customs officers.

Ingersoll Dollar Stropper

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper, an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

The INGERSOLL Dollar Stropper

Is constructed on an entirely new [illegible] be used by any one without skill or practice. The user cannot fail.

A Real Xmas Gift

Give him an Ingersoll Stropping Outfit and he will feel grateful to you as long as he lives. The first time he uses it he will think it a Godsend. There is almost magic in the speed comfort and pleasure to be had by the use of the INGERSOLL.

Ten Days' Trial

[illegible] days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest an cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once

WANTED

This clever invention is meeting with nation wide approval—a fact it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sells at sight. Write for agents' terms

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I enclose $1 for which please send me Ingersoll Dollar Stropping Outfit complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Outfit in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar

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Address .....
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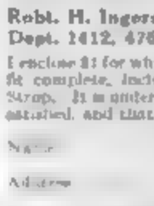
If interested in agents proposition, check here

Enright's "All O' the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole Wheat



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OLD FASHIONED MILLERS, INC.
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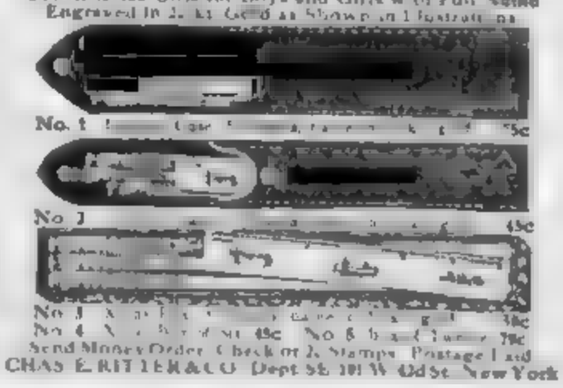
Six-Inch Ruler, Pencil Sharpener and Clip with Every Set
Useful Xmas Gifts for Boys and Girls with Fine Name Engraved [illegible] as Shown in Illustration



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No. 4 [illegible] 45c No. 6 [illegible] 75c

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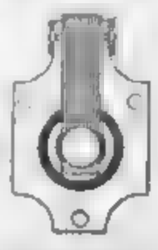
PRICELESS in the happiness it brings, growing more intimately a part of the home life year after year, the Straube piano or player piano commends itself as a gift for *all the family!*

The exclusive Artronome action gives you the technical equipment of the artist—you can play *beautifully* and *expressively* the kind of music you enjoy. Brilliant beauty of tone, exquisite touch, elegance of design, command the admiration of the most discriminating music lovers. The Straube line is complete—small and standard sized uprights; foot-impelled and expression players; grands and reproducing grands. Send coupon for catalog and complete information.

Good music is your children's birthright. In the Straube model H piano, or Dominion player, there are joy and inspiration—musicianly touch and tone of rare beauty and volume, yet *the instrument is but four feet high!* A truly fine piano which takes but little room—ideal for small homes, apartments, schoolrooms, wherever space is limited.

Hear this little Straube and you'll know the reason for its great popularity.

Straube grand pianos embody such superb tone in cases of distinction in design and finish, that ownership of a Straube is a recognized sign of musical taste. The laminal construction of the key bed and back is an *exclusive feature* your dealer will gladly explain. Convenient in size for homes, with character and tone volume equally suited to the concert stage.



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To literally roll away the cares of the day, to refresh the spirit, mind and body, there is nothing like a personal "session" with a Straube player. Men, get acquainted with this new thrill—try a Straube at your dealer's *now*. You can play *the music you like best*, with the skill of an artist

Straube instruments are all nationally priced, f. o. b. Hammond, Ind., as follows:

PLAYERS	The Dominion	$550
	The Puritan	595
	The Colonial	625
	The Imperial	675
	The Arcadian	750
GRANDS	The Conservatory	950
	The Artist	795
UPRIGHTS	$395 $425 $525	

Any Straube dealer will gladly arrange convenient terms, and your used instrument will be accepted as part payment.

Send Today

Straube Piano Co. Dept. L.
Hammond, Indiana

Please send your new catalog and complete information (check type of instrument which interests you most)

Name

Street

City ..... *State*

Player ☐ Grand ☐ Upright ☐

Straube

GRANDS — PLAYERS — UPRIGHTS

There is a customs inspector on the pier where the officer's ship docked whose long years of service have developed in him something akin to an instinct for the spotting of smugglers. Time and time again through his years of service the inspector had passed this officer through the gate in the picket fence that is the visible barrier of the customs. The last time the officer approached that gate the inspector gave him what might have seemed a friendly pat on his hip pocket. The officer turned pale.

"Don't delay me," he said testily.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," drawled the inspector as he might have spoken to a restive horse. He did not understand that sudden fading of the seaman's cheek. "Let's see your bag."

"That's the ship's manifest," objected the officer. "You've no right—it's not customary ——"

"Whoa, whoa!" soothed the inspector, and shoved a hand into the folds of the bag to a bulky envelope that had caught his eye as he peered into the leather pocket. "And is this a part of the manifest?" He ripped the envelope and spilled into the palm of his hand a small portion of the contents. They were unset diamonds. Altogether there were enough to fill the two hands of the inspector.

The officer's accomplice, another employe of the line, is a fugitive in Europe.

Diamonds in the Fudge

That was one case in which information played no part, but in the case of a pair who were trapped at the Canadian border the government agents had complete information that had been sent ahead of them from the diamond markets of Amsterdam. For months the special agents had been watching them. Seemingly one was a carpet cleaner and the other a bookkeeper in a clothing factory.

Nevertheless, information had come into the possession of the service which indicated that neither of these men was so innocuous as their jobs would indicate. Actually, both of them were working for diamond men. They knew the jewel market as well as a bond salesman knows his best customers. They knew, or believed they knew, where they could offer smuggled stones at a shade under the market price without fear of exposure.

When they came across the Canadian border into New York at Rouses Point, the inspectors were waiting for them. Their baggage was searched minutely, but nothing was found until a box of chocolate fudge was turned out on a table and crumbled. Mingled with the pecans in the confection was an assortment of large diamonds worth in the American market about $40,000.

The baggage of the two was tossed into a storeroom in the building that houses the customs officers at Rouses Point, the smugglers were taken to Syracuse and released under heavy bail bonds. The seizure was described in the newspapers.

Somewhere, presumably, an informer read about it with complete dissatisfaction. His reward would be one-fourth of the amount recovered by the Government and the informer knew that less than half the smuggled stones had been recovered. He sent along some additional information that contained mention of a shoe brush.

A special agent who received it went back to Rouses Point and again hauled out the dusty suitcases of the smugglers. Piece by piece he went through the contents. Then he came to an old shoe brush, caked with black polish. He tapped it on the floor with his ear cocked to one side. Then he began to pluck out the bristles. A sharp tug released all the bristles inside the two outer rows. There, behind a backing of veneer thinness, was a cache of diamonds tightly packed in cloth so they would not rattle. Some of those stones were of twelve carats and the value of the find was $54,970, one-fourth of which, it may be assumed, was additional velvet for the informer.

Detections on the Increase

Altogether, the special agents had worked on that case for a year, but it is likely the smugglers will be more than a year getting back to the diamond market of New York.

Then there was an enterprising jewelry concern in Vienna that undertook to undersell the jewelers of America in their own market. One of the instruments of their plot was a carrier, a man who traveled to and fro between Vienna and New York, where the firm maintained an agency.

The salesmen of this agency approached scores of prominent persons in New York. More than 100 names, most of them well known, were on the books of the firm when the Government seized nearly $250,000 worth of jewelry. Every sale was recorded in the books and every customer was visited by an agent of the customs. Since most of them were regarded as innocent purchasers, they were permitted to keep their jewelry upon the payment to the Government of the duty on the smuggled articles.

The members of that Vienna firm are under indictment in the Federal courts; but so long as they remain in Vienna, that need not worry them—much. In the opinion of one of the better known of Fifth Avenue jewelers, smuggling is increasing. Certainly the number of detections is increasing, and that, on the word of customs agents, is because of the tips received from the Continental markets where the smugglers do their shopping.

If all the tourists could realize how many employes of Continental jewelers and others in different fields of commerce are striving to win one of the prizes the United States is ready to pay those who inform against smugglers, why, then perhaps more tourists would stop to think before they write, "Nothing to declare."

The Gathering of a Thunderstorm in the Wyoming Rockies

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CRANK CASE DILUTION PREVENTED!

Result—

5000 Miles and More Without Changing Oil

Motor Life Doubled

Dilution stopped at the source

PRESENT day fuel gives only partial combustion. Unburned gasoline in alarming quantities passes down between the piston and cylinder wall and dilutes the crank case oil, impairing its lubricating qualities. The oil film between piston and cylinder wall is broken down. Excessive wear results.

That is what happens in *every* automobile engine unless this unburned gasoline is intercepted at the source of dilution.

This is exactly what the Skinner Oil Rectifying System does, *and the Skinner System alone.* It intercepts the unburned gasoline before harm can occur—stops dilution at its source.

Operating on an exclusive principle, the Skinner System draws off the mixture of unburned gasoline and excess oil *from the lower piston ring groove* and rectifies it. (See description at right.) Gasoline cannot enter the engine oil.

The results—5,000 miles and more without the necessity of changing oil—perfect motor lubrication maintained—all excessive wear eliminated—motor life doubled—upkeep costs reduced—performance improved.

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SKINNER AUTOMOTIVE DEVICE COMPANY, INC.
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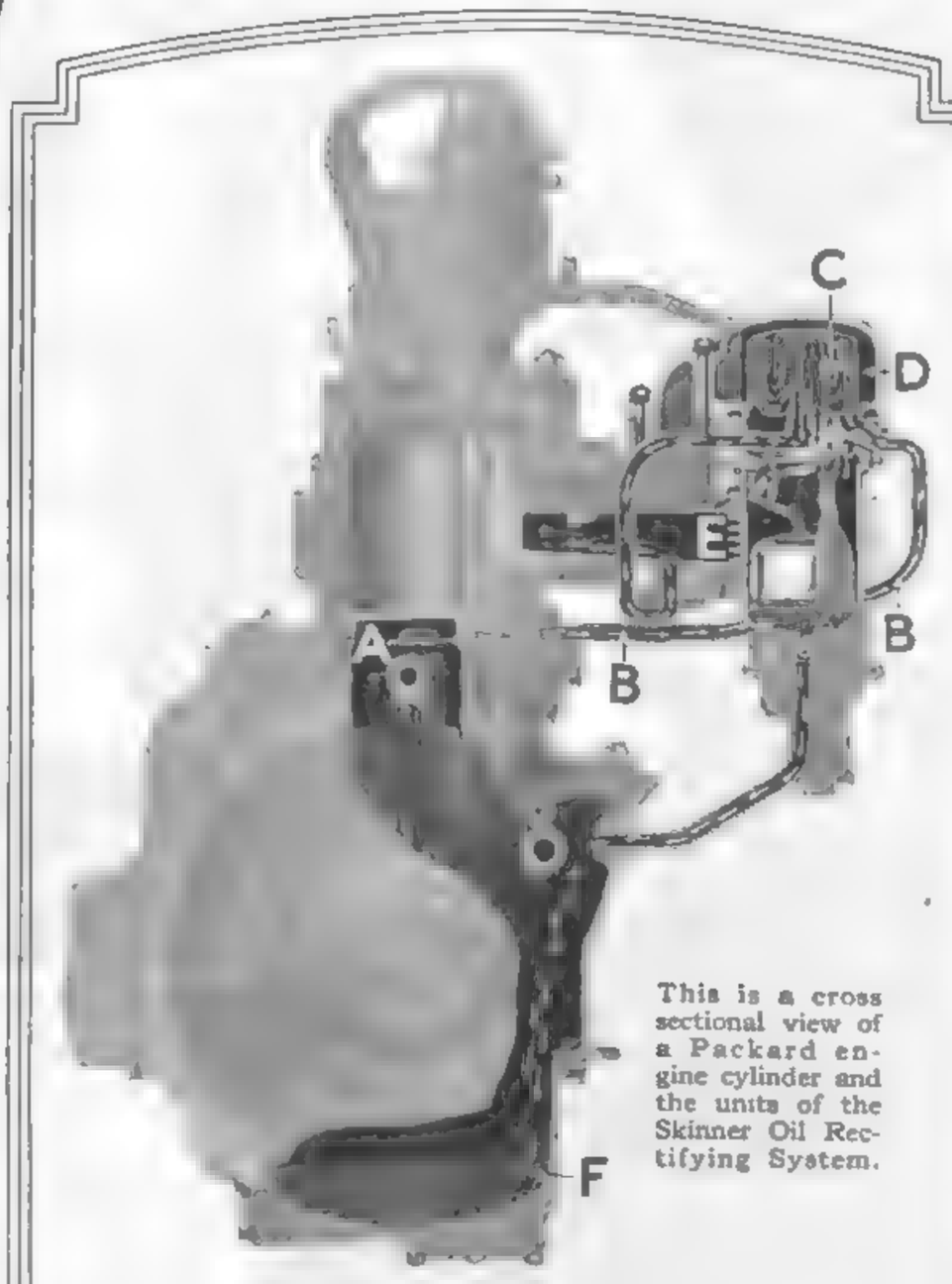
SKINNER OIL RECTIFYING SYSTEM



This is a cross sectional view of a Packard engine cylinder and the units of the Skinner Oil Rectifying System.

How the Skinner System Operates

THE vacuum of the intake manifold intercepts and draws off unburned gasoline, water vapor and surplus oil from the lower piston ring groove (A) *before the unburned gasoline can pass into the crank case.* Through pipe (B) this mixture of gasoline, water and oil is deposited in compartment (C), where it is heated by the engine exhaust (D).

The gasoline and water are vaporized and separated from the oil, and drawn into the engine through the passageway (E) in the form of combustible gas. The refined oil is collected in the lower compartment of the rectifier, and thence returned to the crank case (F).

The Skinner Oil Rectifying System is *the only system* that actually prevents crank case dilution. *The Skinner method of drawing off the unburned gasoline before it washes the oil film from the piston and cylinder wall is an exclusive feature.*

All new series Packard Sixes and Eights—more than 25,000 to date—have Packard's adaptation of the Skinner Oil Rectifying System built into their engines. Packard dealers are also prepared to install the Skinner System in Packard cars in service. Packard states that the Skinner System is the greatest motor improvement since the perfection of the self-starter.

Ask any of the 25,000 new Packard owners!

THE LAST OF THE HOOPWELLS

(Continued from Page 9

Yet often when he closed his eyes Jackson Southgate could see him, now in this guise, now in that—in the sunshine, in the rain. Surely there was nothing in a countryman's face which should make a sophisticated man of means uneasy, yet the vision of Jared Hoopwell's homely visage stuck in Jackson Southgate's mind without apparent reason—a lean brown face, slightly roughened by the weather, a sharp nose and a chin too thin to be handsome. It was a plain face and far from prosperous, which brought inevitable memories of small white houses and lobster pots and stretches of marsh and water; but there was more in Jared Hoopwell's face than that—there was the disturbing part. It was an unknown ungauged quality, possibly of strength, possibly of pride and possibly sheer illusion, which made it difficult to know which way the fellow would jump when you got your fingers on him. The very first time that Jackson Southgate saw that face he had felt the intrigue of the unknown and a subconscious curiosity.

Seated in the president's office of the Eros National Bank, Jackson Southgate had chanced to glance out the window as Jared came down the main street, slowly, negligently, with his hands deep in his pockets.

"Who," inquired Mr. Southgate, "is that fellow?"

A vague curiosity had actually stirred his mind above the slumber of the August heat. Eros Harbor was sophisticated by then, with electric lights on new white posts and automobiles on the curb, some of which contained chauffeurs, who perspired in the sun, living evidences that summer people were already making Eros Harbor quaint and rare. Young men in white flannels had sauntered down the street that morning; girls in bright dresses, fit to make the natives stare, had also drifted past; but of them all, only Jared, with his hands in his pockets, was puzzling to Jackson Southgate's clever eye. Although his clothes were shabby, it was not to be made out exactly what he was. When he encountered the Southgate motor, for instance, and met Harry's supercilious glance, he neither quailed nor showed signs of rustic wonder. Indubitably an ordinary native would have, for Mr. Southgate's motor was of a sort that Eros Harbor had only known hitherto by picture and by rumor.

Mr. Stringham, president of the Eros Bank, looked in the direction of Mr. Southgate's nod through the bottom of his steel-rimmed glasses. The rush of things, strange people and curious ways were increasingly hard to understand. Things, Mr. Stringham often remarked, were not what they used to be.

"Well, I declare," he said in the rustic manner of Eros, "if it don't be Jared now!"

"Jared?" Naturally Mr. Southgate could not help but smile at the uncouth nomenclature.

"Who is Jared?"

"The party we've been speaking about," explained Mr. Stringham; "the party whose farm you've got your eye on—young Hoopwell. He owns the Hoopwell farm and —— Well, I don't know."

Mr. Stringham's was a perfect cross-section of the native mind, which seemed prone to lapse at any moment into cloudy maunderings.

"What don't you know?" demanded Mr. Southgate, brushing crossly at his spotless flannels. "Trot it out, Stringham! Don't beat about the bush!"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Stringham, still vaguely, "as how Jared'll take it. They've always been a sort of high-toned concern, the Hoopwells have, and I don't know—sort of powerful—yes, powerful."

"Powerful?" echoed Mr. Southgate, with a slight rising inflection. "How do you mean—powerful?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Stringham, "as I know what I do mean exactly."

"Don't you?" inquired Mr. Southgate, lighting a cigar. "Well, I can't help you out, because I don't either."

"I only mean sort of powerful," repeated Mr. Stringham, regardless of heavy city sarcasm. "It's what all folks always say. The Hoopwells don't give way to nobody. They mayn't be much to look at, and most of 'em have got into trouble, and gambled."

"Gambled?" ejaculated Mr. Southgate. "Oh, don't tell me, Stringham! Don't hurt me, Stringham!"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Stringham, "you would wonder at 'em, if I was to tell you everything; but they don't give way to nobody, they're that high-toned. Now there was old Cap'n Silas Hoopwell. He was powerful fast in sail, and once in Gibraltar, they say he was ashore—and gambling."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Southgate, rising; "let's leave old Si at Gibraltar then. And don't you worry about Hoopwell, Stringham. I know the kind. I'll go out and take a look at him this afternoon myself. He won't be powerful enough to do much a month from now."

After all, it was an old, old story; as old as melodrama and paper snowstorms; as old as mortgages and farms and handsome rich folks from the city. Even Jackson Southgate must have had the wit to recognize its timeworn aspects; and, indeed, there was only one thing in the situation which made it different. In some convolution of Jackson Southgate's brain there lurked an artist's ardor, a love of beauty, a desire to capture something which was lost, which was close to pathos, in its way. As he sat, deep and solid in his noiseless motor, he glanced beneath the brim of his Panama hat at the white houses and the gardens of Eros Harbor's single street, lost so completely in sentimental thought that Marcia, who sat beside him, knew better than to interrupt. People were just beginning to learn that the houses and the trees of Eros Harbor were worth looking at, and Jackson Southgate had an honest desire to keep them so.

"Take the road to the sea, Harry, and mind you remember it. It's the way to our new house." By the way he spoke, and by the way he waved his arm, Marcia knew that great thoughts were revolving in her father's mind. "Those houses—look at 'em. They ought to be in a museum—all of 'em—every one."

The sky was clear and the elms whispered in a soft breeze. The afternoon sun was soft and placid, showing the landscape in the kindly aspect of late New England summer, dreaming its way from goldenrod to asters and thence to autumn. Mr. Southgate's voice had the mellow quality of summer in it, the drowsy, weary hum of a tired, deserving bee.

"How did I find it? I don't know. I have an eye for rare things. It's—but wait till you see it. It's the sort of house I always wanted, the kind I'd be proud to think I owned. Don't think I'm sentimental, but it's exactly the sort of place I'd like to leave behind me, to be remembered by."

Out of the village, they moved past a single wharf, covered by eel and lobster pots and surrounded by a cluster of fishing dories, out toward a marshy country, interspersed by tidal creeks. To the left an arm of salt water rippled in the sun and lapped against the rocks, and to the right now and then appeared a low white house and barn. A tranquil coolness, a peace, was over the whole countryside.

"To the left, Harry," said Mr. Southgate, "and slow—slow. . . . Now what do you think of that?"

The ground had risen into a low glacial point which jutted beyond the salt marsh straight for the water. The Southgate motor was moving up a rutted lane through

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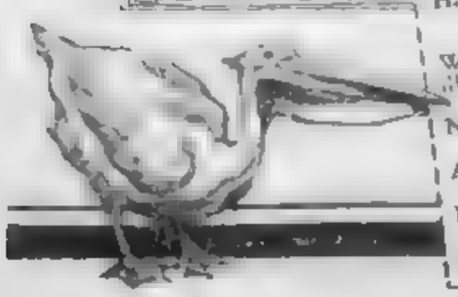

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yellowed grass and goldenrod straight toward a weather-beaten house with a grove of antiquated apple trees beside it. In the distance, over a stretch of bay, were the steeples of Eros Harbor; and farther, in a more easterly direction, lay a line of sand dunes and the ocean; but it was the house which one thought of first, for it was part of all the setting, and combined the elements of both the sea and land. The weather had peeled off its paint until its clapboards had turned to a melancholy gray of early decomposition; but though the wind and rain had done their best to add it to the monotony of the landscape, the house was still too powerful. Its ell was sagging, its chimney was off the perpendicular; but the justness of its proportion remained unaltered, and the whole house still contrived to stand off from ruin, and to show something so similar to sophistication that it was startling in such a lonely place.

That was what Marcia always remembered—a delicacy and grace that were peculiarly eloquent, a refinement in the gray lines which reflected a forgotten taste. Above each window was a plaque of wood with a garland carved upon it. The door arch, too, was chiseled with the same design, and the cornice was carved also in a way that made the house, in spite of its decrepitude, remind one of highboys and inlaid sideboards, until it rose above its poverty into an expression of leisure and politeness. Though it stood on a lonely, wind-swept slope, surrounded by what once were fields, clearly it was not a farmhouse and was never built by a farmer.

Marcia could never bring herself to blame her father for his peculiar ecstasy. There was the charm of infinite possibilities of possession, which made it easy to believe that they owned it already. As the car drew closer, Marcia understood her father's silence.

He was propping up the chimney in his mind and turning the long grass to lawn.

"Do you really think there is a chance?" she asked, and she was surprised by her own anxiety. "Can we really buy it?"

She was surprised by more than that. A feeling of companionship and a momentary understanding of his thoughts made that incident stand out, to be thought of afterward as an isolated time of great importance. For just an instant Marcia knew she was very happy. The knowledge was singularly beneficial. It made her most anxious to be agreeable; it made her feel that she was looking well, and somehow worth anyone's attention. She even wished that someone was there to see her beside her father, and she was not wholly displeased to find Harry glancing at her, as she stepped from the motor, with obvious approval. Anyone could tell that Harry had seen the very best people and knew what was what.

"Can we?" Jackson Southgate was calling out—the wind was strong enough to oblige him to raise his voice. "It's as good as ours already. Just trust your father for that and wait till I've fixed it up! All the magazines will be wanting pictures of it, and how'll you like that, with you and me standing beside the door? Of course we'll keep the door."

"But, father ——" began Marcia.

"Yes," said Mr. Southgate; "what is it now?"

"Perhaps someone lives here who cares about it," Marcia suggested. "You can't tell, can you?"

"Dear girl," replied Mr. Southgate, "what's caring got to do with it? What do you think I was doing at the bank this morning? I tell you it's as good as ours. . . . Here, why are you yanking at my arm?"

Marcia had seized his arm for an increasingly obvious reason.

"Hush, father!" she whispered. "Someone's coming."

In a way, it was embarrassing, for her father's voice was very loud; and a young native in his shirt sleeves and wearing a dilapidated vest had rounded the corner of the ell and was coming toward them. By the time Marcia was aware of him, Jared Hoopwell was so near that he must have heard, although he gave no sign.

"Good day," was all he said. "Are you up to see our view?"

His speech had the archaic, awkward flatness of the neighborhood, yet Marcia looked at him again with a species of surprise similar to her father's when he had seen Jared first; and then intuition told Marcia more. She knew he owned the house, and as its owner held himself as good as they; not arrogantly or defiantly, but simply as an accepted fact. Marcia hoped that her father would understand, but she might have known he would not. His tone was exactly the one he selected when speaking to Harry, such as one might call superior good fellowship:

"Ah, you're young Hoopwell—what? Sort of surprised I know you, aren't you? But I'll bet you know me!"

It was wrong. She knew the whole turn that her father took was wrong, though the attitude of young Hoopwell, in his baggy trousers and his half-brushed hair, was equally absurd. They were both absurdities, as they faced each other in the weed-grown dooryard; yet Marcia could not avoid the most awkward sensation that Hoopwell was more polite than they—that they were interlopers and he was a courteous host. Jared Hoopwell seemed lost in thought after Mr. Southgate's opening remark, seized with that rustic ruminating vagueness that frequently came over denizens of Eros Harbor. With an expression on his lean face blank to the verge of stupidity, he glanced first at Mr. Southgate and then at Marcia, and smiled.

"Well, now," he said at length, and paused again, as rustics do, but his perfect self-possession belied his complete rusticity. In some way it was like the battered sophistication of the house itself—"well now, most people know me, I guess; but so many folks keep coming summers now that I don't keep up. I didn't catch the name, Mr.—Mr. ——"

As he paused suggestively, his lips relaxed into a faint smile that was puzzling, because it was hard to tell whether it expressed guile or perfect innocence.

"My name's Southgate," Mr. Southgate pointed out—"Jackson Southgate, and I'm planning to spend all my summers here, so maybe you'll know me better. I'm glad I found you in, because I didn't come to see the view so much as to see your house. And I drove up on the off chance you wouldn't mind ——"

Jared Hoopwell's voice interrupted the even flow of Mr. Southgate's speech, diffidently, yet completely.

"Showing you the inside?" he suggested. "No, I don't know as I'd mind. We've always been glad to have friends in—friends."

His voice trailed away vaguely, almost diffidently, and Marcia found him looking at her uncertainly, and Marcia knew that Jared Hoopwell knew in spite of his unpainted house that something had been omitted.

"Father forgot to introduce us," she said a little nervously. "He's always so absent-minded when he sees anything he wants—likes, I mean. I'm Marcia Southgate."

"Pleased to meet you," said Jared Hoopwell slowly, and though the phrase was awkward, it did not seem so then, for he obviously wished to be friendly. "I hope you'll like our house."

"Look here," said Jackson Southgate, "you own the place, don't you?" He waited a moment for Jared to reply, and then raised his voice as he often did when others' wits were dull. "I'm asking, because you call it 'our house.'"

"It's a sort of trick of mine," explained Jared Hoopwell, after another vague pause. "My folks have been here a long time, I guess."

"Ha-ha!" said Mr. Southgate genially. "I get you now. How long?"

"Ever since there was anyone here at all," said Jared Hoopwell slowly, staring

(Continued on Page 196)

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Balkite Radio Power Units simplify and improve radio reception. They reduce the amount of attention you must give your set. With their use your current supply never varies or is low—it is always exactly what is required for each circuit.

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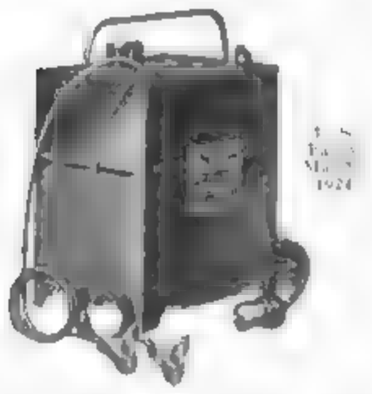
FOR THE "A" CIRCUIT



Balkite Battery Charger

This popular battery charger is entirely noiseless and can be used while the radio set is in operation. If your battery should be low you merely turn on the charger and operate the set. Charging rate 2.5 amperes. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles. Also for 25-40 cycles with 1.5 ampere charging rate.

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With small batteries (4-volt and small 6-volt) can be used as an intermittent charger of the usual type. Or it can be used as a trickle charger if a resistance is inserted to cut the charging rate to the needs of the set.

As an added convenience to trickle charging some owners add a switch which cuts out the charger and turns on Balkite "B" during operation, making both power supplies automatic in operation.

Charging rate .4 to .5 amperes. Size 5½ x 2¾ x 5 inches. Fits in usual dry cell compartment. Current consumption 1/10c per hour. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

Price $10

West of Rockies, $10.50
In Canada, $15

FOR THE "B" CIRCUIT

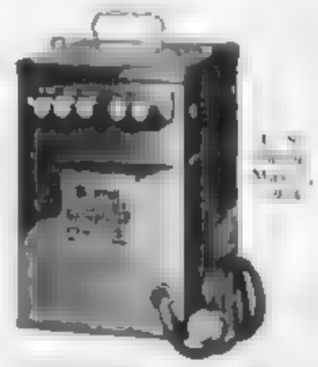
Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries. Supplies plate current from the light socket. Operates with either storage battery or dry cell type of tube. Keeps the "B" circuit always operating at maximum efficiency, for with its use the plate current supply is never low. Requires no changes or additions to your set. No bulbs—nothing to replace. Requires no attention other than adding water twice a year.

A new model, designed to serve any set requiring not more than 20 milliamperes at 90 volts—practically all sets of 5 tubes or less, and most 6 tube sets. Occupies about same space as 45-volt dry "B" battery. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

Price $35

In Canada, $49.50



Balkite "B" II

The same model unchanged as offered last year, when it was the one great development of the season. Fits any set including those of 8 tubes or more. Current capacity 40 milliamperes at 90 volts. Size 9 in. high, 6¼ in. wide, 7½ in. deep. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

Price $55

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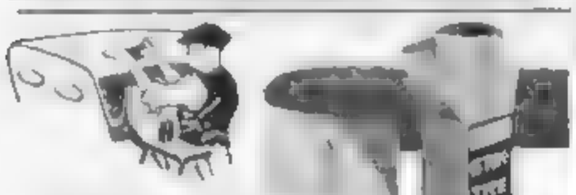

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(Continued from Page 194)

beyond them toward the sand dunes and the sea. "The oldest part of our house is the ell, I guess. You can see the log wall where the weatherboards have blown off, Mr.—Mr. ——"

Had he paused on purpose, or had he really forgotten their name?

"Southgate," said Mr. Southgate shortly.

The front door was jammed, which obliged Jared to set his shoulder against it after he had pressed the latch, so that his next words were blended with the stubborn creak of wood.

"Southgate—oh, yes. Well, I'm the last of the Hoopwells here."

A minute back, his sentence would have been only a conceit, but as he opened the door, it really seemed to matter. His lean face and his awkward figure assumed a new significance and an unaccountable politeness, which made it clearer yet that a Hoopwell and not a farmer had built the Hoopwell house; but Jackson Southgate could not see even then.

A cool musty odor of closed spaces greeted them as they moved inside and turned into a low-studded, paneled room. There was a pine stretcher table in the center with a lamp upon it, and some books and folded newspapers. A few wooden chairs were near the wall, and that was all. The bareness of it struck Marcia first—the bareness of the whole house and its silence, for the heavy door and the solid, small-paned windows had shut out the sound of the wind. It might almost have been an abandoned house; it had the silent, reminiscent quality of abandoned houses which evokes half consciously images of things which have vanished. It was like Jackson Southgate to voice the thought, after he had scratched tentatively at the paneling.

"Hand-hewed pine," he said. "Where's all the furniture?"

Marcia detected a disturbing look on Jared's face, a tightening of his lips and a stiffening of his shoulders.

"Father!" she whispered.

"Sold it, I suppose," remarked Mr. Southgate. "You fellows always do. I wish you'd told me before you did it."

"I guess"—Jared's face had grown brick-red, and he had added difficulty with his words—"I guess I would have, but I didn't know you then."

"You've sold it all?"

"All anyone would take," said Jared.

"Father!" whispered Marcia, but he did not pay the least attention.

"Well, you don't mind my poking about on an off chance, do you? Something might be left."

The paneled walls, the silence of the Hoopwell house had awakened in Jackson Southgate that lingering and ravishing disease which has harassed countless towns and hamlets, which has broken the honored privacy of countless dwellings. In Jackson Southgate had risen the collector's mania, which blinded him to human feelings and robbed him of every possibility of remembering that Jared might be proud.

Before the last of the Hoopwells could even answer, Jackson Southgate began his poking. An odd, acquisitive glitter was in Jackson Southgate's eye. He gave the room a restless mechanical glance, tapped the pine table disrespectfully, and then, whistling softly, walked into the next room, where his heavy steps were still audible, while Jared Hoopwell stood motionless, with the red still in his face. It was an appreciable time before Jared seemed aware of anything, much less of Marcia's presence. For a moment he stared at her silently and then he cleared his throat.

"There's a cupboard by the fireplace. It's got some odds and ends in it—if you want to look."

Marcia was singularly aware of Jared as he spoke, and forgetful of his shabbiness. It was one of those confusing times when everything seemed very far away.

"I don't want to look," said Marcia before she knew exactly what she was saying. "I'd rather talk—if you don't mind."

Jared Hoopwell thrust his hands in his pockets and leaned against the wall, but his face was still red.

"I guess," he said, "you must be one of these social workers—what? Well, what can anyone like you get out of me by talking?"

"I don't want to get anything out of you," said Marcia. "Don't you see I'm just trying to be pleasant?"

"You mean you want to see what I'm like," said Jared. "I know. Well, go ahead and see, and tell 'em back at home. It ought to be comical."

"I don't think you're very polite," said Marcia.

"And what about you?" Marcia was startled at a sudden tenseness in Jared Hoopwell's voice. "I guess you better not talk to me about manners—not you. Who asked you to treat our house as though it was a store? Who asked you to treat me like the keeper of a store, when I asked you in as friends?"

Marcia felt her own face grow red.

"I haven't treated you that way," she answered. "You've no right to say I have. Don't you see I know the way you feel?"

For an instant the room was very still. Jackson Southgate's footstep sounded above them. He had reached the upper floor.

"You think I'm a rube—that's all," said Jared thickly.

"As a matter of fact," said Marcia, "I was just thinking that you weren't. I ——"

She paused, suddenly conscious that he was staring at her.

"You—what?" asked Jared.

"Nothing," began Marcia. Her heart was beating very fast. It was the silence of the room and the tenseness of his voice. "I wish you—wouldn't look like that!"

"Do you know what I think?" asked Jared. "I guess it's my turn to tell, as long as you want to talk."

"Oh!" gasped Marcia. "You haven't any right ——"

"I guess," said Jared, "I've got as much right as your father has to be poking in my bedrooms—as much right to say what I've a mind to. And I think you're pretty as all get-out—that's what I think—as pretty as anybody I've ever seen, and if you want to know, that's why I asked you to come in." For a moment Marcia was bereft of speech. All the Southgate poise which she had inherited was swept away in sheer astonishment. "When I saw you," continued Jared, "I didn't care who you were, or your father either—and I don't know as I care now!"

"Don't you?" said Marcia. "How extraordinarily generous!"

It all was most extraordinary. Jared Hoopwell smiled and stared vaguely at the wall, and Marcia knew she should be angry, yet it was too preposterous and too surprising.

"Not generous," said Jared vaguely; "but it seemed to me, the way things are, I might say what I thought. It explains things, sort of, doesn't it?"

"Explains?" echoed Marcia. "I don't see what it explains."

"Why I haven't ordered you out of our house, I guess," said Jared. "I'm fond of our house here. It's the only thing I've got, and I guess we've always been sort of proud. Father was sick, and then mother was, and it took a heap of money. I came back from the city to look after 'em, but I've still got our house. You're mad now, aren't you? Well, I was mad a little while ago, Miss—Miss ——"

"Southgate," said Marcia coldly. "You must know our name perfectly well by now—and we won't trouble you any longer."

"No trouble at all," said Jared, "I was just saying it isn't any trouble. Won't you sit down? I can talk about a lot of things, if I've a mind to. Did you know I was a college boy, Miss Southgate? At least I was till father was taken sick."

"I don't care what you are," replied Marcia.

"Just what I was saying," agreed Jared—"I don't care what you are either."

With a beaming birdlike glitter in his eye, Jackson Southgate came upon them before Marcia had time to answer, and dispelled like a bright light of reality all that had gone before. Just as he was about to speak, his eye encountered the cupboard which Jared had mentioned, and he moved toward it and swung open the door. Upon a deep row of shelves was a mass of broken crockery, string and scraps of metal, all the scraps from a disordered place, but Jackson Southgate's motions were professionally exact. He was doing something after his own heart.

"Nothing upstairs," he was saying half to himself. "I don't suppose there's anything here, but you can't tell."

It was one of those phenomena of destiny or collector's luck that smiled upon him then. Old pewter was what he was looking for, when suddenly his eye descried a black object half concealed in a heap of tarred twine and rusted bolts.

"Ah, here, what's this?"

Hardened as he was, Jackson had his weaker moments. For the life of him he could not keep excitement from his voice or a tremor from his hand, though he had in his grasp what seemed only like a battered container of stained metal.

"Where'd you get it, Hoopwell?" he demanded, and then hastily corrected himself. "How did this old piece of trash come here?"

"That?" said Jared. "It's a mug, I guess." Only Marcia and not Jared detected excitement and suspense. "Father used to keep it down cellar by the cider barrel."

"Ah!" Mr. Southgate weighed it carelessly in his hand. "Well, how much do you want for it?"

"I don't know as I want to sell." Jared was speaking needlessly loud, since Mr. Southgate was not in the least hard of hearing.

"Of course I don't care, Hoopwell." It was Jackson Southgate at his best who was speaking. "But you don't want it—how about fifteen dollars?" Jared Hoopwell's honest astonishment gave Mr. Southgate a horrid fear that he had gone too far. "It's too much," he added, "but I want to make it worth your while. How about it—fifteen dollars?"

There followed one of those awful moments only known to the pursuer of the antique, when all hung in a horrid balance and life resolved itself into the reading of a stranger's impulses. Mr. Southgate had a reason for his heart to skip a beat—but he knew he was coming through.

"Well," said Jared slowly, "if you've a mind to spend fifteen dollars for an old tin mug, I guess I can't stop you, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Southgate," Marcia's father mildly prompted. He, too, was fully aware that Jared had not forgotten his name, but he could afford to allow a liberty at such a crucial moment. Hastily, but not too hastily, he fumbled at his wallet and began feeling for a bill.

"Marcia," he exclaimed irritably, "will you stop pulling at my sleeve? What a confounded nuisance! Here, Hoopwell, can you change a twenty? It's the smallest thing I've got."

With a twinge of anguish, he received his answer. He might have known that Jared could not, but there was one thing sure. He must not be too eager. With heroic calm, Jackson Southgate repressed his natural desire to give the man the bill and take the mug, but he knew the danger of arousing dormant suspicions which might prevent his getting the mug at all. Instead, with a nervous, decisive step he moved to the front door.

"Harry!" he called. "Come here, Harry!"

With an air of pained distaste at his surroundings, Harry allowed his glance to rest scornfully on Jared, but nevertheless Harry could not help.

"Where's your pay?" demanded Mr. Southgate with growing exasperation. "I gave it to you yesterday."

(Continued on Page 201)

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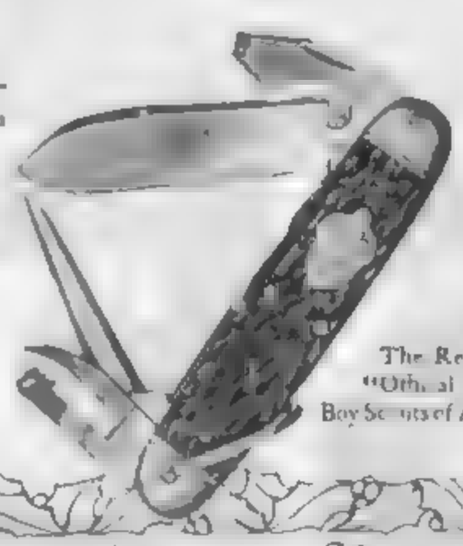

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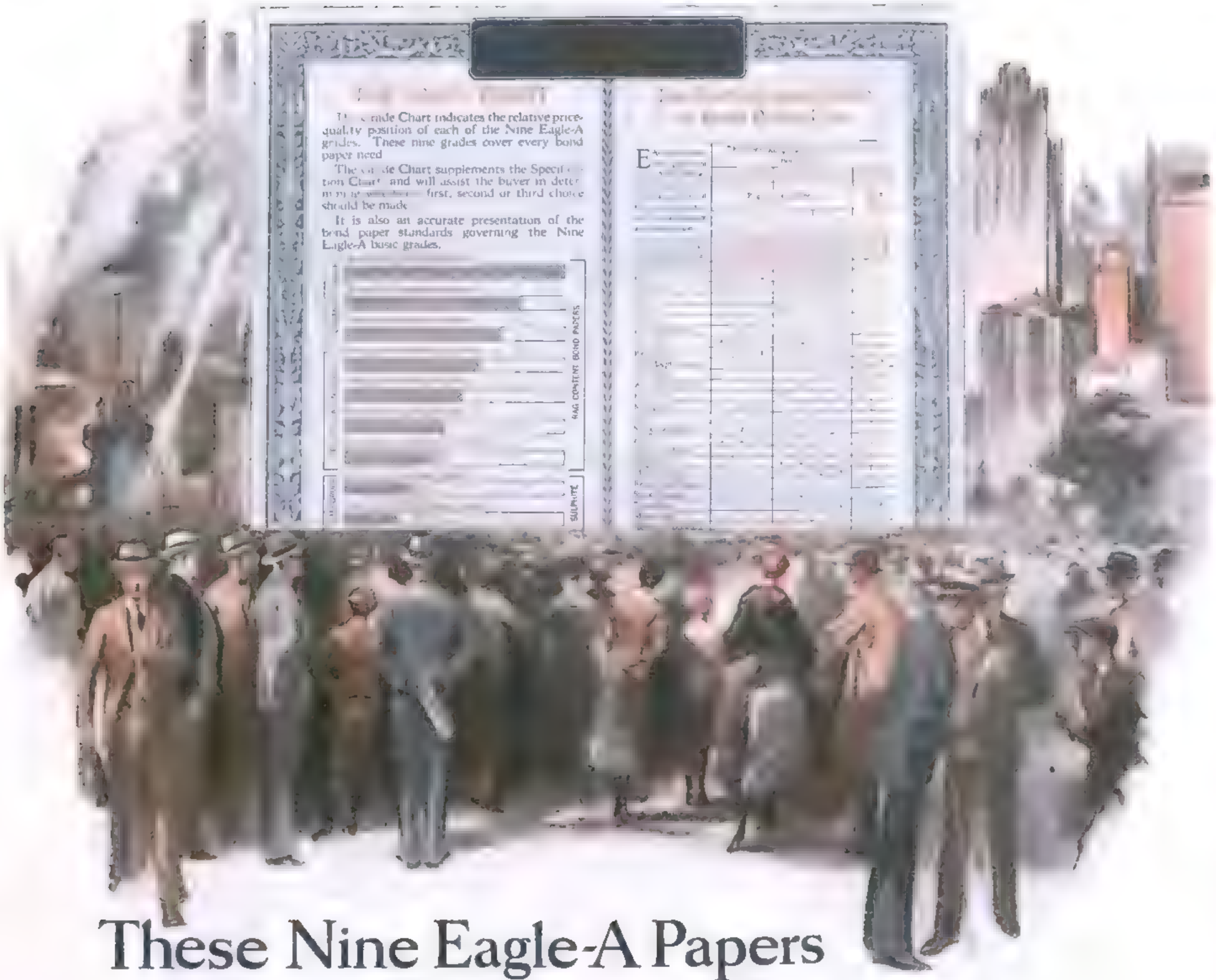
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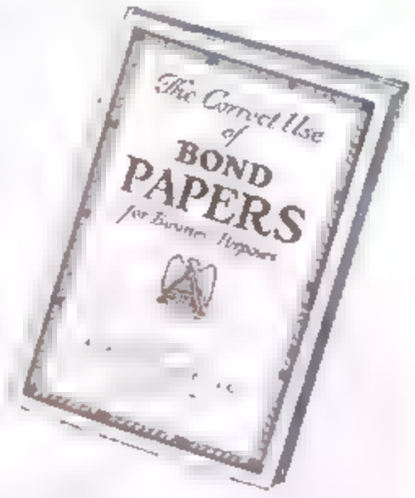

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(Continued from Page 196)

"In th' bank," said Harry sourly, "like I always put it, sir."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Southgate, giving way to temper. "You lost it shooting craps with the Harrods' man. You can't fool me! By Jove, if you couldn't drive——"

"Well, well," said Jared, "there's no need of worry. Come around tomorrow. I can wait, and I guess the mug won't run away."

Jackson Southgate knew he had to be calm, perfectly calm. In the last few years the simplest natives had been growing so suspicious that the slightest anxiety to take the blackened object, the slightest quiver in his voice might be too much.

"Ha-ha!" he said. "Of course it won't. Suppose I send my man with the money. Will you remember what he looks like?"

Jared moved cheerfully toward Harry with signs of increasing cordiality.

"Just let me take one good look," he requested; "these fellers all look sort of alike to me in those coats and hats."

"Hey!" said Harry darkly. "Don't you get fresh now!"

"Be quiet," demanded Jackson Southgate, "and let him look."

"All right," said Jared with a stupid grin, "I guess I can pick him out anywhere now."

"Hey, you ——" began Harry.

"That will do, Harry," said Mr. Southgate. "Start up the car."

"Just a minute"—Jared was giving way to unlooked-for loquacity—"aren't you forgetting what you came here for?"

Jared Southgate raised his eyebrows. It was his first real suspicion that he was dealing with anyone at all unusual.

"Forgetting?" he asked. "Forgetting what?"

"Why, you looked all over my house—why, you're kicking at the sill now. I just want to tell you so you won't bother any more. I've sold the furniture, but not the house; and what's more, I won't sell it—while I'm alive."

Just as they were moving out of sight, Marcia obeyed an impulse so characteristic as to be part of Biblical lore. Imitating the lady who turned to a pillar of salt, Marcia looked behind her. The last of the Hoopwells was standing motionless in his dooryard, staring enigmatically after them, and as she looked she could not decide whether or not to be angry. At best, Marcia had time only for a fleeting look before she was disturbed by sounds of merriment close beside her.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Marcia rather sharply. "I don't think we have much to be pleased about."

"I was just thinking of him," sighed Mr. Southgate, "sitting there and making fun of me, and pretending to forget my name, and all the time I was buying an early American silver tankard with a coat of arms on it—for fifteen dollars!"

"That black thing?" exclaimed Marcia. "It can't be silver!"

"Ain't it though?" inquired her father complacently.

"My dear, it's black because it's silver. I didn't dare look at it too closely, but it's a Hurd or a Revere. I'm getting it for fifteen dollars, and it's worth—rising five hundred."

Mr. Southgate rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"Rising five hundred," he murmured; "probably more. Maybe that won't surprise 'em when I get home!"

Marcia stared at him speechlessly. She had a vision of the bare room, the pine table, and Jared leaning carelessly against the wall.

"And you didn't tell him?" she murmured.

"Tell him!" Her father was a living exclamation point. "Why the deuce should I tell him, if he's fool enough not to know? Don't you worry; he'd do the same to me."

"No," said Marcia, "you're wrong. He wouldn't—do just that."

If the blindness of triumph had not been upon him, Jackson Southgate might have perceived a danger, but he was lost in his enthusiasm.

"In this world," he said dreamily, "everybody's out for something, never you forget, my dear. It's devil take the hindmost in this world. Perhaps you'd know if you were a man. I'll teach that young jay manners. Did you notice how he acted, as though he owned the earth? Wouldn't sell his place—did you hear him? Why, I'm ordering furniture for downstairs already! Wait till he asks the bank to extend his notes again!"

"Notes?" Marcia raised her eyebrows. "I don't quite see what you mean."

"Let us put it in two-syllable words," replied Jackson Southgate kindly. "Young Hoopwell has been borrowing money and giving his farm as security. I managed to buy his mortgages from the bank. They were glad to get rid of them at a discount, and when they come due, he can't do anything but sell. Do you see? It's all in the game, my dear."

The motor was out of the rutted lane, when something impelled Marcia to look back a second time before she knew what she intended. The Hoopwell house was out of sight by then, and the rays of the sun on the water dazzled her and made her turn away. The Hoopwell house and its owner had disappeared in the sun like a fragment of dream before waking, like a swift-winged thought that leaves only an impression of uneasiness. It all was gone, and they were moving rapidly toward a life and people she knew better, where MacKeefe would open the door of the house they had rented, just behind the town and quite different from the Hoopwell house, where her maid would be ready with her gown for the evening.

Yet in her ears there was still the creaking of reluctant wood, and with it Jared's voice—"I'm the last of the Hoopwells here."

"Well"—it was not Jared's but her father's voice. They were in the main street of Eros Harbor—"what on earth are you thinking about? I don't believe you've heard anything I've said."

"I was thinking," said Marcia, "you'd do better if you carried smaller bills."

Not even then could Jackson Southgate perceive red danger signs ahead.

Jared Hoopwell was not surprised to hear a motor in his yard that night, for he had been waiting for it in the methodical manner of the countryside. He had lighted a glass lamp and had placed it on the pine table, after which he moved restively about the room, as though he found sitting still unpleasant, and paused now and then to stare at the piece of dark metal he had sold, while his lamp cast his shadow on the wainscot.

Instead of registering surprise at the sound of a motor and a subsequent knock on the front door, Jared displayed a contrary emotion.

"I'll show that feller," he muttered, "if he gets fresh with me!" And he stepped forward and jerked at his door latch with surprising vigor. "Come in!" he began, but suddenly he stammered and his mouth dropped open. "My stars!" he murmured, stepping backward. "Wh-what are you doing here?"

It was the first that Jared knew of drama in his life, or that drama was near it. In the cool of the evening, a part of the night, yet still readily discernible, was Marcia Southgate, standing on his doorstep. His wits were returning dazedly. She had a light cloak over her; her head and arms were bare. There was a sparkling golden shimmer to her dress that seemed to permeate his sight until she was all like gold, surprisingly vivid, yet utterly unreal.

"I'm coming in," said Marcia. "If we stand here any longer, someone will see us from the road."

He could think of no immediate answer. As she moved by him, a fold of her cloak touched his hand and turned his face deep crimson, and made the still hall and the bare lamplit room utterly unfamiliar.

"You shouldn't come here," began Jared hoarsely; "it—it isn't right. If anybody should be along ——"

A vision of the consequences checked his speech and everything was wholly different. All that had passed between them had mysteriously reversed itself, until he was the one who was embarrassed, and not Marcia.

"You're frightened, are you?" she remarked coldly. "You had enough nerve awhile ago, but—but you're just a jay, after all, Mr.—Mr. ——"

Her calculated, provocative affront set Jared free of his bewilderment.

"I guess you know my name," he answered hoarsely. "Haven't you got anything better to do than come and make fun of me at this time of night? Oh, you needn't laugh! If anybody finds you—us —— Well, I don't much care if anybody does."

Marcia continued laughing, nervously and not very well, but well enough for Jared.

"Isn't that like a poor boy from the country?" she remarked, shrugging her shoulders—"just a good old-fashioned boy. Well, I knew you would be. It's why I came."

"Maybe if I was someone else," Jared answered ominously—"if I was one of the fellers downtown ——"

"But you're not," interrupted Marcia. "I wonder why I was so stupid as to let you startle me this afternoon."

"So you've come back to laugh at me?" inquired Jared thickly, catching his breath in a short strangled gasp. "I suppose I might expect it of folks like you. Well, go ahead! I can't do anything. It's your turn, Miss—Miss ——"

"Yes," persisted Marcia, still evenly, but with her color rising, for somehow the interview was not so satisfactory as she had expected. Somehow they both were losing dignity. "It's queer what mistakes we make, isn't it? I really didn't know what you were until I saw you let yourself get cheated. Isn't that what always happens in the country?"

"Cheated?" echoed Jared with a new emotion. "I guess I don't know what you mean."

"That thing on the table!" cried Marcia, and suddenly she had forgotten all she had intended to say. "I don't know that I should tell you, you've been so disagreeable."

"I guess," responded Jared, "I haven't been worse than you."

"Won't you stop?" exclaimed Marcia. "I didn't come here to quarrel. . . . It's silver—don't you see?"

Jared gave a slight start. He was not so dull that he did not immediately catch her meaning.

"So that's it," he murmured. "Yes, I guess I should have known." He picked up the blackened, battered mug from the table and held it gingerly to the light. "He got me," he remarked. "It's silver. Why, it's got our coat of arms in front, and there it was down cellar all the time!"

For a moment it seemed to Marcia that the tankard had increased in size until it was as large as its shadow on the wainscot. For a moment Marcia did not know whether to laugh or cry. The last of the Hoopwells, in baggy khaki trousers, had never looked so stupid or so helpless as he stared at his tankard with the Hoopwell coat of arms, never so stupid and never so dismayed. Without a word, she took it from him, examined it closely and handed it back. Anyone with a smattering of knowledge of old silver could see that her father was right. If one looked, letters and engraving were visible beneath the black.

"You mustn't let him have it," she said. "Oh, please don't look so stupid! You don't know what it is even now. It's early American silver. It's a Hurd tankard, made in 1700, and it's worth five hundred dollars!"

That annoying vagueness of the Eros Harbor population had descended on Jared Hoopwell like a trance. He stared at her

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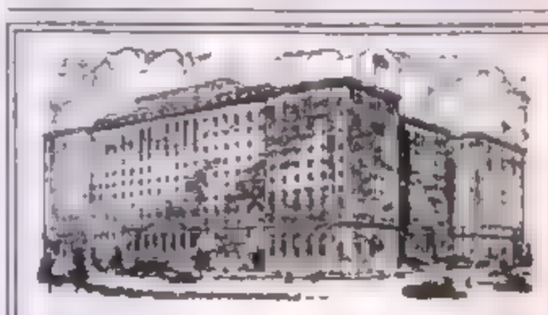

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without having seemed to hear, and then around the room and then back.

"The joke's on me, all right," he said. "Why did you come to tell me that—to laugh at me some more?"

Though his voice was almost indistinct, it sent her thoughts scurrying in a curious sort of fright.

"I wish you wouldn't be so stupid," she answered. "I had to tell you. It wouldn't have been fair—if I hadn't."

"I guess," said Jared slowly, "I know why I always liked you now. You're not angry any more?"

"No," began Marcia, "I'm not angry ——" And then her voice faltered. All at once all her assurance left her. Jared Hoopwell stood rigid, his hand half raised, and listening. Someone else was coming to the Hoopwell house! They both could hear. Someone in the yard was whistling a bar of music, wholly out of tune.

"Oh, my!" whispered Jared. "What're we going to do?"

He had read about such things, and what he had read added to his panic.

"It's only Harry with the fifteen dollars," replied Marcia—"only Harry. Don't give him the tankard—and I won't mind." But her lip was trembling.

"My Lord!" whispered Jared. "What'll he think when he sees you? Everybody'll be talking about it by next forenoon—everybody!"

"It's only Harry," faltered Marcia. "Harry won't ——"

"Won't he?" whispered Jared. "Why won't he? What'll anyone think who sees you here? Quick! He's coming! Go into the dining room and close the door!"

She hesitated still. It all seemed so incongruous to be hiding in a dark room, and then there was a sound of knocking, and then Marcia's poise had definitely left her in a wave of panic. Jared was pushing her toward an open door and his voice was close beside her.

"It's going to be all right! Don't be frightened! It's going to be all right!"

As Harry entered, without bothering to remove his cap, Jared was passing his hand across his brow. The historic days of the Hoopwell house had not yet ended. Though Jared endeavored to look unconcerned, he could not. Too much had come into his life in a quarter of an hour not to leave its mark upon him.

"Hey!" began Harry with easy tolerance and the scorn which all rustics deserved. "Hey! Don't you see me? What you think I am—a ghost?" Without further ceremony he pulled two crisp bills from his pocket. "Take these and gimme that mug and don't take all night about it. I gotta date downtown."

In the darkness where she stood, Marcia could hear every word. She seemed almost to be in the room itself, as she listened for Jared's refusal. She could hear a pause, an uncertain shuffling of Jared's feet before his answer came.

"Take it and get out of my house!" Was it Jared's voice she heard? "Get out, I tell you! You can't get downtown too quick for me!"

The thing that happened then was so strange that none of them remembered the true sequence of events. Marcia only knew that she found herself in the lighted room without knowing exactly how. She was in the room and grasping Jared's arm. Even then she was aware how strange it was, and how oddly Jared looked, and how Harry looked when he saw her. Harry's very language suffered a relapse, such as he had never allowed before when on duty.

"Now what th' hell!" he gasped.

"Don't!" Marcia hardly knew her own voice; she seemed to have no depth or weight; she seemed to be in the air, like a disembodied spirit; and all she could see was Jared Hoopwell, gaunt, and suddenly very tall, taller than herself or Harry, with a face like some half-remembered canvas, and with his tankard in his hand.

"Don't give it to him! Didn't you hear me tell you. It's worth five hundred dollars!"

Some latent power of the Hoopwells must have been left in him, for, as Marcia finished, she found herself looking at Jared, and found Harry looking also, as one does who beholds a freak of Nature. Without speech, simply by standing motionless, Jared held them silent. His hollow, angular face, even his unkempt dress, had been transformed into a sort of strength that was like the bleakness of winter hills and rocks.

"What do I care," he said, "if it's worth five hundred dollars? I guess it's no use now."

There was a momentary silence, for nothing seemed left to say. Harry himself, despite his broad experience, was having difficulty. The sight of Marcia in her evening dress, in the bare and dusty room, and Jared in his working clothes, holding the silver tankard, evidently formed a combination which was beyond him, try as he might to get it straight.

"Is somebody kidding me?" he inquired. "That thing—it ain't worth that much—honest?"

"Why won't anyone believe me?" cried Marcia. "I know it doesn't look so, but it is!"

Her tone was somewhere on the border of tears and laughter, which made the situation very strained. Harry had removed his cap, with his eyes upon the tankard, reverently, as though he beheld a vision.

"Was this—this gentleman wise to it," he asked quaveringly, "when I came in? And was he going to let me walk off with it—like that—for fifteen dollars, when he was wise? Say, mister, I see your point, and I got your number wrong. You're a better sport than any guy I've worked for—that's all I can say."

"I guess"—Jared's mind was running on a single track—"I guess if you'll listen to me ——"

But Harry was not listening. His eyes had traveled from the tankard to Marcia Southgate.

"So that's why the depot wagon was out tonight! Oh, mommer, what'd the old man say?"

"I guess," repeated Jared patiently, "he won't say anything. Do you see this—this mug? Well, take it, and tell him I wouldn't sell. Take it and keep it for yourself—and—I guess you see what I mean."

"You can't do a thing like that!" Marcia had found her voice again. "Don't mind about Harry. Of course I can explain it. Harry, don't you see someone had to tell ——"

"Easy!" said Harry. "Easy, Miss ——" The wonder, the bewilderment which had swayed him had given way to injured pride. "Mr. —— Mr. —— Excuse me, but I didn't get the name."

"Hoopwell," said Jared sharply. "And if anybody forgets any more names here ——"

"Believe me," said Harry, "I won't forget. Mr. Hoopwell, when anyone like me sees anyone like you, we don't see anything else, we don't. I'm going back to tell the boss you're wise, and there isn't anyone here but you, and I don't need no mug to help me. Put it on the table, Mr. Hoopwell. It's a pleasure to oblige."

Jared passed his hand across his forehead. He was looking somewhat white and drawn.

"There's some cider down cellar," he said. "Father fixed it before he was taken sick, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"My name's just Harry—see?" Harry answered. "I'll be in again, when you're not so busy. Pleased to have been able to oblige. Good night, Mr. Hoopwell."

"Here!" cried Jared. "Just a minute!"

"Harry," said Marcia, "take the depot wagon home. Mr. Hoopwell will drive me back in the other car. Won't you, Mr. Hoopwell?"

For one of the first occasions in his bright career, Jackson Southgate knew the unsettling influence of uncertainty. His night had been spoiled and his breakfast nearly ruined simply by wondering how Jared had gained his information in a few brief hours. What was it Marcia had said—if he had

(Continued on Page 204)

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(Continued from Page 202)

only carried smaller bills? Though it was a small matter, it robbed him of a certain pleasurable triumph to feel he would have been worsted; and there was another thing that puzzled him that next morning. It was natural that he should return at once to the Hoopwell farm, but when he discovered Jared chopping wood in the front yard, Jared displayed none of the signs of rustic triumph which one might have expected. He neither grinned nor looked angry when Mr. Southgate approached. He simply laid down his ax and nodded slowly to Mr. Southgate's hearty greeting.

"Here I am," said Mr. Southgate, as though he might not readily be descried in the clear morning sun. "Suppose we go inside."

Jared's whole attitude was most perplexing, and Jackson Southgate could not ascribe it to any known circumstances; it only seemed to him that Jared was abnormal. His own spirit was considerably buoyed up when he perceived the tankard where he had seen it last, still on the pine table.

"Hoopwell," said Jackson Southgate with delightful cordiality, such as he knew how to use, "you've fooled me. Ha-ha! Well, it's your turn to laugh. I tried to fool you yesterday."

"I ought to have known you were trying," answered Jared. "It's my fault, not knowing when I saw you first."

The same uncertainty which Mr. Southgate had experienced in the night was dogging him still. Surely Hoopwell might have smiled, but he showed no trace of humor.

"Yes," said Jackson Southgate, still militantly genial. "Well, we can't always have luck, can we? You've got the laugh on me, Hoopwell. Here I am, ready to pay up, ready to be perfectly frank. I know when to be."

"Do you?"

Mr. Southgate's laugh spread over the room like oil on a stormy sea.

"You bet I do! That's the most important thing I've discovered, knowing when to be frank. . . . Let me see ——" Mr. Southgate picked up the tankard, tipped it this way and that. His interest in its shape and weight prevented his seeing Jared's face. "It's in bad condition, very bad, but I'll be frank. If you'll get a pen and ink, I'll write you out a check for it—for a trace more than it's really worth. Let me see—one hundred and fifty dollars." And looking up in his very kindest way, he added, "There, don't say I can't be handsome when the gloves are off!"

That old annoying vagueness of the native son had returned to Jared, just as it did over all Eros Harbor when trading was in prospect. He balanced from foot to foot; he looked at the ceiling and down at the floor and out the windows. Mr. Southgate waited, but it was hard to wait. What was the matter with the fellow? Why was he taking so much time?

"Well," said Jared at length, and paused, "there's ink on the table." At any rate, there was emotion in his speech. He spoke needlessly loud, as he had the previous afternoon. "If you haven't cash, I'll take a check. Make it out to Hoopwell—Jared W. Hoopwell. Make it out—for fifteen dollars."

The check book in Jackson Southgate's hand fell to the floor and landed with spread leaves at his feet.

"What"—he actually found himself stammering—"what's the idea now?"

"Fifteen dollars," said Jared, "is what I said I'd take. I've been thinking it over some, quite a lot all night. If I was a fool, it's my fault. I don't go back when I've passed my word. I can't—that's all."

There was no doubting what he said, for he spoke very plainly, but Jackson Southgate had seen too much to be surprised for long. Already his mind was turning with faithful thoroughness.

"Now what's the idea?" he demanded. His voice also had grown loud. "Now don't try to fool me, Hoopwell. You're not man enough to do it. People don't give things away. Maybe I didn't offer enough. Is that the idea?"

Jared removed his hands from his pockets and looked at them, seemingly lost in thought.

"I sold it for fifteen dollars. Isn't that idea enough? I said I thought it over in the night."

"Look here"—Mr. Southgate had difficulty with his voice—"don't you pull wool over my eyes. I tell you people don't do things like that—much less your kind here."

"Maybe," said Jared very slowly, "you don't know many decent folks. I wouldn't be surprised."

Jackson Southgate straightened his tie with dignity. He was still master of the situation.

"Hoopwell," he said, "stop it, right here! That tone won't go with me. I'm not made to stand for insolence."

"I guess," said Jared, very slowly still, "I've stood for some from you, take it by and large. I'd take that mug and go—if I were you."

"Powerful—sort of powerful."

Mr. Stringham's words of yesterday were back in Jackson's ears and pulsing with his blood.

"Now come"—the effort he made to return to geniality was stupendous, heroic—"there's no use getting mad. You've got some idea behind this, Hoopwell. Now what is it? Are you trying to do me a favor? Hoopwell, have you heard anything downtown at the bank?"

"I guess," said Jared, "the way I think about you now—I wouldn't do you a favor if I could, Mr.—Mr. ——"

Was there any wonder that Jackson's forbearance should leave him then? His face was rich crimson and his voice vulgarly profane.

"Damn your insolence!" he shouted. "Don't try your Sunday school talk on me, you young hypocrite! I know what you're up to, and it won't work. You know I've taken your notes, and you can't raise the wind, and you think I'll go easy on account of this. That's what's back of your head, and I tell you it won't work. You won't get anyone to help you, and as I live, I'll get you out of here!"

Just then, most unexpectedly, Jared's hand fell on his shoulder, so unexpectedly that Jackson Southgate nearly lost his balance and was forced to stagger backward. He never quite regained his balance or his train of thought until he was in the hall with the front door open before him, and Jared's words were falling like heavy stones about his ears.

"You don't own this house yet, so see you don't come in it again while I own it! I've stood you long enough, and I won't stand you any longer! Get out of our house! Get off our place!"

And then, without knowing exactly how he got there, or whether or not it was through his own volition, Jackson Southgate found himself outdoors. Naturally, he had not been ejected, for he always knew that such a thing was wholly impossible; but there he was, out of doors and out of breath. The Hoopwell house was closed behind him and the Hoopwell tankard was in his hand.

What was Jared Hoopwell doing, following him to town? Was there any wonder after such an episode that Jackson Southgate's blood was still up, though late summer had changed to autumn? There was some elusive quality about that whole adventure which he could not escape, and Marcia's words at dinner filled him with an unrest wholly unaccountable.

Though weeks had gone by, many weeks, on the morning after that ill-starred autumnal meal, when he found himself alone in his private office at the Southgate Management Corporation, he could not rid himself of an obsession, a faint uncertainty.

What was Jared Hoopwell doing? Why should he come to town?

"He's got something up his sleeve," Jackson Southgate muttered. "But what is it? What the devil is it?"

He drew a cigar from his pocket and bit off the end. There was nothing to be worried at, since his position was impregnable. Jared Hoopwell's mortgages were in his safe-deposit box, and the first was ready to fall due.

An investigation made a week before assured him that Jared could meet no demand for cash.

"He wants an extension!" muttered Jackson. "Well, I'll extend him! You watch me!"

"Did you call, Mr. Southgate?" Miss Willetts, his private secretary, had opened his office door. He had not realized he had been making such a noise.

"No, nothing," he answered. "I'm only thinking out loud; but now you're here, tell the girl at the information desk if a tall man who looks as if he came from the country asks for me, to let me know."

Once more alone, Jackson lighted his cigar.

"I'll throw him out—by thunder, I will!" he muttered. "He ought to know that. What the devil is he down here for? He ought to know." The smoke bit his tongue. He was smoking much too fast. "He's got some sort of game. He's always had. You can't tell me!"

A knock on his door made him turn sharply. It was like an answer to his thought.

"By Jove," he muttered, "I'll bet he's out there now!" But it was only Miss Willetts bringing in a telegram. "Bother!" exclaimed Mr. Southgate. "I don't want to see it!"

"But you told me always to bring them in," Miss Willetts pointed out.

Jackson puffed dreamily at his cigar. It was always well to impress the office force.

"Well, read it," he directed. "Tell me what it is and I'll dictate the answer. I can answer any telegram right off the bat—eh, Miss Willetts?"

There followed a crinkling of paper and a pause. Jackson Southgate puffed again at his cigar.

"Oh!" Miss Willetts gave a little gasp as though a cold draft had struck her. "It's from Miss Marcia, Mr. Southgate."

"Miss Marcia?" Even then he did not know what was coming. "You've got the name wrong. She's at home."

"But it's from Miss Marcia," persisted Miss Willetts. "She—she's ——"

"What?" snapped Mr. Southgate, for Miss Willetts was acting very queerly.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Miss Willetts, and then spoke very rapidly. "I don't know how to say it. She's married—she's married a Mr. Hoopwell, and they've gone to Eros Harbor."

It was the silence which made the ensuing moment terrible, for it was like a ghastly spell which could only be broken by a violent expletive, but none came. Jackson's cigar had fallen from his fingers and was burning a hole in the carpet, but the pungent smell of the smoke seemed to revive him.

"Well," he said—"Well ——"

As he spoke, he marveled at his resilience. His mind was growing lucid, as though some weight had lifted, and a slight buzzing in his ears which had disturbed his senses was vanishing already. He could hear Miss Willetts very plainly.

"Is there any answer?" she was asking.

Yes, he could still take it and come back for more. His exterior had been dented, but not broken. He pulled back his swivel chair and seated himself behind his desk. After all, it was a vindication, in a way, a certainty at last. His very voice was coming back, so rich and strong that he nearly paused to glory in it.

"No, there's no answer now. But it's no surprise to me. I'd have stopped it if I hadn't wanted it, of course. I guessed it all along. You can't fool me, Miss Willetts, no matter how you try. I knew he was up to something. No one would act the way he did—unless—he was—up to something."

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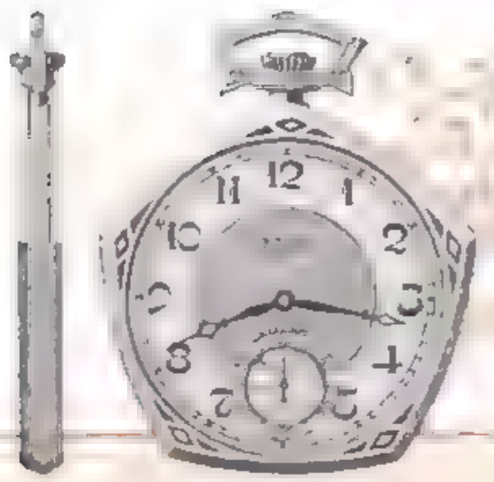

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FLORIDA FEVER

(Continued from Page 7)

probably will not be a total cessation of travel into Florida from Northern points in the immediate future, unless the judgment of prominent American railroad men has been severely warped. Their judgment has led them to construct in Jacksonville, known to the Florida Motto Makers' Union as the Gateway to Florida, one of the largest passenger stations in the world—which is something of an undertaking when one considers the competition in the line of sizable passenger stations that is provided in New York and Chicago and Boston and various other metropolitan centers.

The gentlemen responsible for it, moreover, have not been observed lighting their cigars with $1000 bills or otherwise displaying signs of membership in the ranks of the nation's half-wits.

Not only were the regular Florida-bound trains unable to hold those who were scorched by Florida fever but the regular Florida-bound steamers eventually had to be augmented by liners taken from the transoceanic routes.

There are a number of things in Florida concerning which the eager investigator has great difficulty in obtaining accurate information. One of the chief of these is the number of real-estate subdivisions in the state—a matter that will be taken up in greater detail in another place; while another is the average number of victims of Florida fever who daily pour into the state by automobile, train and steamboat. Jacksonville officials, for example, are apt to remark nonchalantly that about as many automobilists pass through Jacksonville from the North as pass into the state through Lake City—another place that rather fancies itself as a gateway to Florida—some sixty miles to the west of Jacksonville.

Serving Free Information

Since Florida is a great and progressive state, with the most stupendous migration on her hands that the world has ever known, she might eventually contribute to the greater good by affixing a small tag to all incoming automobiles, or in some other way attempting to keep track of their numbers, origin, destination and reason for existence.

The enterprising chamber of commerce of the flourishing North Florida community of Lake City, surrounded by pecan groves, towering live oaks and rolling hill slopes whose contours suggest Southern Maine or Vermont rather than tropical Florida, maintains an information bureau for the benefit of befuddled tourists—and probably wishes that it had never taken on the job.

A member of the Lake City Chamber of Commerce opens the office at six o'clock in the morning, at which hour there are usually tourists waiting to find out something; and another member closes the office at midnight, eighteen hours later, and at that hour there are usually one or two tourists tumbling out of automobiles to participate in the free information.

Automobiles from states north of Florida whip southward through the streets of Lake City at the average rate of two and three and even more a minute, and continued so to whip for the greater part of the year 1925. Boy Scouts, requested to keep a check on incoming automobiles, found that the south-bound cars averaged 1700 a day through Lake City; and they further found that the average number of persons in each car was three and eight-tenths.

It is being ultra conservative therefore to state that in 1925 there were at least 4000 persons entering Florida daily by automobile. It is equally conservative to say that another 3000 entered the state by train each day, and that the number entering daily by boat was 200. When the proper mathematical computations are made, it can be seen that the United States has been so swept by Florida fever that at the most conservative possible estimate the number of outlanders who entered the state during the year of the Big Rush was more than 2,500,000. By comparison with the great rush to Florida, all the other mighty migrations of history look like a Sunday-school picnic leaving a church vestry on a rainy day.

Fortunately for the state of Florida, the great migration is not entirely a one-way migration. The normal population of the state is slightly in excess of 1,000,000, although it bids fair to alter with sufficient rapidity to give a lightning calculator a severe headache; and if 2,500,000 one-way tourists were hurled among the normal population in the space of one year, several hundred thousand persons would soon be hanging by their heels from the trees or sleeping on the ground—which is apt to prove distressing in Florida because of the large variety of burrs that intrude on the privacy of persons who aren't careful where they lie or sit.

Even with a fair proportion of the migrants leaving the state in a steady trickle, living quarters are extremely difficult to find in every part of Florida—especially for persons whose income is not large. They are not only difficult to find but they are frequently unreasonably high; and there is reason to believe that if the far-seeing Florida legislature were to pass a law decreeing that all landlords who make a profit of more than 100 per cent a year must be shot at sunrise, the resulting mortality would horrify the entire civilized world.

In view of the freight embargo that was in effect in Florida during the summer and autumn of 1925, and of one thing and another, among which may be mentioned the persistence with which various energetic but already overcrowded Florida communities continued to advertise their playful bathing beauties and their unrivaled climate, it seems reasonable to suppose that the shortage of living quarters will be felt in the state for some years to come, in spite of the hectic plans for the immediate construction, in all parts of the state, of two and five and eight and ten million dollar apartment houses and hotels—which make no particular appeal to the bulk of the earnest and careful folk who were hastening to Florida in the great 1925 rush.

Natives After Ninety Days

There are even a few native Floridians—the word "native" meaning a person who has resided in the state for a total of ninety days, not necessarily consecutive—who think that it would be a good thing if the rush of people to Florida could be halted for a sufficient length of time to permit the state to catch up with its building program. This theory is not popular in Florida, although a native can advance it without being ridden on a rail. It would be most unwise, however, for a non-native to make any such suggestion, as he would probably be socially ostracized with unflagging zeal.

The inrush is mildly relieved by the outflow, but the numbers of those who leave the state are even more difficult to learn than the numbers of those that enter. One probably wouldn't be far out of the way if he hazarded the guess that during the summer and autumn of 1925 one person left Florida for every three that entered the state.

One didn't have to indulge in much guesswork, however, in order to discover the reactions to Florida in the minds of the outgoing travelers. For the most part they were distinctly bad, although the reasons on which their conclusions were based were scarcely sufficient to warrant the Federal Government in stopping all travel to Florida.

Some of the outgoing travelers, especially from the ranks of those who traveled by automobile, felt so bitterly about the state that they frequently stopped Florida-bound folk and urged them to turn back. Their chief grounds for protest were that prices were too high, that it was too hard to find a place to live, that the weather was too hot, that insects, chiefly ants, cockroaches and mosquitoes, were too plentiful, and that one never got a chance to see the bathing girls in one-piece bathing suits that are so prominently displayed in Florida advertisements.

It may be that I shall be accused of unreasonable and suspicious pro-Florida leanings when I confess that I remain cold and unsympathetic in the face of these bitter complaints; but I shall try to bear up under any such accusations, secure in the knowledge that eventually I shall doubtless make a number of statements that will cause many a good Floridian to accuse me raucously and venomously of being in the pay of some vile Northern anti-Florida interests. It is a difficult matter to write about Florida in such a way that one will not be the recipient of a number of brisk and painful kicks.

The Dirge of the Disappointed

In gauging the value of the complaints of those who indignantly decide to leave Florida flat on its back, and to use their influence in preventing the state from attaining any genuine popularity, one must first make an effort to find out why and under what conditions the indignant ones decided to come to Florida. A conversation with one of them frequently comes out about as follows:

Q.: Been to Florida?

A.: Yes, and of all the dumps! Good night! Michigan for mine! No more Florida! No, sir! Good night!

Q.: What's the matter with it?

A.: Matter? Good night! Everything! Why, say, you can't buy anything down there any more! Everything's out of sight! Fifty thousand dollars for a house lot without a house! Good night! Why, say, a can of soup costs three cents more than it does in Detroit! Look at Roquefort cheese! Do you know what they charge you for Roquefort cheese?

Q.: No. How much?

A.: Why, say, I can get Roquefort cheese in Detroit for eighty-five cents a pound, and down here they charged me a dollar! Good night!

Q.: Where was this?

A.: In Miami. And hot? Good night! It wasn't ever anything else but!

Q.: Did you expect to freeze to death when you came down?

A.: Oh, good night! No! But I didn't think it would be hot like that!

Q.: Did you try any other city besides Miami?

A.: Good night! No! Miami was enough!

Q.: How did you happen to come down?

A.: Oh, I just wanted to come down.

Q.: Did you have a job when you came down?

A.: Sure; I had a good job in an automobile factory.

Q.: Did you think you could get a better job in Florida?

A.: Sure I did; why wouldn't I? But good night! There wasn't a decent job I'd take, not for any decent money.

Q.: I've seen lots of signs around here that say Workmen Wanted.

A.: Oh, sure! But good night! You can't save any money on 'em.

Q.: How much money had you saved in Detroit?

A.: I saved $300 or $400.

Q.: How long did it take you to do it?

A.: Oh, a couple of years or so.

Q.: Couldn't you have saved $300 or $400 in Miami in a couple of years?

(Continued on Page 209)

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS' FIELD GLASSES
A Practical Christmas Gift

8-power $9.85

These genuine German War Glasses were purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange

Manufactured by most prominent [illegible] optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission

Finest achromatic day and night lenses, 40 m. m objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service regardless of cost according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 80,000 pairs of this model to date

Shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order for $9.85 *Order your field glasses today*

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Largest importers of field glasses in America
93 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

Be Yourself!
Look your best—dress smartly—keep nails trim and [illegible]. Carry a Gem, the pocket manicure set to clip, file and clean fingernails easily and quickly, anywhere at any time. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c.
THE H. C. COOK CO., Ansonia, Conn.
Nail Clippers
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Ritemor PRINTED STATIONERY $1.00
SEND A BOX FOR CHRISTMAS
200 Sheets, 100 Envelopes [illegible]
Extra heavy envelopes [illegible]
[illegible] Ritemor [illegible] Christmas
RITEMOR STATIONERY CO
216 North Alabama St. INDIANAPOLIS, IND

To the paternal uncles and aunts of the late
ROBERT CAVEN
of Onehunga, New Zealand

PURSUANT to an Order of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, you are hereby called upon to send in your claims to the estate of ROBERT CAVEN which will be distributed disregarding such claims unless they are sent in on or before 1st February, 1926, to the Solicitor, Public Trust Office, Wellington, New Zealand.

SANFORD'S PASTE

Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

Learn ELECTRICITY
In Great Shops of COYNE
Practical, personal training. No books. You don't need advanced education or experience. EARN WHILE YOU LEARN
Electrical Experts Earn $60 to $200 a Week
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Celluloid, Metal, Glass Novelties for advertising. Every [illegible]
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Ask Your Dealer To-Day For

TAO TEA BALLS

The Finest Tea You Ever Tasted

TAO TEA—The Tasty Tea

Tao Tea Balls contain the finest tea you ever tasted because only the tasty bud leaves off the plants of the finest gardens of Ceylon, India, and Java are good enough for this "supreme" Flowery Orange Pekoe blend.

Three generations have labored to produce this perfect blend. Tao never becomes bitter, no matter how long it brews.

So convenient—so economical—so good!

THE CADDY

The Ideal Holiday Gift

The Caddy, the big, handsomely lacquered 50-ball tin, is a Holiday gift of unusual distinction and permanence.

Refills may be had to keep it in use for years. Tao Tea Balls are such a delightfully intimate gift—and so appreciated!

Special Introductory Offer

For Introductory Purposes Only

If your *favorite* dealer cannot immediately supply you, we will send the big fifty-ball Caddy, handsomely lacquered in black and gold, to you anywhere upon receipt of $1.00 in U. S. funds (No Stamps)

If you wish to remember several friends, let us do your Holiday mailing for you. Send us correct names and addresses, typewritten or printed, and one dollar for each name. We will send the Caddy direct to your friends, securely packed, postage paid and insured. You merely notify your friends their Caddy is coming

TAO TEA COMPANY, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

10 Ball tin—enough for average family for ten days.

20-Ball tin—enough for average family for twenty days.

50 Ball Caddy—enough for average family for almost two months

Refill for Caddy, 50 Balls, keeps Caddy in use for years Saves you 8c

Hotel Special Individuals. For Hotels, Clubs, Tea Rooms, etc. 50 Tao Hotel Specials to Bag—10 Bags to Case—500 Tao Tea Balls. Price $6.25 per case

Junior—20 Tao Tea Balls 2-cup size Gold Tin. All Tao Tea Balls in black tins are *pot* size, 4–5 cups. Juniors are for smaller families

STOP WASTING TEA ✓ ✓ USE TAO TEA BALLS

(Continued from Page 207)

A.: Aw, things were too high!

Q.: Did you buy any real estate?

A.: Aw, good night, no! Things were too high.

Q.: You thought you could get $100 a week, or thereabouts, didn't you?

A.: Sure I did! You ought to be able to make at least that much doing anything in a boom.

Q.: Did you think you could save most of the money and buy real estate with it and make about $1000 a week?

A.: Sure; that's what I heard everybody else was doing. But gee! Prices are too high, and you can only get thirty or forty a week and you can't save any of that! Good night! Michigan for mine!

It would, of course, be unfair to claim that this young man's case is representative of those who came to Florida during the great rush of 1925 and left the state in disgust, and yet there are certain basic features to it that are common to many disappointed Florida migrants.

At the bottom of the great 1925 rush to Florida was the same impelling force that has been at the bottom of all great migrations—the desire to better one's condition as speedily as possible. It was this that sent the forty-niners across the plains and deserts, caused the rush to the Klondike, and urged millions of Europeans to emigrate to the United States. Stories—frequently true stories—have gone out from Florida for three years and more to the effect that Mr. James P. Grimp bought a piece of Palm Beach land for three dollars and a half and sold it for $250,000; that Miss Effie Ribbie bought five acres in St. Petersburg for $100 and disposed of it for $100,000; that business property in Miami, worth $1286 some eight years ago, was now selling for $60,000 a front inch; that 911 persons had become millionaires out of Tampa real estate in the last seven days; that any piece of real estate bought anywhere in Florida increased 100 per cent in value every twenty-nine hours; and so on and so forth.

Stories like these poured out of Florida by newspaper, letter, magazine article and word of mouth so persistently that half the people in the United States suddenly began to think—without knowing much about it—that they could do what everyone else seemed to be doing, and forthwith the consuming fires of Florida fever flamed high.

There's No Money in the Air

Nothing was said, in these exciting stories, of the school-teachers and policemen and bankers and merchants and hotel employes and doctors and shoe salesmen and lawyers and farmers and what not who were plugging along in Florida and earning a satisfactory living in a peculiarly balmy and beneficent climate without dabbling in real estate and without getting hysterical over real estate. Nothing was said about them; and if anything had been said about them, the Florida-fever victims probably wouldn't have cared to listen to it. The only thing they were interested in was quick money from real-estate sales.

One of the greatest sources of distress to those who have found Florida a bitter disappointment is the discovery that money cannot be picked out of the air in that state, any more than it can in any other. Many of them set off for Florida with $100 or $200 pinned to the inside of their vests, and are inexpressibly shocked, when they get there, to discover that the $100 won't buy them a fine residential lot that can be sold for $1000 or $2000 in two weeks' time. Apparently they had expected, when they came to Florida, to bask in the sunshine and bathe on the beaches while their little pieces of real estate were making fortunes for them. It annoys them considerably to learn that if they attempt to carry out such a program, their families will starve by Saturday night.

They are also greatly fatigued to discover that if they go out and get jobs, they are frequently obliged to spend practically all their incomes for living expenses, just as they would have to do in the North.

In every large assemblage of people there are always persons who cannot be satisfied with the most favorable conditions. If it should ultimately become their happy lot to perch on a fleecy cloud and strum melodiously on a golden harp, they would probably emit bitter complaints from time to time over the monotony of their existence. There are a great many of these among the persons who hurry out of Florida and warn newcomers away from the state. They were dissatisfied with their lot before they came to Florida, and they were dissatisfied with Florida, and they are going to continue to be dissatisfied with their surroundings long after they have left Florida behind them.

Another group of disgruntled automobilists that has caused some distress to Florida, as well as to the citizens of near-by states, is made up of the care-free souls sometimes known as automobile hoboes. They have no money and no visible means of support, and yet entire families of them travel blithely from town to town in Florida, borrowing a quarter here and a gallon of gas there, but rapidly fading into the distant haze whenever anyone suggests that they give up their automobiles and go to work.

Motor Hoboes and Ankle Tourists

The officials or constables of towns and cities in the north of Florida keep urging them to press southward; and when they find themselves in Miami, at the end of Florida, and can no longer be directed south, they are frequently viewed coldly by some guardian of the city's peace and unsympathetically advised to head northward again. This has repeatedly given rise to the report that Miami refuses to admit automobilists within the city limits unless they have a certain amount of money on their persons, or have made hotel reservations.

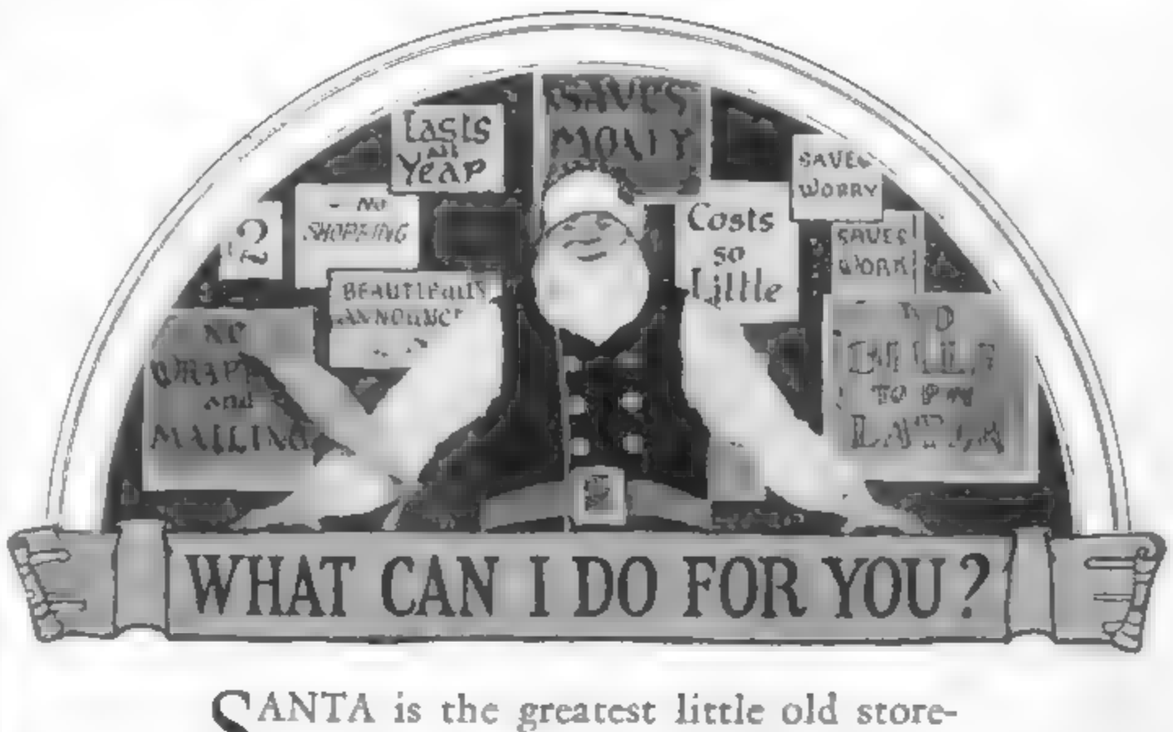
Various peculiar stories emerged from Florida during 1925 concerning shocking hotel prices, state entrance fees of $300, $1000 automobile licenses, terrible motor roads, yellow-fever epidemics, and so on. Floridians, who are a sensitive lot, were inclined to suspect that these bedtime stories emanated from Northern bankers whose evil natures had been aroused by the heavy transfer of money from Northern banks to the banks of Florida.

It is my belief that these tales originated in the minds of a few of the automobile hoboes and ankle tourists and gypsies who failed to find the easy picking in the state that they had expected to find. Travelers in Florida are warned—just as travelers in all states should be warned—against giving rides to the ankle tourists who are constantly demanding lifts from passing automobilists, in as much as some of these gentry have shown their gratitude by robbing and even by murdering their benefactors.

They and the gypsies, who would remove the gold from travelers' teeth if given half a chance, are received in Florida with all the enthusiasm that would be accorded a carload of Gila monsters or similar pets; and by way of retaliation, apparently, they circulated as many anti-Florida blasts as their somewhat limited intelligences were capable of evolving.

I traveled over the east coast, the west coast and the center of Florida by automobile at the height of the great rush, free from the guiding hands of publicity hounds and propaganda experts, and found traveling conditions very similar to traveling conditions in Southern New England during July and August—except that the roads were better and speed laws less rigidly observed.

There was no state entrance fee; there was no stopping of travelers at any town to examine into their financial condition; nobody asked me to take out a Florida automobile license; the cost of barbecue sandwiches, coffee and soft drinks was no



SANTA is the greatest little old storekeeper in the world. Step up and let him wait on you! He'll take all the anguish out of your Christmas shopping. What's best, he'll suggest a gift for your friends that is packed full of laughs, of *thrills* and of real brain food! What is it? Why, a year's subscription for

The Saturday Evening Post

Weekly—$2 a Year

In choosing *The Post*, you are sending more than a magazine. You are sending a gift which is at once written by, about, and *for* virile Americans. More than 2,400,000 copies will be read and enjoyed *this week!* That's pretty good surety, isn't it, that *your* friends will like a copy every week in 1926!

To each friend whom you remember with a *Post* subscription we will send a striking gift announcement *over your name*, to arrive in the Christmas mail The above reproduction gives only a faint suggestion of the brilliance of the full-color original, from one of Maxfield Parrish's gayest masterpieces

The card itself measures 7 x 11 inches. It is mailed to insure safe arrival, ready for framing It makes at once a desirable picture and a permanent reminder. Order through any authorized representative or direct from us. You'll find a handy order form in all subscription copies of this issue

Two Other Great Gifts

For any woman—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Monthly, $1 a year, U. S. and Can.; Foreign, $2.50

For any rural friend—THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Monthly, $1 for 3 years, U. S. and Can.; Foreign, $2.50

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
921 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

You Dry while you Shave

You dry while you shave in a TogaTowel. It quickly absorbs the moisture without effort or loss of time. Simply lather up and shave—TogaTowel does the rest, because it is both bath towel and robe combined.

Every member of the family can use TogaTowel. Children slip into it after a warm bath—and dry themselves safely and easily. Women find it snug and comfortable after a tub, and convenient to throw on as a robe while resting. And, of course, men appreciate the way it looks and feels, the time it saves—and the real solid comfort of using it every day as "The Bath Towel You Can Wear".

Let TogaTowel be the bath towel in your home!

Ask for TogaTowel at the Towel Department of any Department Store—at your Haberdasher's or Sporting Goods Dealer's. In many distinctive color combinations for men, women and children.

Adults: $3.00, $3.75 and $4.50
Children: $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

TOGATOWEL CO., INC., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York
Factories at Bethel, Connecticut
In Canada: 204 Craig Street West, Montreal

TogaTowel PATENTED *The bath towel you can wear*

The TogaTowel Gift Set

Consisting of a TogaTowel, Slippers and TogaMit to match—attractively boxed—this Set appeals as a new and different gift for Christmas and occasions throughout the year.

different from the cost of similar comestibles on the outskirts of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Newburyport, Massachusetts; the only traces of an epidemic were slight evidences of heat rash among a few inhabitants of Gainesville, Tampa and Palm Beach, and an unusual outpouring of mosquitoes at Fort Pierce that was causing the city authorities to demand passionately that all containers of stagnant water be emptied immediately. Hotel prices in every part of the state were no different from the prices that obtain in the hotels of New England.

It is a fairly safe bet that anyone who starts for Florida by automobile, train, boat or afoot without a sufficient amount of money to support himself comfortably for several months, or without a determination to get a job—any job, if necessary—and work at it, is going to wind up by hating Florida and himself with a great deal of vivacity. Such persons are usually impervious to warnings, but, as a matter of formality, they are hereby warned not to go to Florida.

The tremendous size of the great Florida rush made it difficult to go into the financial condition and the state of mind of the migrants with any startling accuracy. Roughly speaking, however, they could be divided into four classes:

1. Carpenters, bricklayers, tile setters, masons and other skilled workmen who were coming down to work, and had brought all their savings along with the intention of buying a little piece of real estate to sell at a profit;

2. Tourists who intended, if possible, to find a pleasant place in which to spend the winter, and planned to take on a little real estate to sell at a profit;

3. Excursionists who were coming to Florida out of curiosity, and had brought their savings with them in the hope of finding a likely looking bit of real estate that they could sell at a profit;

4. Farmers, druggists, shoe-store owners, restaurant keepers and other persons of moderate means who had sold all their holdings in Michigan, Ohio, Maine, Iowa and other Northern states and were coming to Florida to get into business again, and incidentally to buy a little real estate to sell at a profit.

Those Who Leap Before They Look

Persons not included in these four classes—yeggs, for example, and servant girls and press agents and promoters and bankers and stenographers and bridegrooms and gamblers and barbers and advertising agents and chauffeurs and newspaper reporters and what not—intended, no doubt, to work more or less diligently at their callings; but they also intended to take on a promising little piece of real estate that they could hand on to somebody else at a profit.

The real-estate end of the great Florida rush will be taken up in greater detail in a later article, but I cannot refrain from observing, without more delay, that a person would have to be considerably more deficient, mentally, than Snyder the Talking Ape if he persists in running around with the idea in his head that hundreds of thousands of people can continue onward through the ages selling little bits of real estate in Florida or any other part of the world to one another at a profit and that none of them will ever be stuck.

It has come to be quite the thing, among native Floridians and among the migrants themselves, to shake the head pityingly over the distressing cases of such folk as Northern farmers who sell their farms and Northern druggists who sell their drug stores for the purpose of moving to Florida without definite knowledge of the conditions into which they are going. There is even a general tendency on the part of Floridians and others to caution such people against taking these kangaroo-like financial leaps without going through a few preliminary motions designed to give them a more thorough understanding of the situation.

Here again, however, is a situation that tends to leave the dispassionate observer cool and undisturbed. If a Northerner, excited by tales of quick profits in Florida real estate, is willing to risk all the results of many years of labor on one plunge into a section of the country that is entirely unknown to him, then it is highly probable that he is the sort of person that will ultimately be neatly trimmed, no matter where his lot may be cast. Consequently he might as well sell out and go to Florida without undue delay and get the trimming over with. It is barely possible that he might find an opportunity to invest his money judiciously; and if he failed to do so, he would be able to start all over again while he still had his health and strength.

Fever Patients in the North

For every migrant in the great Florida rush, there are several Florida-fever patients in the North who are drawing their more or less hard-earned money from the banks and dropping it with a dull hollow plunk into Florida real estate by the long-distance method.

Boston, financial center of that section of the country that is reputed to be most hard-boiled in financial affairs, but that supported the so-called wizard Ponzi and a number of violent copper booms with the utmost enthusiasm, has disgorged millions of dollars from its banks so that small investors may dabble in Florida real estate—dabble with the idea of handing it to somebody else at a profit.

Two thousand dollars a day was being taken from one Boston savings bank during the early autumn of 1925 by small speculators in Florida lands. Another suburban bank was giving up $10,000 a week for the same purpose. A larger bank reported withdrawals of $1,000,000 by its customers for the purchase of Florida real estate. Similar withdrawals were reported by the banks of Springfield, Worcester, Fitchburg, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill and other Massachusetts cities and towns.

Shrill, ear-piercing howls have come from the banking interests of Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Alabama, Illinois, Georgia and many other states because of the enormous number of people that are leaving for Florida, and because of the hundreds of millions of dollars that are being withdrawn from the banks of those states for the purchase of Florida land.

People who have embarked on any such movement as the movement to Florida, and who are burning with a fever as consuming as Florida fever, do not crave advice or information. What they crave is action—and profits. Here and there among the fever-stricken mob, however, there may be one whose brain still retains a small cool spot. For the benefit of such persons, they should be urged to invest in no Florida development until they have written or telegraphed to the State Chamber of Commerce in Jacksonville and found out whether the development is worthy of consideration.

And it might further be added, without going into too much detail at the moment, that it is possible for anyone to see, in all parts of Florida, a number of developments sponsored by reputable persons that are not being lived on, and would be most unpleasant to live on, and probably will not be lived on with any degree of fluency during the next quarter century, if ever.

There are fine, rapidly growing cities in Florida, and extremely good developments that will always be popular, and moderately good developments that will always be lived on, and poor developments, and utterly hopeless developments; and anybody who thinks that he is capable of buying the right sort of property in these places at a distance of 2000 or 1500 miles—or even five miles—ought to be able to have himself admitted to any insane asylum by a unanimous vote of all the alienists in America.

GORHAM SILVER

WILLIAM MUNN SMITH, *a Master Craftsman for 20 years at the Kerr Division—the Gorham workshop of Santa Claus*

Ask your jeweler for a copy of the beautiful Gorham gift book—32 pages showing 162 gift suggestions.

For Christmas . . . The Master Craftsmen at the three division factories of the Gorham Company have worked throughout the year preparing for this Christmas. Every conceivable gift that can be wrought in sterling silver has been produced by these distinguished artists. Your best jeweler has them.

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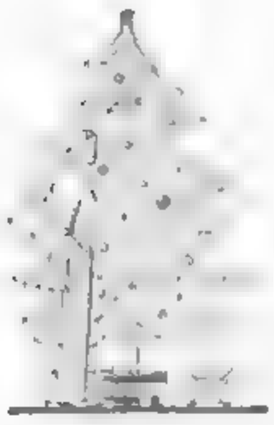


"What I want for Christmas and why" *by the American Man*

"I HOPE your gift to me will be good-looking, yet neither 'loud' nor extreme in any way, *especially* if it's an article of wearing apparel.

"I hope it will be constantly *useful*, not simply ornamental, but sensible and enduringly *practical* as well.

"And last but not least, I hope your present will not be a fragile, delicate thing—but a gift that will continue to bring me pleasure, comfort and happiness long after Christmas itself is forgotten."

THE gift that will please him MOST is a "travelo"—for this famous knit jacket combines *all* the attributes of the *perfect* Christmas gift. It is strikingly handsome and constantly useful; there's a real need for it every day in the year. And the man or boy who gets the "travelo" you give will *still* be thankful to you many months after Christmas has been forgotten

The snug comfort, smart style and amazing durability of "travelo" has made it equally popular with all men, all classes. Men who find an overcoat inconvenient wear "travelo"; the policeman on the corner wears a "travelo" under his uniform; schoolboys, professors, business men, sportsmen and millionaire golfers who can afford whatever suits them best—these are a few of the numberless types of men who, combined, have bought over one million "travelo" knit jackets and vests. You are safest in giving a gift for which men show this *overwhelming* preference!

At almost any good store you can see "travelo" knit jackets in a wide variety of models, colors and heather mixtures There are two pocket and four pocket styles; plain or belted backs; smart, brushed slip-overs and handsome one or two-color vests. From this attractive selection you can easily choose jackets that will delight every man or boy on your list. And "travelo's" very modest price will gratify you as much as the jackets themselves will please the men to whom you give!

PECKHAM - FOREMAN, Inc.,
1909-1915 Park Ave., New York City

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

CAN THE COUNTRY VILLAGE COME BACK?

Continued from Page 41

small town usually held the trade of its citizens and of the farming community within horse-and-buggy distance, though there was always some tendency to spend money away from home. Often there was the feeling that the home-town merchants charged higher prices than city merchants. Sometimes people went to the city to buy simply because it was pleasant to intimate to their friends that their tastes were a little above small-town standards.

Does this last appear too frivolous a reason to be counted as a factor in the industrial life of a nation? Ask any retail merchant of more than twenty years' experience. It is not a frivolous reason when one considers that practically all buying, outside of the sheer necessities of food and articles of bodily comfort, is done with the idea of heightening the sense of personal importance. Because of this the village storekeeper was handicapped by the competition of the county seat; the merchant in the county seat played a losing game because of the state metropolis; from the latter place money flowed to still more important centers. To be able to say that an article was purchased in Chicago, in New York, in Paris, has been the deciding factor in a myriad of commercial transactions.

These tendencies still exist, but vastly less than twenty years ago; for to the small-town person the big city is no more the mysterious romantic maelstrom that it used to be. The present-day youth who gets into the family car and runs a hundred miles to a football game or makes a summer trip across the continent knows that life in the big cities is an everyday affair of work little different from that of the home town. Automobiles have evened up things between city and country. Moving pictures have had a similar effect. The village or country girl of the 90's visiting in the city was wistfully out of the conversation when her companions spoke knowingly of Joe Jefferson or Mansfield, Jean de Reszke or Adelina Patti. The country girl of today is disturbed by no such inferiority complex; for on the picture screen of her home village she sees the same dramatic stars as her city cousins, and through her talking machine and radio set is acquainted with the voices of the same operatic performers.

Bill in the Big City

There is another potent influence working toward the rehabilitation of the small town and village as a trading center. When great factories began to supplant the strictly local producers and to advertise their goods everywhere at similar prices, there came about for the first time a definite stabilization of values. The small-town merchant could no longer be suspected of charging a higher price than his big-city competitor, because the price tag was put on at the factory itself. Even in the matter of authoritativeness of style the small town need no longer defer to the metropolis.

During the preparation of this article I have been favored with a visit from a member of the present generation whose home is in one of the rural counties of Western New York State. As reward for meritorious work on the farm during the past summer, Bill was allowed the exclusive use of the family flivver for a period of ten days. Quite as a matter of fact he drove four hundred miles to Philadelphia to see a football game, gave Atlantic City a one-day inspection and then came on to New York to see what was doing in the metropolis. I myself was also eighteen years of age when I first visited New York, coming from Bill's home township, and I was curious to see if my inferiority complex of that time would be reproduced in him.

If Bill had an inferiority complex he did not show it at any moment during his three-day visit. He spoke well of the architecture of the Public Library, but many of the Broadway skyscrapers he found inartistic. In a Greenwich Village restaurant he was not afraid pleasantly to insist that the waiter bring a cup of black coffee instead of one that had been diluted with cream. He was quietly amused at the old-fashioned horse cabs that clustered along the curb in front of the Waldorf-Astoria entrance on Thirty-fourth Street. On the last day we were standing at the show window of a great Madison Avenue clothing establishment inspecting the fall offerings for young men, and I suggested that he might wish to take home to Wyoming County a suit of clothes in the latest New York style. Bill peered through the plate glass critically.

"I wouldn't care to be bothered carrying a bundle all the way home," he remarked. "Besides, if I wanted pants as wide as those, I could get them in the village. Mr. Kingdon handles that same brand."

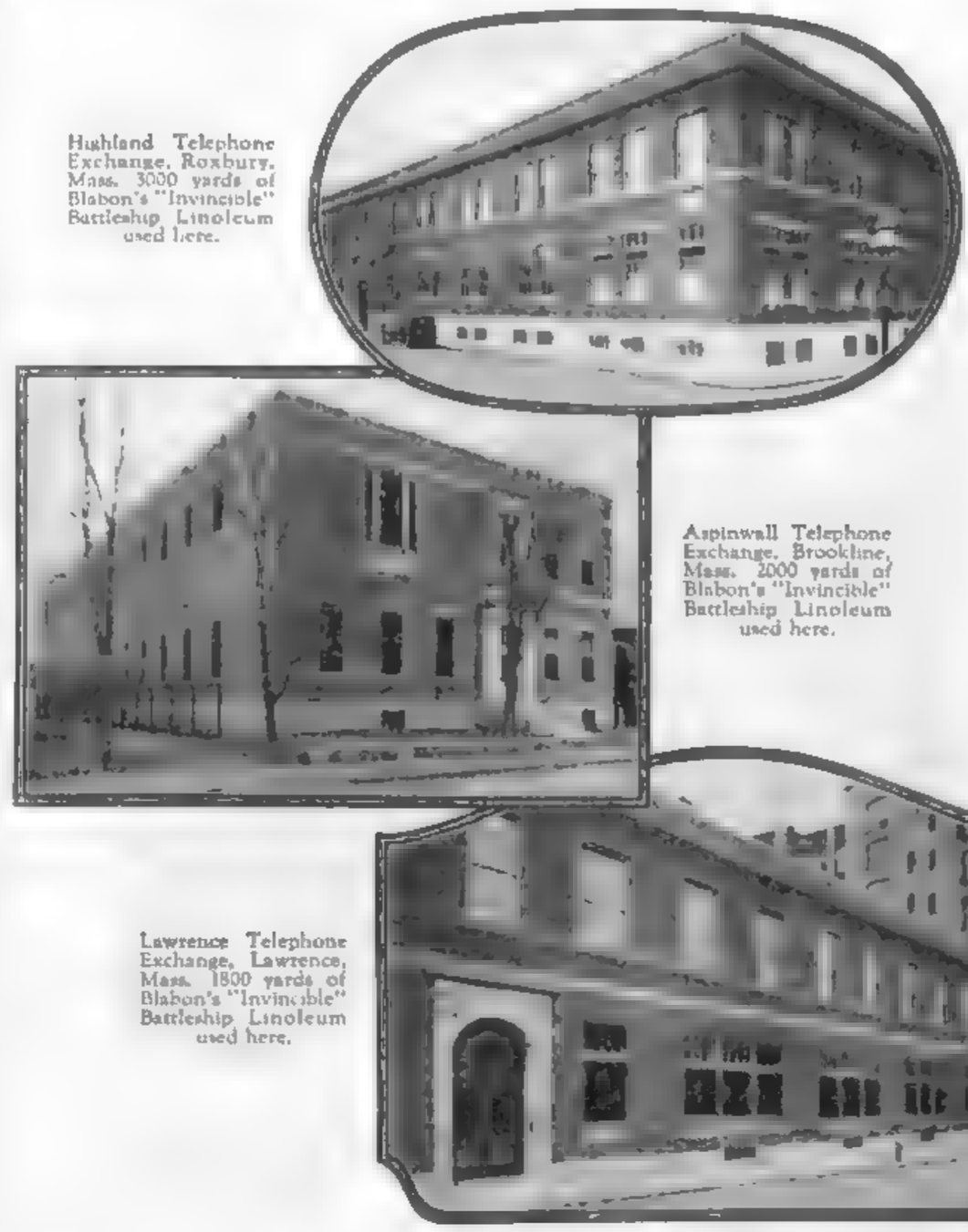
Traffic and the Motor Customer

To Bill, and ten million others of the present generation, New York is just another place full of the same kind of people they know at home. It has lost the mysterious authority that it had for my generation of some thirty years ago when, coming from Bill's township, I spent my own first night in the metropolis. I still remember with shame that I went meekly to bed in the dark in the hotel hard by the Christopher Street ferry because the proprietor suggested that a lamp was unnecessary. At least one obstacle is out of the way in the fight to bring back the small town. People no longer stand in awe of the big city. They back their own judgment; they will buy in the village without question if they see what they want.

The village merchant has a more equal chance. Now let us see what has been going on in the retail districts of the cities. In a recent exhibition of a New York City historical society there was a large poster that was printed less than fifty years ago to the order of certain merchants on Sixth Avenue. It was at the time when the elevated railroad was being proposed for that thoroughfare, and copies of this poster were displayed on the billboards of the metropolis as earnest propaganda against its erection. In heavy black type the poster announced that an elevated railway would not only be unsightly and destroy property values but would be a menace to life itself. The puffing engines would frighten horses; there would be runaways; frantic animals would dash about the streets and on the sidewalks. To make the warning more impressive there was a large woodcut showing Sixth Avenue in the wildest disorder—coachmen vainly trying to control their teams, policemen running hither and yon, narrow-waisted ladies frantically waving their arms for assistance. One determined pair of horses was plunging into the entrance of a retail store, while their driver flung himself from the carriage.

Not only have horses, like people, become more sophisticated and city broken, but one can hardly imagine a group of merchants today entering a protest against any reasonable form of transportation that would bring people to their doors, for the city retailer is faced with difficulties not dreamed of even fifteen years ago. Congestion of downtown streets has reached the point where there can be little of the "carriage trade" that obtained in former days. In some of the larger cities, department stores have inaugurated bus systems to bring clients in from suburbs and near-by towns—an expensive form of enterprise but evidently necessary. Predictions are made that the future metropolitan department store will be obliged to maintain branches in outlying portions of its community as a means of overcoming downtown congestion.

6000 yards in these buildings!



Highland Telephone Exchange, Roxbury, Mass. 3000 yards of Blabon's "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum used here.

Aspinwall Telephone Exchange, Brookline, Mass. 2000 yards of Blabon's "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum used here.

Lawrence Telephone Exchange, Lawrence, Mass. 1800 yards of Blabon's "Invincible" Battleship Linoleum used here.

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George N. Butz, Superintendent of Buildings for the New York Telephone Company, writing recently in "Buildings and Building Management" says:

"Of the floor surfaces in our buildings the major portion is covered with linoleum, which is cleaned through the application of a liquid wax, insuring by this method longer life and better appearance than where water is used for cleaning."

Expensive refinishing of floors now gives place to an occasional waxing and polishing of linoleum, which preserves its original beauty, and even mellows it with age.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

Beside the Blabon Plain Linoleums there are beautiful patterns in Moulded Inlaids, Marble Tiles, Parquetry designs and Jaspé Linoleums—soft ruffled water effects—that are particularly suited for stores and offices, as well as for the home.

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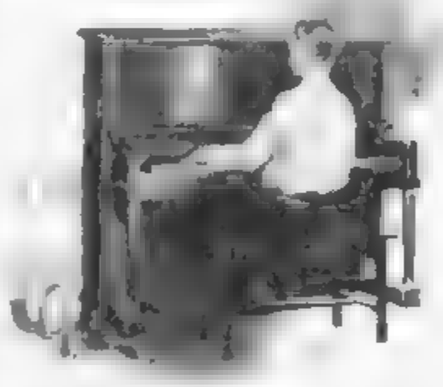
Just what is needed for homes, apartments or bungalows, where space is a problem



ONLY 3 feet 8 inches tall is this remarkable Wurlitzer Studio Piano. Diminutive enough to go almost anywhere even in the smallest room. Light enough to be carried by two people. Yet, it is wonderfully well built and exquisitely designed.

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This tiny instrument possesses all the bell-like clarity of tone for which Wurlitzer has always been famous. It has, too, the deep, rich volume heretofore associated only with much larger pianos. There is the full 88 note scale, of course.

So, at last, the problem of piano space in bungalows, summer cottages, conservatories, nurseries, school rooms, and dozens of other places, has become a thing of the past.

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The matter of price, too, is now solved for many. The Wurlitzer Studio Piano costs only $295 and up. With player action its price is $445 and up. Prices are F. O. B. factory.

See these remarkable little pianos at any Wurlitzer store. You'll be astounded at their mechanical perfection.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Studio Piano
PIANOS • ORGANS • HARPS • MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

This state of affairs is not only confined to cities of big-league caliber. A few weeks ago I was in a New England town of less than 40,000 inhabitants, and noticed the advertisements of the principal department store to the effect that a near-by vacant lot had been leased as free parking space for its automobile customers. In conversation with the merchant he stated his move was only a makeshift and necessarily temporary, because if the lot should be sold he would lose his lease. It was also expensive because it called for the employment of two men to look after it

"But what else can I do?" was his final comment. "Every day I have been hearing stories that my customers in the surrounding country were staying away from the city and doing much of their trading in the crossroads villages. If that sort of thing goes on long enough my country customers will get out of the habit of trading in the city altogether."

Here is about the way the situation stands: The small town has a chance to continue to function usefully as a trading center, but the small-town merchant must be as skillful as his big-city competitor There is also need for intelligent teamwork Not the kind of teamwork represented by a boosting commercial club that makes its major activity an annual banquet or setting up cordially worded signs on the outskirts, but the kind of teamwork that analyzes actual conditions and sets about rationally to work on them. The experiences of two villages in a certain Western state shows what may be done. Let us call them by the fictitious names of Smithville and Johnstown

These two villages, each of about 2000 people, lie a dozen miles apart and both are twenty-five miles from a city of more than 100,000 population. In the old days, there was some tendency among the farmers to go to the city for important purchases, but in the horse-and-buggy period this required a railroad journey and considerable expense in time and money, so both villages fairly held the trade of their respective territories. With the coming of automobiles and good roads all this was changed. The farmers who had previously been held down to a radius of half a dozen miles suddenly found themselves able almost at will to visit the city, where shopping was vastly more exciting, and where the stocks carried by merchants were so complete that there was seldom difficulty in finding what was wanted. In the space of five years both Smithville and Johnstown found themselves fallen from the importance of small capitals to rather unimportant suburbs of the big city. Farmers would run in to the villages for convenience purchases only, and the decline in business was progressive, because the local merchants, with fewer opportunities for sales, could not afford to carry representative stocks. More and more it became the fashion among the farmers to tell each other that there was no use in trying to buy anything in Smithville or Johnstown because one could never be sure of seeing a reasonable selection of goods.

Competing With City Stores

Johnstown accepted the situation and let Nature take its course, with the result that there is actually less business transacted within its confines than fifteen years ago. It used to have a public library, but the institution died from lack of support. The community house, formerly a rendezvous for visiting farmer families, also went by the board. The moving-picture theater runs two nights a week instead of six, as formerly.

It is possible Smithville would have similarly declined except for the energy of one man whom I will call Howard, who had inherited from his father one of the three general stores of the town. Before coming into proprietorship of the store young Howard had spent a couple of years working in mercantile establishments in the city, and when he came back home to take charge of the family enterprise he had a sense of the uphill conditions that faced him. It was a typical general store of the old style, handling dry goods, mens' clothing, groceries, shoes and even a line of furniture and caskets. Its total yearly business was around $60,000.

With this limited volume, it was of course impossible to carry a complete stock in any one line. In Howard's experience in city stores he had been used to selling from stocks comprehensive enough to suit the needs of all customers, and it irked him when in his own Smithville establishment people would enter, willing to buy, but go away again because they could not be shown the things they wanted. The other Smithville stores were in the same fix as himself; and he knew human nature well enough to realize that each time a person came to town, only to be disappointed, that person would be the more liable to pass up Smithville and go to some other place in the future. Figuring it all out, he could only arrive at one conclusion: Unless Smithville could make itself a more satisfactory trading center it would in time become merely a wide place in the road, an unimportant suburb of the city twenty-five miles away.

A Town of Specialty Shops

There was a commercial club in town, but it had become rather a moribund affair, its headquarters in a second floor room on Main Street being used principally as a convenient place for the business men to smoke and play checkers after closing hours. One evening Howard happened in and chanced to get into conversation with a merchant who ran Smithville's only exclusive shoe store, and who was vastly pessimistic over the situation. The shoe dealer was of opinion that the day of the country town was over; that as facility of transportation progressed still further a few key cities in each state would become the exclusive trading centers for everything except minor convenience goods. He was inclined to be acrimonious, saying the farmers ought to appreciate the advantages of keeping up local trading centers, but instead they carried their money away to the big cities, where it never did them any good once it left their hands. Howard contested this attitude.

"The farmers are just the same as we are," he said. "They are looking out for their own interests, which is perfectly proper. If Smithville can't make itself as desirable a place to trade as some other town, it doesn't deserve the business. If I was a farmer in this community I'm not so sure but that I'd do most of my trading in the city too."

The shoe dealer remarked tartly that this was strange talk from a man whose entire fortune was bound up in his home town.

"It isn't strange talk at all," Howard countered. "It's only business sense. Here we are, expecting people to come to Smithville to buy when there isn't a stock of goods on Main Street to compare with any one of fifty stocks in the city. Remember, when a family comes here to do its trading and finds it can't get suited in some of the things it wants, there is just that much time lost in making another trip to some other place."

The shoe dealer agreed with this statement, adding pessimistically that they were both in the same boat and could happily starve together.

"But I don't believe we need to starve," Howard said, "if we use a little common sense. As I see it, we merchants are competing with each other when we ought to coöperate. For instance, you have the only exclusive shoe store in town, but four others of us handle shoes as side lines. Would you mind telling me how much your stock amounts to?"

The shoe dealer stated he had an investment of about $7000.

"Of course you can't compete with the big-city stores on a stock like that," said Howard. "I carry about $4000 worth of shoes myself. Suppose I close out my shoe line; that would make one less stock in

(Continued on Page 217)

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The things you'd love to say
to those you'd love to see
on Christmas Day

ENRICH CHRISTMAS for your friends by remembering them; for if each of us could know how remembrance begets friendship, none of us would ever forget a friend.

Send Christmas Cards. They express what is far more precious than the costliest of material gifts. They express the gifts of the spirit. They say all the kindly, loving things your heart would love to say to those you'd love to see on Christmas Day.

Buy your Christmas Cards early—when the shops are quiet and uncrowded, and the selections fresh and varied. And mail your Christmas Cards early.

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BUY CHRISTMAS CARDS EARLY ~ MAIL THEM EARLY

(Continued from Page 214)

town. If I did that, couldn't you profitably carry a bigger stock?"

It stood to reason that if there was one less stock in town the shoe dealer would get a chance at more customers; and if he had more customers he could afford to carry assortments that would put him more nearly on a par with the dealers in the city.

"I'm not making this proposition out of pure unselfishness," Howard told his friend, "but because I believe it is a way out. I have decided to quit being a country merchant. I am going to try to be a first-class merchant in the country. My best-paying line is dry goods; I propose to cut out everything else and put all my capital into dry goods alone. Then I can show people large enough assortments to make a bid for their trade and perhaps keep them from running off to the city to spend their money."

From this conference of the two merchants grew a vastly more scientific grouping of the stocks of merchandise on Smithville's Main Street. Howard definitely changed his place from a general store into an exclusive ladies' emporium, with show windows patterned after Fifth Avenue and equipment and decorations like those of a first-class shop in a city of 100,000, rather than those of a country village of 2000 population. One of the other general merchants was persuaded to close out his shoes to the exclusive shoe dealer, permitting the latter still further to increase his assortments. Others made similar changes, and today Smithville is a town of up-to-date specialty stores. Even the young lady who has the millinery shop makes her two trips to Chicago each year and does an annual business of more than $10,000.

All this was not accomplished in a day, and there are still some weak spots. Good stocks of hardware are tremendously important for a town depending on farmer trade, for the farmer wants his hardware when he wants it; and if he cannot be sure of obtaining his hardware needs in one town he is liable to get in the habit of going to some other place for all his purchases. In Smithville there are three hardware stores when by rights there should be only two; a situation that prevents any one of them from carrying a really comprehensive stock. Two of the stores do a fair business; but the third is, as one of the citizens told me, a "trading proposition." How appropriate this description is may be visualized from the fact that in eight years the store has changed hands precisely seven times. Naturally it has not been profitable; but as my informant told me, it has been kept going because of the eagerness of certain wholesalers, who cannot sell the leading dealers, to have an outlet for their merchandise. Yet even these eager wholesalers can have made little profit, for out of the seven proprietors of the store three went bankrupt owing money they could not pay.

Pessimism at the Crossroads

Yet, in spite of this weak link, the rearrangement of Smithville's business district has been a success. The surrounding residents begin to look on it as "their town"; the commercial club has doubled the membership of a few years ago, most of the increase coming from farmer joiners. Fewer home boys are leaving town, because there are more jobs to be had in Smithville. There is a new city hall that contains an auditorium for social gatherings and for lectures and concerts, and a hospital that cost $100,000. From a strictly business standpoint the results have been even greater than expected. In order to make citified specialty stores pay where only country general stores existed before, it is of course necessary to attract more clients. Smithville has done this. It is no unusual thing for merchants to wait on people who have come thirty or forty miles to do their trading. Howard, the man who first started the ball rolling, has had an increase in his business that would seem unbelievable were it not for the fact that his statement is backed up by his books and verified by Smithville's leading banker. Where formerly in his general store he sold around $60,000 a year, now his sales of dry goods average annually a quarter of a million dollars!

Everywhere in the country there are Smithvilles and Johnstowns whose survival or decline rests with their storekeepers. Recently I spent some days driving about a New England territory contiguous to a city of the 100,000 class for the purpose of talking to the merchants of the towns and crossroads villages. In presenting the results of these interviews I quote as nearly as possible each speaker's precise words. Many of the merchants were decidedly pessimistic.

This is what the proprietor of a hardware and furniture store said, in a village ten miles from the city: "We have noticed a big change in our furniture business and it has dropped off 50 per cent. People go to the city, where they get a better selection, and the more they buy there the less we can afford to stock to give them a selection."

The druggist in a village twenty-five miles from the city said: "I get most of my business from the older people. The young crowd have got the going fever and as a result buy a lot of their toilet goods and drugs in the city."

The proprietor of a general store fifteen miles from the city said: "You can see by this store what the farmers buy in our lines here. The majority of the farmers drive into the city to do most of their buying. They just buy the staples in this town."

Drawing Customers to the Country

Another general-store merchant in the same community said: "This store formerly sold clothing, women's ready-to-wear, hardware, and so on. You see we now have only groceries and notions. With good roads and automobiles, we just simply can't compete with the bigger places."

From these interviews one would conclude that the country village is headed toward extinction. Yet the evidence lost something of its force when one considered the situation that obtained in still another community that I visited eighteen miles from the city, and no more favorably located than the places where the pessimists themselves did business. There was a population of perhaps 500 people. The double-track railroad stretched away toward the city with a dozen trains a day in each direction and a hard-surfaced automobile road also invited travel toward the big shopping center. Yet there was no apparent lack of commerce, for one was able to count more than thirty automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles disposed about the commercial district of four stores, two garages and a bank. It required no great acumen to realize that here was a regular business town.

Throughout the day's ride I had constantly heard mentioned the name of a certain merchant in this place who was reported to possess some latent genius for getting and holding the trade of the countryside; it was easy to recognize his store even without seeing his name on the signboard, for it was by all odds the most important-appearing establishment in the community, full fifty feet wide and more than double that depth. Its great show windows were trimmed like those of a metropolitan shop, its long aisles banked high with merchandise, and at the rear was a space furnished with chairs and writing tables for the free use of clients and their friends. At one side was a glassed-in office, where two bookkeepers worked; one thought the proprietor of so important an establishment would be there, but instead Mr. Blank was on the sales floor actively waiting on customers along with his corps of clerks.

Mr. Blank appeared more like a farmer than a captain of industry, which was not to be wondered at, for he has been a merchant only fifteen years—until forty he was a farmer. The thought occurred that perhaps this limited experience had something

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YES, stunningly good looking. Stylish with your finest apparel. Comfortable with the first wearing. But more than being all that, NUNN-BUSH oxfords are ankle-fashioned! No unsightly gapping; no slipping at the heel.
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When you give your boy or girl a Flexible Flyer for Christmas, you're giving all outdoors and healthful thrilling fun for many years to come. Wholesome, outdoor sport that puts color in their cheeks and sparkle in their eyes.

Every youngster wants a Flexible Flyer, no matter how many other sleds he has. Because there's no other sled that's as speedy, no other sled as safe, no other sled that steers as surely around the sharpest curve, no other sled that has that rugged, built-in quality that stands up under roughest usage.

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Ask your dealer, or write to us, for Free cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers and how to get an "Expert Coaster" button. S. L. Allen & Co., Inc., Dept. 15, Philadelphia, Pa.

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to do with his success, for he did not seem at all like the other merchants I had interviewed, who remembered and sighed for the good old times. I asked him how it was that with the city so near and with everyone owning automobiles, he could have done what he had.

"I've never heard of any make of automobile," Mr. Blank replied stoutly, "that will only run in one direction. A car that will take country folks to the city will just as easy take city folks to the country, won't it?"

No one could gainsay this statement, but there had to be some reason why automobiles ran toward Mr. Blank's place but ran away from the stores of his brother merchants whom I had interviewed. Mr. Blank explained it in a sentence.

"Nobody has got a mortgage on the trade of his community," he said, "and when you hear a storekeeper grouching because people don't deal with him it's usually because he doesn't offer them inducements enough."

What inducements, I asked, could a country merchant offer against the attractions of the big-city stores with their attractive surroundings and necessarily more complete assortments?

"I guess about the best inducement there is," answered Mr. Blank, "centers around a person's pocketbook. A country storekeeper can sell cheaper. That is," he added with a touch of pardonable self-complacency, "if he happens to be a real business man."

He conducted me to the glassed-in bookkeepers' office, took from a hook on the wall a bill for merchandise that had just arrived and showed me the wholesale cost. Then we went to the back of the store, where a clerk was arranging and pricing the merchandise for retail sale. The margin between wholesale and retail figures was precisely 10 per cent!

"Of course I don't sell everything that close," Mr. Blank explained frankly. "Nobody can exist on a straight 10 per cent margin. But the point is, I can sell a good share of my stuff at that margin and get away with it when the city merchant couldn't."

He made a sweeping motion of his arm to indicate the extent of his establishment:

"If I had a building as big as this in the retail section of the city, it would cost me $1000 a month rent at least. I happen to own this building, but even if I rented it the cost wouldn't be more than $100 a month. Right there, you see, is enough of a saving to allow for some pretty close selling. Even a 10 per cent profit counts up when your expenses are low and when you do a big volume of business!"

A Farmer Behind the Counter

Right there, it seemed, Mr. Blank was a little unfair toward his brother country merchants. He condemned them for not offering enough inducements to the people of their communities. He himself could offer goods at 10 per cent profit because he did a big volume of business. But how about those who didn't do a big volume? If a merchant was selling only a few thousand dollars' worth of goods a year and tried to do business on a 10 per cent margin, the chances are the sheriff would get him before he had a chance to work up a big volume.

Even Mr. Blank had no infallible prescription for such a condition. He only knew how he had managed for himself. When he changed from farming fifteen years ago he had a pretty rough time of it for a while. It was just when the automobile fever was starting, and every time a farmer bought a car it seemed as though he tried to justify his extravagance by running into the city with it to do his trading, on the theory that he could save money. Mr. Blank put a big sign on the front of his store stating he would refund the difference on any article that could be bought cheaper in the city than at his store. This helped a little, but Mr. Blank believes it was his personal attitude in the matter that had the best effect.

"Even when things were hardest," he remarked shrewdly, "I never let on that I thought people ought to trade with me simply because I was a neighbor. It always makes people mad to think you are trying to boss them. I just held my expenses down to where I could match the prices of any competition, and then tried to give extra good attention to the customers who did come to me."

Service for the Prompt Payer

There was one question I wanted to ask Mr. Blank. One of the small-town merchants I had interviewed complained that he could not get certain well-known lines of goods because some of the city stores made the manufacturers promise not to sell any other dealers within a certain radius. Did Mr. Blank ever have any difficulties of that sort?

Mr. Blank's answer to this inclined to sarcasm.

"I've never yet found anyone too good to take my money," he said; "and if that storekeeper, whoever he was, had told me such a thing I would have liked to ask him whether he paid his bills with cash or conversation!"

Mr. Blank believes firmly that a merchant's success or failure depends more than anything else on financing. He has little patience with the amateur writers and lecturers who never faced a pay roll in their lives, but who constantly threaten storekeepers with the direst results if they do not discount their bills and earn their 2 per cent.

Mr. Blank himself has seen many a time in the old days when he could not discount his bills, but just the same he always stuck to certain rules. If a manufacturer's terms were thirty days net, he paid the bill in thirty days, even though he had to borrow the money to do it. If the bill was discountable in ten days, Mr. Blank never let it run eleven or twelve days and then take the discount anyhow.

"Even when I was farming," he commented, "I noticed that the man who had a reputation as a prompt payer always got the best service. The same thing applies to storekeeping; and when I hear a merchant complain that certain manufacturers won't sell him because he is small, I always wonder how he pays. You know most any manufacturer would rather sell little bills and get his money promptly than sell big bills and wonder when the check was going to arrive!"

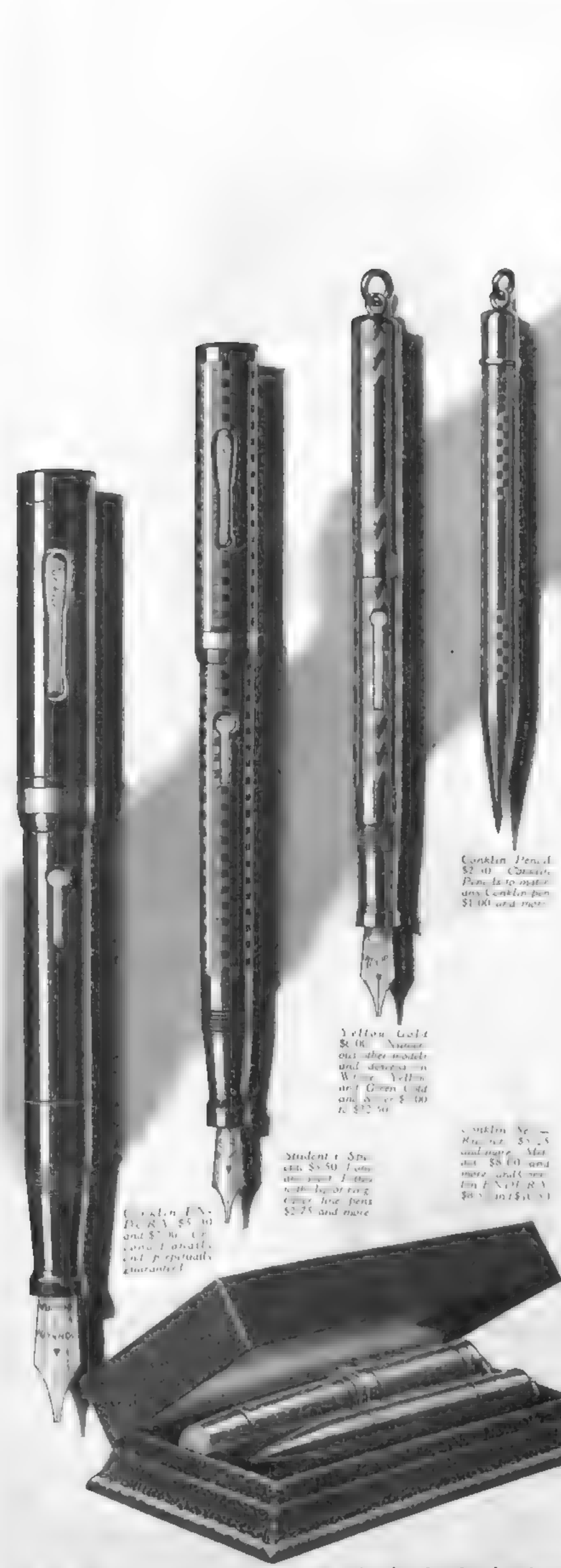
These things were vastly interesting as showing how a country merchant can make money for himself; but, I reminded Mr. Blank, that was not precisely the object of my visit. What I wanted to consider was this: Everyone believes the country village is a good thing and ought to survive. What argument could Mr. Blank advance to prove that the country storekeeper really earns his keep and deserves the support of his community?

"If that is what you want to know," he said spiritedly, "I'll tell you what I occasionally say to some of the people around here when they get to talking about how grand it is to trade in the city."

Mr. Blank struck the attitude of an after-dinner orator, his counter serving as speakers' table:

"It's just as much your interest as mine to keep this village going. If you run off twenty or thirty miles to the city every time you want to buy anything, you don't really belong anywhere. You're just an outsider looking in.

"Now let's put it on a cold-blooded business basis. Suppose there wasn't any village here, what would happen? Whenever you needed anything you'd have to waste your time and use a lot of gasoline to go to some far-away place. Count all that up for a year and see what it would cost you. I'll bet there isn't a farm within five miles of my store but that is actually worth five or ten dollars an acre more because I keep a fine stock of goods right here in the village!"



Who Writes, Remembers

Among the unforgettable things which sentiment renders to life are written pages of solicitude and remembrance Often a package of letters brittle and yellow with age is the most precious possession of one who has millions in money.

No less rich in sentiment and value is the pen or pencil from which thought flows into words. And none can use a Conklin Pen or Pencil without appreciative remembrance of the one from whom it was received

Conklin serves the widest range of gift requirement. And every Conklin product embodies the traditions and the ideals of an organization which for more than twenty years has specialized intensively in making fine pens and pencils

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO. — TOLEDO, OHIO

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO BOSTON
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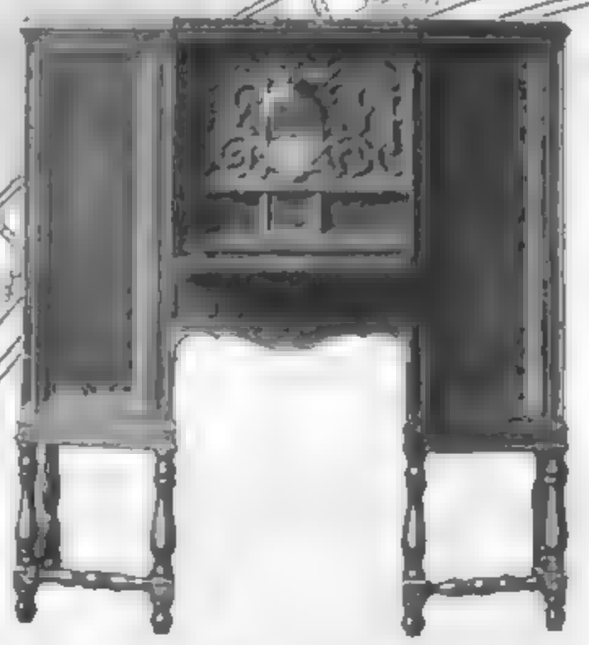
Conklin
Pens-Pencils-Sets

Ten Tubes!

Super-Zeniths priced from $240 to $355 —in DeLuxe Art Model Cabinets from $500 to $2,000. Other Zenith Sets $100 and $175



Super-Zenith DeLuxe English Model

Super-Zenith DeLuxe Colonial Model

Why Does the Zenith Cost More?

Any Super-Zenith owner will tell you that the instrument *does* more—consequently is *worth* more.

It does more because it brings in distant stations with ease and simplicity. It gives reproduction with full, rich tone values faithfully preserved.

The Super-Zenith costs more to make simply because it is a perfectly balanced radio instrument—produced with the skill and exactitude that go into a fine watch or any other piece of delicate mechanism.

After all is said and done, performance, not words, should be the deciding point in your purchase of a radio.

Hear a Super-Zenith—make comparisons—draw your own conclusions.

If you care to write, we'll gladly send literature and the name of nearest dealer.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
Straus Bldg., 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Super-Zenith Model VIII

Same as VII except—built with mahogany legs of well proportioned, appropriate design, converting model into console type.

Super-Zenith VII

Six tubes—2 stages tuned frequency amplification—detector and 3 stages audio frequency amplification. Installed in a beautifully finished cabinet of solid mahogany—44 inches long, 16½ inches wide, 10½ inches high. Compartments at either end for dry batteries.

Why did Commander MacMillan take Zenith to the Arctic?

Because—on his previous expedition, Zenith kept him in touch with civilization. Naturally, he again chose it because of first hand knowledge of its absolute dependability.

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
TRADE MARK REG.

It Costs more—But it Does more

BOHEMIANS DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 31

approximates fifty thousand dollars a year. "When you're sick you not only have to have a doctor, for instance, but a trained nurse too. And so in organizing a household that has any of the elements of livableness and hospitality you simply must have a certain amount of personal service Putting all the money in the world in a slot isn't going to produce anything to replace it."

In the absence of working out some new system in the domestic sphere which will be compatible with our national economic and political institutions, great numbers of our families are following the line of least resistence and moving into hotels or small compact apartments with varying amounts of central service.

This method of obtaining service undoubtedly points the way for the eventual solution of the problem, but as it is now used it cannot be regarded as more than a temporary makeshift.

The father of a wealthy family who recently moved into a splendid hotel apartment in a skyscraper building complained after a short time that he had rented too much space.

"Entirely superfluous—the living room and the library," he said. "All we use are the bedrooms. This isn't a home—it's just some place to sleep. When I was a boy we had a big family, and I don't suppose my father's income was one-twentieth of mine. But our house was the center for all our friends. Many a time we'd spend a whole evening just singing. My sister'd play the piano and all of us would sing. Or we'd play games. But the point I want to make is that my father and mother knew every friend any of us had. Do you suppose I know my children's crowd? Time after time my girl goes out with people I've never even seen. If they ever do come here for a moment or two I'm usually away." He smiled a little sheepishly. "Of course I'm not at home as much as my parents were either. I move around a good deal too."

We not only move from one point to another in the same city more than other people but we move more from one city to another. This characteristic has been produced by economic and temperamental factors peculiar to our country.

It is difficult for most foreigners to understand this migratory instinct.

Where Every Day is Moving Day

"In the book in which I keep the addresses of my American friends," said a popular foreign diplomat, "I never try to record their houses or apartments. They move around so frightfully! I write down the clubs—of the women as well as the men—so that I can be sure their mail will reach them. And even then I'm never certain that they'll remain in the same cities. I'm always astonished when I travel around the states, to find that the people I had connected with one city have moved themselves with no apparent qualms into some other state. Perhaps it's remained from your pioneering instinct."

Pioneering has never ceased to be a national characteristic and has never been confined to any one class or any one branch of life. This has resulted in a virile restless people with nomadic willingness to move from one area to another and then on to another newer one as fresh opportunity arises.

Even in this generation, some of the most ardent Californians were born in Iowa; in turn the parents of the Iowans may have been born in Ohio and the Ohioans descended from Eastern and Southern pioneers who had come to America from various countries of Europe.

In New York many of the so-called representative citizens, the brilliant lawyers, bankers, doctors, painters and merchants, have come from all parts of the United States.

And although it is true that Paris and London also attract the talented men of France and England, there is less actual uprooting in the European process because there men are much more apt to retain their identity with their individual communities. Mere geographical size makes this impossible many times in the United States.

A Frenchman who was contrasting this phase of life in Paris and New York turned to a prominent banker and said, "And do you retain your residence in your native city?"

The American smiled. "No, because my family moved away from it when I was a few years old. I grew up in another town and all my early associations are centered around it. But it's three days' and three nights' journey from New York on the fastest train. I couldn't possibly go back there often enough to keep in touch with my friends. Besides, many of them have in turn left it. My father's house was not built by him—I have a certain sentimental attachment for it, but not comparable of course to your attachment to your house which you say has been continuously in your family for many generations."

The Matter of Neighborhoods

In certain parts of our country there still are certain beautiful old houses which have been lived in by people of the same name for great numbers of years. This is so exceptional, however, that they are regarded as curiosities.

An old gentleman who was proud of having descended from a distinguished family in one of the earliest colonies paid a sentimental pilgrimage not long ago to the original site upon which his ancestor's house had stood three hundred years ago. This place in common with countless others had burned to the ground long ago, but the records of the courthouse show plainly its location. To his delight he learned at the near-by village that the adjacent seat of a family historically and socially prominent was not only still intact but was occupied by a descendant bearing the illustrious name.

The visitor hastened to call upon this fortunate resident. To his dismay and disillusionment he found that most of the beautiful rooms in the house had been closed off, that the gardens had been neglected and allowed to grow wild and that, in short, the place was shabby and inglorious through negligence and apathy.

"You say you envy me the privilege of living in this place?" inquired the owner. "Yes, I see what you mean. It's a fine house—or it would be if I had the money to keep it up."

When the stranger suggested that the land might be farmed to good advantage, another factor came out.

"Suppose I did succeed at making it pay and keeping the place up—what good would that do me? Why, I haven't a congenial neighbor for miles around."

This discloses one of the outstanding difficulties in our national social life. For with a country as large as ours and in comparison with European countries, as sparsely settled, the matter of neighborhoods is necessarily of great consequence.

And our tendency to move in answer to some economic or social urge sometimes, as in this particular case, results in sweeping away all the most enterprising members of a community and leaving high and dry one or two isolated families.

"The fact that a certain location was a good place for my grandfather to live in is no reason why I should want to live there," said a young man who had sold his family house the month after he had inherited it. "Conditions have changed."

This perhaps is the most pertinent answer to the foreigner who thinks it strange that so few Americans, even those who are

Give him a Thermo

THE outstanding gifts for any man—Thermo sport coats, knickers or vests to match, as you wish. Coat and knickers illustrated below retail at $20.00.

No matter which you buy, coat and knickers, separate coat or vest, you will make a hit, because Thermo is a Christmas gift, that can be worn the year 'round.

Thermo knitted garments are *guaranteed* all virgin wool. Obtainable in a variety of colors, including the latest popular shades, to suit all tastes.

Thermo wearers have written us they have had from two to six years' service from Thermo knitted garments. So, if you want service as well as good looks in knitted sport coats, vests or knickers, be sure to look for the Thermo hanger on each garment.

Write us if your dealer cannot supply you and we will see that you are supplied in time for Christmas.

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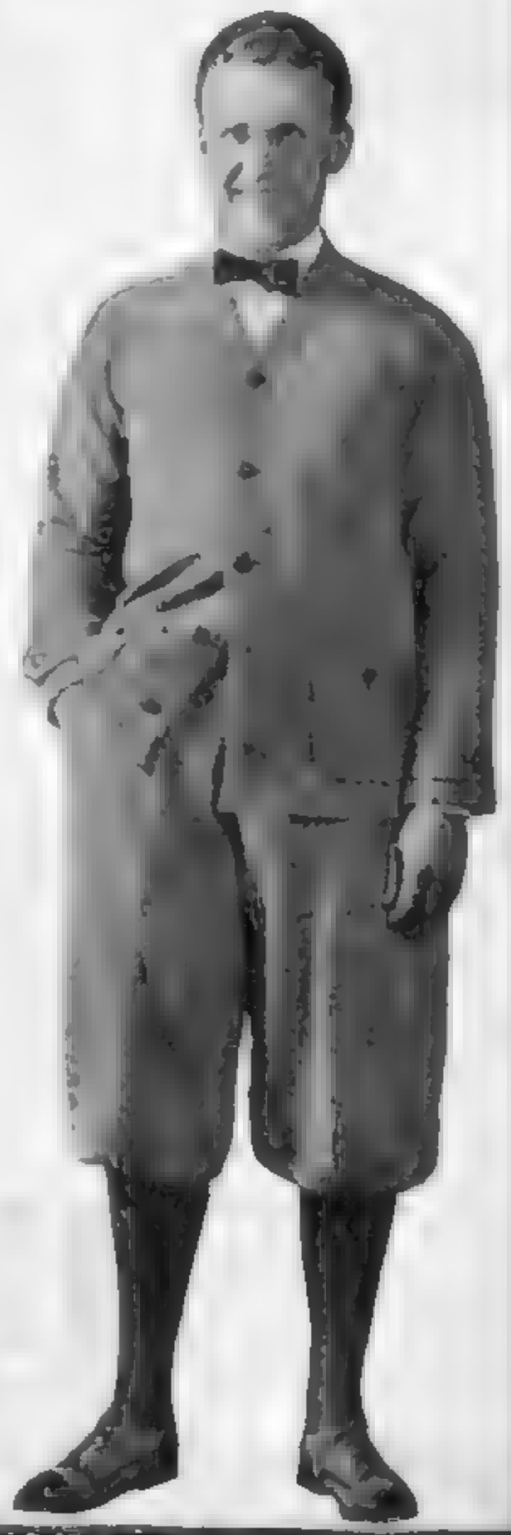

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Nature of Business

proudest of the achievements of their early ancestors, attempt to live in the same places.

"We might just as sensibly try to read by candlelight instead of electricity," added this same indifferent heir, "because our forefathers did it and they were great men. Of course you can do it in England and France because they've been stabilized for centuries. Conditions there—at least until just recently—haven't changed the way ours have."

A recent English writer touring the United States commented on the fact that except among the very rich on the one hand or the poor immigrant on the other, Americans showed almost no interest in gardening. She failed to realize apparently that the leisurely pursuit of gardening for pleasure signifies attachment to one's own soil. In a shifting moving population, where houses are rented instead of owned, even by many of the wealthy, few people of any race will spend the necessary care and affection on flowers destined to bloom for another tenant.

The constant changing of physical property and the resultant fluid state of neighborhoods have had a direct effect upon the personal element in society.

The young New York woman who said "We don't dare ask nowadays 'Who was her grandfather?'" was only partly correct.

There is another phrase current among the fortunately small group of snobbish expatriated Americans who, having turned their backs upon their own country, nevertheless cannot resist sitting in solemn judgment on their fellow countrymen.

One of this group, whose life has been spent in one American city and Europe, will be asked who another American, from some remote city, is. If she happens not to know, the answer will often be, "Oh, nobody one ever heard of!"

Of course this is meant to be a devastating comment, and it might be effective if we were a small compact unified country. But used by an American it is doubly ludicrous, for the chances are that most of the proud natives of Maine, for instance, have literally never heard of most of the representative Californians, and Bostonians rarely concern themselves with the lists of the socially elect in Atlanta, Georgia.

The Business of Being Somebody

It is manifestly impossible today to know the family and background of one's acquaintances with the thoroughness with which an earlier generation knew them. This produces some strange results, but on the whole its influence is excellent.

In one American community, for instance, a dozen or more families retained the houses in which their fathers and grandfathers had lived and with this physical background they inherited, also, the more intangible prestige which contributes largely to social leadership.

When occasional newcomers arrived they were taken on probation with great solemnity, and if, after long inspection, it was decided that they fitted in, they were granted the privilege of admission.

Suddenly to everyone's astonishment a totally new factor entered into the social life of the community. A huge industrial project was launched and with it came a number of able young men and their families.

The conservative group who had dominated the town's social life for so long now found themselves ignored. In the past newcomers had arrived one by one and so had been forced to take them seriously. But now an appreciable number of strangers who were socially self-sufficient changed the entire procedure.

They happened to be gay and amusing people who regarded it as absurd that anyone should be held in awe merely because three generations of the same name had lived in the same place.

"This continuity, far from having a good effect, has only succeeded in making them smug and self-centered," said one of the newcomers. She added that the two groups were now in a process of merging into a much more alive and interesting society. "No one can be duller than a well-bred person who's always lived in the same place. No effort is required of them; it's the old contrast between being and doing. I'm for doing."

Most Americans agree with her. Of course in common with all other countries we have a small percentage of snobs and social climbers to whom titles and mere names mean something of vital consequence, but by and large our national social life is distinguished by our demand that each person shall prove his or her individual worth.

An American who was dining at one of our embassies in a foreign country sat next to a woman who had no conversation at all beyond personal chatter.

Afterward someone said to him in an awed voice. "You had a wonderful place at the table, didn't you?"

The American looked surprised and the other said, "Why, didn't you realize that that woman in pink was the Princess of ——!"

"No, I didn't. But I'll say she's the dullest woman in the world."

Storming Social Citadels

"I don't think you understand yet she's not only the wife of the famous prince but she herself was born Duchess of ——. The family goes back two thousand years."

"Well," said the American, "if that's the best two thousand years can produce I believe more than ever in democracy."

Broadly speaking it is a national characteristic to challenge inherited distinction rather than to acquiesce in its implied superiority. In fact we demand more personal merit and not less from the possessor of a famous title or name.

"I'm not certain this isn't really an aristocratic principle rather than a tenet of democracy," said another English visitor. "Certainly no one who believes in heredity can deny it, and the one-generation people won't either."

An American woman whose husband is a foreign diplomat spoke one day of the great numbers of her countrywomen who in an earlier generation could not achieve social recognition in their own country, but had made places of distinction for themselves in Europe.

"Usually these women, in addition to wealth, had real social gifts which they weren't allowed to use at home because of some prejudice or other. But when they went to a foreign country where they were judged the way we judge foreigners—on their own merits—often they succeeded in penetrating social citadels unknown to other Americans who were better born but lacked individuality."

A foreigner of international distinction who visited in this country not long ago was entertained everywhere he went by people at the top of the social ladder. When he had returned to his beautiful old palace in Southern Europe someone asked him at dinner one night what he had enjoyed most about his trip.

To the surprise of everyone he said "My visit to ——" He named a famous moving-picture hero.

An American woman near him protested, "But didn't you meet So-and-So in Newport and So-and-So in Philadelphia?"

"Yes," he answered. "But in those places I met people who, though very nice in every way, were much like the same class of people the world around. In fact their great boast is of being cosmopolitan. Now my friends in California are colorful—they have true individuality."

He told of an amusing occasion when he had been staying with some friends of his in the East and had made very much this same comment.

"Very well," his hostess had declared. "If you're tired of this crowd who talk

(Continued on Page 225

A Boone for Christmas

YOU can't deny it. Your wife does not enjoy the hours spent in the kitchen as keenly as the hours she might spend in the parlor, on the automobile or at the theatre. Yet she spends those kitchen hours mostly for you, to promote your health and happiness. Some men think it is up to them to give the wife a modern kitchen, to promote her health and happiness, so she'll enjoy those kitchen hours as much as possible. And that means a Boone Cabinet.

Look at the matter fairly. You don't run your business without a typewriter. It would take too long to write your letters by hand. *No time for golf.* Or you don't run your store without convenient shelves or counters. It would take too long to wait on customers. *No time for Rotary meetings.* Or you don't run your farm without modern machinery. It would take too long to do the work. *No time for the radio.*

That's your wife's position, too. Let her also have time for golf, reading, motoring, clubbing, kaffee klatsching, and keeping up to you in work and play and wisdom. You pay the freight and collect the dividends, anyway.

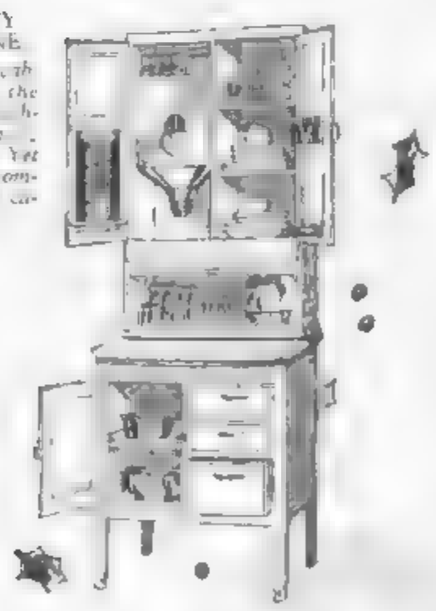
So get your wife a Boone for Christmas. It will so organize her cooking activities as to save her miles of needless steps. That will mean just this: fewer and happier hours in the kitchen, more time for other things, less fatigue, and better health.

But be sure it's a Boone, and not just merely *any* kitchen cabinet. The Boone *alone* was *designed by 369 women* and it *alone* contains *all* of the new ultra-modern features that your wife wants.

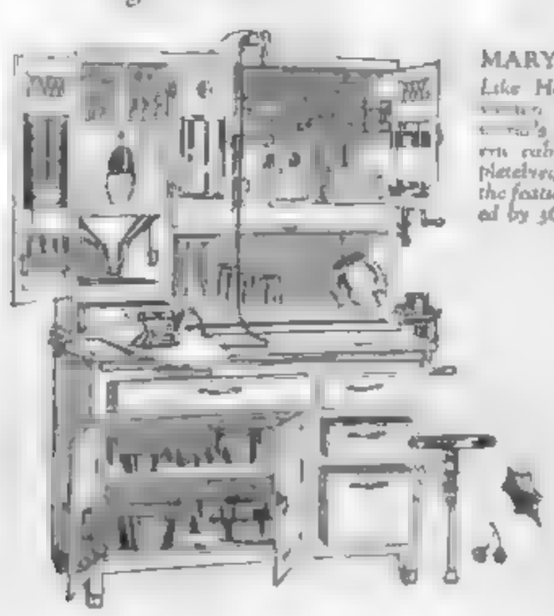
Only a Boone
(Designed by 369 Women)
has all of these new time- and labor-saving, ultra-modern features:

1. **An Electric Light,** to save your wife's precious eyesight.
2. **An Extra Socket,** for her electric iron, percolator, or toaster.
3. **An Ironing Board** that disappears out of the way under the top section.
4. **An Automatic Daily Reminder** that reminds her what to buy.
5. **A Baby Ben Alarm Clock** that calls her when the roast or cake is done.
6. **A Mirror,** for that hasty glance when she hears your footsteps coming.
7. **A Desk Section** that helps her run the business end of her kitchen efficiently.
8. **A Card Index System,** for her (and your) pet recipes.
9. **A Convenient Bread Board** that is a part of the sliding porcelitron table top and stops stooping
10. **Nested Cutlery Drawers** that slide out with the porcelitron table top—a great convenience.

—So Get Your Wife a Boone.



BETTY BOONE
A petite cabinet for the small kitchen, takes little room. Yet with it she can prepare and serve complete and appetizing meals.



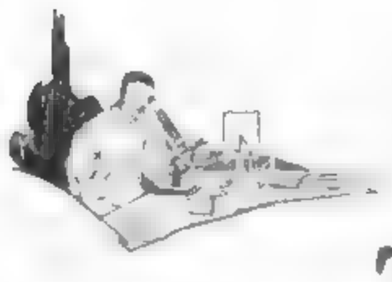
MARY BOONE
Like Helen Boone, shown above, the owner's ultra-modern cabinet. Completely equipped with the features "designed by 369 women."

Your wife's Christmas Boone can be delivered to your neighbor—so you can place it in your own kitchen Christmas Eve' or early Christmas Morn'—without your wife knowing a thing about it until she finds it there.

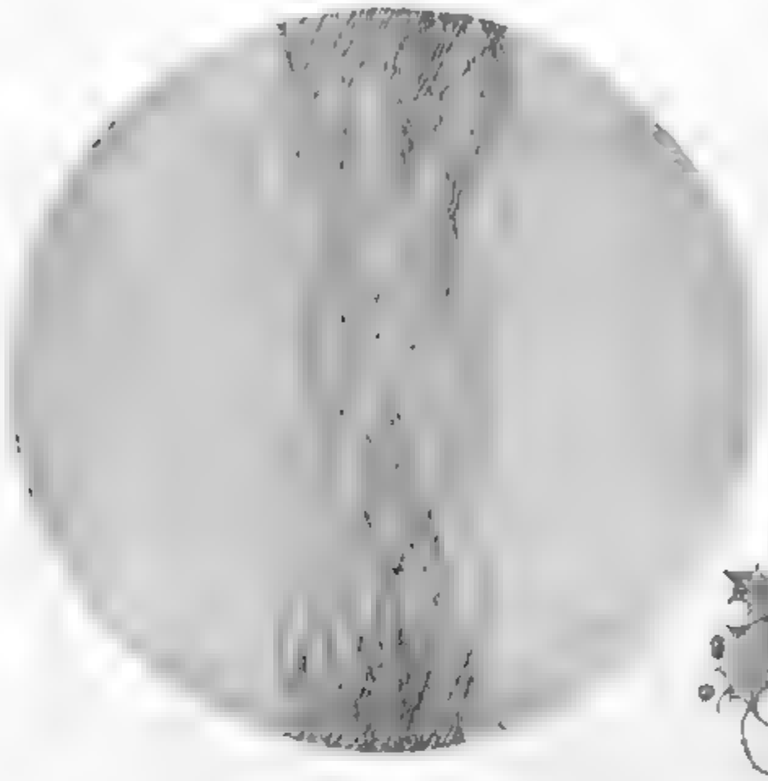
Leading furniture dealers handle Boone Cabinets. They come in a variety of sizes and prices, and are finished in golden oak, snow white enamel or grey. For Christmas delivery, better order early. Name of our dealer nearest you cheerfully sent you on request.

CAMPBELL-SMITH-RITCHIE COMPANY
The Oldest Manufacturers of Kitchen Cabinets in America

Boone



The micrograph tells the *inside story* of the phenomenal quality of Jantzen yarn

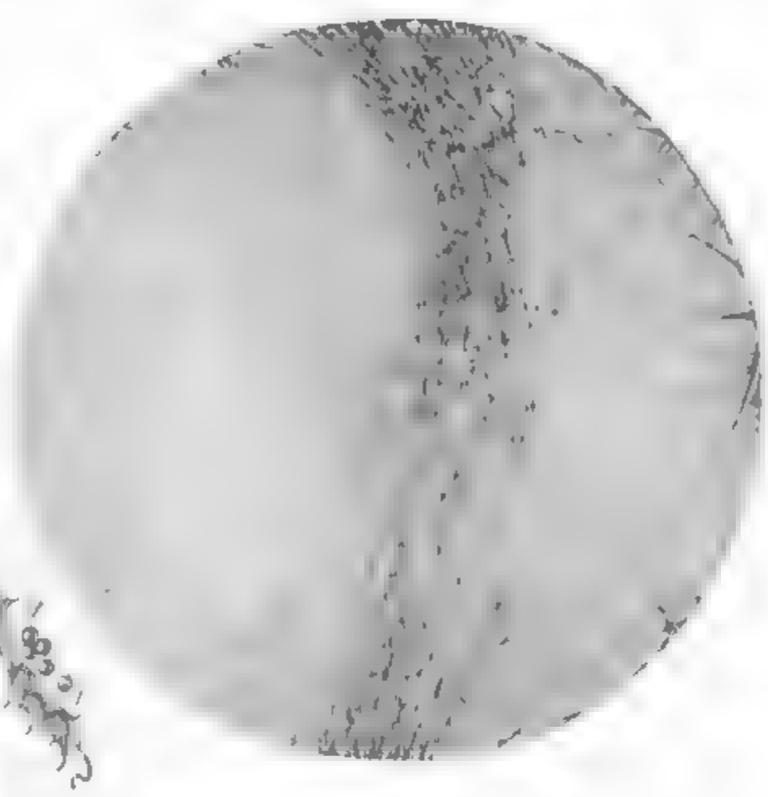


At the left:

A strand of Jantzen yarn. 100% pure wool. *(Magnified 200 diameters—an unretouched micro-photograph).* Made from only the longest, strongest wool fibres COMBED STRAIGHT. All short or broken fibres are removed. The result is a smooth, silky strand which holds its shape and makes possible the permanent elasticity of Jantzen fabric

At the right:

A strand of ordinary yarn. 100% pure wool. *(Magnified 200 diameters—an unretouched micro-photograph).* Made from the whole wool, not combed. Short and broken fibres are left in. The result is tousled fibres that lie every-which-way in a strand which is uneven, weak, pulls apart easily and permits stretching and sagging



"The Coat to wear anywhere" is the product of Jantzen yarn, knitted with the Jantzen stitch on special machines designed by Jantzen. It represents the highest quality ever built into a knitted coat at a popular price. Made in latest shades and patterns.

THESE micro-photographic pictures take you "back stage" with Jantzen. They show clearly why the Jantzen Swimming Suit and Jantzen Coat are not only better looking but why they are *intrinsically* better. It's the difference between Jantzen yarn and ordinary yarn!

This basic yarn quality has made the Jantzen swimming suit the favorite from Maine to Manila. It now makes possible the production of a knitted coat possessing a degree of style, appearance, finish and comfort never before achieved.

The yarn from which the Jantzen coat is made is 100% *pure wool*, but it is more than that. It is *virgin wool*, but it is even more than that! Jantzen yarn is spun from only the *longest, strongest fibres of* 100% *virgin wool*, after these fibres are COMBED STRAIGHT. All short or broken fibres are removed. This unusual and painstaking selection makes possible a much higher grade fabric, with a finer texture.

Jantzen yarn is stronger yarn. The fabric made from it is a stronger fabric which holds its shape permanently.

Jantzen yarn, knitted with the Jantzen stitch on machines designed by Jantzen, gives Jantzen, the coat to wear anywhere, a permanent elasticity, a sheen and quiet lustre heretofore unknown in a garment of this kind.

Give him a Jantzen for Christmas

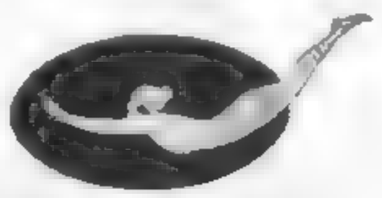
On the golf course, around the house, at the office—for *work, rest* or *play*—how many occasions there are when the Jantzen is just the thing he needs!

It is jaunty, yet trim and neat; comfortably warm, yet light in weight; snug fitting, yet has perfect "give."

This remarkable garment is now on sale at his favorite store in the latest shades and patterns. Send for descriptive folder and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric. Write to Jantzen Knitting Mills, Inc., Portland, Oregon, or to Jantzen Knitting Mills, Ltd. (Canadian Corporation), Vancouver, Canada.

Dealers: Write or wire. We ship promptly by prepaid express.

Jantzen



Emblem of freedom and grace, the Jantzen red diving girl is strikingly used as a trade mark symbol for the Jantzen knitted coat.

—the Coat to wear *anywhere*

© 1925 J K M

(Continued from Page 222

nothing but polo I'll get some other kind of people for you."

She had, therefore, invited to dinner a much-talked-of novelist, a young violinist, an actress, a literary critic and two or three other people not on her usual lists.

Her husband, whose keenest interest was in horses, threatened to disappear if the conversation became too intellectual.

"But he need not have worried," said the foreigner. "For every single person there talked only of polo! Not, I fear, because they knew much of the game, but because they tried to adapt themselves to their host's atmosphere."

A great many people who would like to entertain with distinction make the mistake which this hostess made. They hopefully assume that the mere presence of interesting guests will insure an interesting result.

Another woman who acts on this hypothesis goes often to the delightful small house of a painter friend of hers. There she encounters a variety of men and women of differing opinions who often expound and defend their ideas with forcefulness and wit. The hostess objects to the word salon because of its implication of affectation, and the keynote of her success lies in the creation of a background where everyone will be completely natural. Nevertheless the friend who calls it a salon is accurate.

It never ceases to be a matter of wonderment to this woman that she herself cannot achieve the same result.

"I ask the very same people," she declared, "and I give them if anything much better food. But something always seems to go wrong at my parties. For instance, there were two men I met at her house who quarreled brilliantly about Ireland or free verse or something. I made a point of having them both here together at dinner and if you'll believe it they were just politely indifferent to each other!"

Luxurious Bohemianism

Her successive failures are probably due more to mere physical surroundings than to any other element. She overwhelms her guests by a formal, expensive and somehow lifeless apartment in which it is doubtful if even she can relax.

"Her drawing-room produces the same apprehensive state of mind that sitting in a doctor's waiting room does," said one of her guests. "I don't see why she even tries to ask people outside her own little conventional group for whom such a conventional place was designed."

"The answer to that is easy," said another. "She does it because it's the fashion—like the American woman I saw at the dock the other day telling her husband good-by when he sailed for Europe. 'There are three things I want you to bring me,' she said. 'Now don't forget; bath soap, writing paper, and—let me see, oh, yes—a nice new English novelist'!"

Yet even this sheeplike adherence to the new fashion of featuring individual distinction is a hopeful advance over the old sheeplike fashion of prizing guests chiefly because they represented some limited little group of the socially elect.

Strangely enough, however, the modern type of entertaining, to be done well, requires more effort and not less than the old. This is the gulf which must be bridged in order to achieve the best results from the modern tendencies to disregard the old standards by which people were catalogued definitely as belonging to one set or another and only transferred with great effort and difficulty.

Many of the younger generation say that society in the old sense is dead because it was too stuffy to survive. They usually fail to make one important observation, however. Society in the eighties and nineties was much more vivid externally than it is today. It had more individuality and showed clearly the results of concentrated attention. To be sure it was too small and restricted in personnel to endure in an age of luxurious bohemianism, where city houses and responsibilities and social distinctions are rapidly disappearing.

The Old Order and the New

A dressmaker who has served three generations of fashionable women declared the other day that her clientele no longer paid any attention to dresses for the house or to tea gowns.

"They want everything in the way of day clothes to wear on the street or in restaurants," she said. "That's the whole emphasis now. And if any of them ever are at home—which I doubt—they tell me they dress the same way there—they even wear hats in their own houses for luncheon. No wonder there aren't any famous hostesses any more!"

One of the most successful hosts in New York today is a man who is not only distinguished in the modern sense but has all the qualifications of good breeding and courtly manners required by an older generation.

Around his delightful dinner table he gathers people of all sorts, chosen because he likes them and because they have something to offer of individual flavor. He draws them from a wide and catholic range and not from any one group either of society or art or finance or politics. He would be indignant if anyone said he belonged to any set, even though it might be the most exclusive.

But one thing is significant about his entertaining. Although he selects his guests according to the most modern methods, his technic is that of the old school. The decorations of his table, the details of his menu, the comfort and charm of his rooms, all show the most careful individual attention. Even he, and he is a person of unusual magnetism, could not achieve these results if he turned it all over to a head waiter or tried to entertain in a conventional hotel suite. But he is wise enough to adapt the best of the old order of colorful surroundings to the new end of entertaining colorful personalities.

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HOW NOT TO ACT

(Continued from Page 26)

often it is a bit ludicrous. One may respect and pity the tears of a weeping woman and yet find her streaked and swollen face and reddened eyes a little ludicrous. And so in the scene which Bernhardt had made so arresting, this second actress seemed rather to be a bride sniveling over her first burned biscuits or a matron grieving over the marriage anniversary forgotten by her husband, than a figure of stark tragedy.

The lady was entirely sincere, I believe. She had heard that an actress must live her rôles, and had believed it. A better actress might have struck such a pose, but she would not have acted upon it. There is a bit of charlatanism in every trade, and the pose has been a common one at times among women of the stage.

I saw Miss Olga Nethersole give a fine and craftily contrived performance of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray in Chicago once. Mrs. Tanqueray kills herself. Once in the spectator's seat I, actorlike, am almost as ingenuous and impressionable as a school girl. I go to see a play to be amused, to be stirred, not as a visiting mechanic studying the machinery, and I was so moved by the tragedy I had watched that, despite my professional training, I hesitated to accept the invitation of Louis Nethersole, her brother and manager, to go backstage and meet the star. Instinctively I thought of myself as intruding on death. But I went, and found her, of course, as self-possessed as if she had been playing a George M. Cohan heroine.

Later in the week the Chicago Press Club gave Miss Nethersole a luncheon. I was a guest, and being asked to speak, took my text from my experience at seeing her in front of and behind the curtain and its bearing on a fundamental of acting. When I had sat down a member of Miss Nethersole's company whispered to me, "Now you have put your foot in it."

In as much as my feet are extensive, I trembled. It smacked of a serious offense. So it was. I had, in fact, annoyed the guest of honor, clumsily forgetting that she had persistently exploited herself as an actress who, while on the stage, lived, not acted, her rôles, with a consequently appalling emotional drain. Her public loved to think of her as being half carried to her dressing room by sympathetic attendants.

Unforgettable Performances

As a spectator I have seen a number of unforgettable performances in the theater, among them Edwin Booth in The Fool's Revenge, Mme. Janauschek as Brunhild, Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, the elder Salvini's Othello, Mme. Bernhardt's Camille and Madame X, and Adelaide Neilson's Juliet. One only of these memories has been effaced. In the glamour of Miss Jane Cowl's Juliet I forgot the performance of the talented English woman. It has been said that no actress is competent to play Juliet until she has reached an age where she has ceased to look the part of that lovely sixteen-year-old daughter of the Capulets. It is no longer true. Miss Cowl had all the illusion of youth that Miss Neilson and other great Juliets lacked. Even technically she gave a finer performance. In the balcony scene, Miss Neilson dropped flowers one at a time to Romeo. Miss Cowl did it better without an adventitious aid.

I was stumbling out of the theater in a romantic haze when Adolph Klauber, Miss Cowl's husband and manager, stopped me and asked me backstage.

"Tell her how you enjoyed it," he said. "She will love it."

But I, who had seen a lovely girl kill herself, forgetting footlights, curtain, audience and all, demurred. "I wouldn't lose the illusion for anything," I told him. "Give her my love and tell her that the fact that I do not want to see her is the truest proof of my appreciation."

He laughed at me and shoved me ahead of him. Miss Cowl was standing in the door of her dressing room, and in my impulsive way, I said, "Oh, Jane! I can't tell you. I have no words for it." My lachrymal glands were working overtime.

"No one ever has said more," she told me and took my hands. To relieve the tension I felt, I turned to the subject of her hair.

"What have you done with it?" I asked. "It is incredibly beautiful. You look eighteen."

"I ought to," was her answer. "It cost me $356," and she lifted off a wig, a magnificent set of fabricated tresses.

Once my impulsiveness was not so kindly received. I had seen Mrs. Fiske in Divorçons and in Tess of the D'Urbervilles, two rôles lying at opposite poles and each superbly done. I marveled that anyone could achieve such versatility, and happening to meet Harrison Grey Fiske I spoke eloquently to him of his wife. A few days later I chanced to dine in the same restaurant with Mr. and Mrs. Fiske. He stopped by my table and asked me to tell Mrs. Fiske what I had told him.

I begged off. "What does she care about my opinion?" I objected. "Minnie Maddern Fiske has had about all the praise anyone can accumulate in one life, and I am only a clown to her."

But I was only too happy to have him wave my deprecations aside and lead me over, and encouraged by him, I unbosomed myself to Mrs. Fiske of my admiration for her art.

Using Head Instead of Heart

I had not gone far when the lady interrupted with, "Thanks so much; let us change the subject."

She simply dumped Niagara Falls on me; so when I was presented with a similar opportunity to tell Miss Maude Adams how highly I thought of her, I felt something more than my usual diffidence. It was the last night of the long run of What Every Woman Knows at the Empire Theater and my first and last opportunity of seeing it. I never have witnessed such emotional adulation in the theater. It was hysterical. Her devotees pelted the stage with flowers and enforced so many curtain calls that the last act did not begin until 11:08 P.M.

After the show I went backstage to see Richard Bennett, who was supporting Miss Adams in the Barrie piece. A mob of three hundred women and men was standing in a drizzling winter rain at the stage door in the hope of being able to touch Miss Adams' hand or dress as she left the theater, and the ogre, Alf Hayman, was at his perpetual task of guarding her from the approach of anyone. No great actress, or minor actress for that matter, ever has led such a secluded life as the girl who was born Maude Kiskadden. I have been told that her never broken rule of not being interviewed and the nunlike seclusion of her private life originally were part of a carefully premeditated plan on the part of Charles Frohman to enshroud her in mystery and thereby stimulate the public's interest. Whether that is true or not, Miss Adams found this inviolate privacy pleasing and has maintained it ever since.

Knowing this, I should not have thought of intruding, but Bennett, against my wishes, sent her word that I was backstage in the hope of seeing her. Her maid was back a moment later and whisked me past Alf Hayman's forbidding frown.

"I know you wouldn't have come behind to see us if you hadn't nice things to say," Miss Adams greeted me. "Now just say them, please."

"I'm afraid to, Miss Adams," I said. "If I should I fear my volubility might smack of insincerity. It seems that I gush," and

(Continued on Page 229

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FOOTWEAR

(Continued from Page 226)

I told her of my experience with Mrs. Fiske.

"Then go right ahead and gush," she replied. "I am going to sit back, close my eyes, not say a word and just listen."

Possibly I did gush. Certainly I told her with all my heart how I had been thrilled and delighted, and never have I been more sincere.

"Beautiful!" she applauded when I had finished. "I feel as renewed as if I had spent a week in the Adirondacks."

All this in support of the truth of acting. The acrobat or the dancer may leave the stage exhausted, but an actress who knows her business no more swoons at the finish of her big scene than Whistler had to be revived with smelling salts on completing an etching. The poor actress puts her heart into the rôle, the trained actress puts her head into it.

Mr. George Arliss has said it perfectly in one short sentence: "The art of the actor is to learn how not to be real on the stage without being found out by the audience."

A revolution in the theater from artificiality to realism has taken place in my time. It has been a change for the better, by and large, but much nonsense has been and still is talked of stage realism.

Incidental music and the soliloquy were theatrical devices in good standing long after I became an actor. The soliloquy was the drama's self-starter. At the rise of the curtain one of the characters, usually the faithful old servant, entered, and talking to himself, dropped the necessary clues to get the plot going. It was brief and effective, but it also was, no one denied, stilted and theatrical. Today an audience would snicker.

So the playwrights now get out and crank, and if the motor is cold and the ignition feeble, as frequently happens, the process is laborious and painful to all concerned. It is a rare play that can leap forward with the rise of the curtain without first taking the spectators into its confidence. The playwright now either gives over a third of his first act to trying to get the play under way naturally by the force of gravity, or he puts false whiskers on the soliloquy in the hope that the audience will not recognize the discredited old gentleman.

The Stage Telephone

Thus the property man rings the prop telephone. If society drama, that calls for a servant to answer, but that will not serve our purposes. We want the heroine to answer that insistent ring, or we want to keep the cast down, so we give the servants a night off and bring the heroine on, complaining about the servant problem.

She takes off the receiver, discloses her identity and confides in the telephone, "I am absolutely alone in this big house! Can you imagine it? My maid is being godmother at some stupid christening, this is the cook's night off, and you know the butler left a week ago. What? George? You didn't expect George to be home? He's somewhere on one of his silly duck hunts. It is very awkward what with the Gainsborough pearls in that little wall safe."

Now we are ready to get on with the play, but the distinction between talking to oneself and talking into a dummy telephone is pretty finely drawn. And if we really were to go in for realism that conversation should be varied occasionally to: "Who? Who? What number are you calling? No, this isn't Pipestone 68-J." Which would be highly realistic, but not very helpful.

Or there is the still more transparent device of the parlor maid with the feather duster. There never was another such a young woman for talking to herself, and expert cross-examination or a police third degree could not have wrung the essential facts from her better than the mere sight of a feather duster. The more sophisticated dramatists arrange it a bit better. They have the second man enter, snatch a comedy kiss from the maid, and remark that the motor horn that the property man has just tooted sounds like the master's car, and how surprised he will be to learn that the mistress has not been home since she went to the Meadowbrook dance on Wednesday with that dark Mr. Smithers. Yes, it was Wednesday because it was the same night that old man Clitus Coincidence was stabbed to death with the green jade scissors in his study.

When you come to dissect it, I don't know that this is such a marked advance on the soliloquy. Possibly the greatest passage in the drama is a soliloquy. In What Price Glory, a very fine drama hailed as a masterpiece of the newer realism, the play opens with two runners and an orderly in regimental headquarters. They hold the stage alone for something like five minutes. Their conversation is clever, diverting and shrewdly in character, but for all that, its purpose is merely to prepare the way for the principal characters and the three promptly fade into the background and remain there when the play really begins. Later in the same drama is a glaring violation of realism. The captain and the sergeant help themselves repeatedly at the bar of the *estaminet*, with no tally being kept of their drinking and no one present to protect the interests of the house. The proprietor and his daughter are conveniently absent. The sheer impossibility of this situation will be apparent to any member of the A. E. F. or any one else with any acquaintance with French innkeepers, but the necessities of the drama demanded that the two leading protagonists have the stage to themselves.

The Passing of the Orchestra

Today the drama has to get along most of the time without the aid of music. In the few theaters that still maintain orchestras, the first violin will be found in the alley smoking a cigarette when the drama is thickest. He used to be at his post in the orchestra trench playing Hearts and Flowers for the sad passages, welcoming the hero and the heroine on their first appearances with appropriate bars, and warning of the villain's first approach with minor chords, as distant thunder presages the gathering storm. Childish, perhaps, but the suggestive power of music is tremendous. It will prepare an audience as whole pages of dialogue will not. A hurdy-gurdy offstage or a phonograph unobtrusively introduced onstage can give the emotional key to a scene instantly. The motion-picture houses appreciate the power of music, if the legitimate stage has largely forgotten it.

The revolt against the conventions of the theater can go only so far before it meets the conventional stone wall. "Let's pretend," the theater asks of the spectator and must always ask. The spectator can rightfully ask only that the pretense be convincing at the moment. A room full of persons in life never have and never will talk and move as a room of actors talk and move on the stage. The stage is a narrowly restricted medium, and dramatist, stage manager and players are not permitted to forget it for an instant. If an actor should wander aimlessly about the stage as he does in the home of a friend he would distract the audience's attention from other actors at the moment more essential to the story, and play general hob with the performance. He may not turn his back to the spectators because they cannot quit their seats and follow him around.

A group gathered socially in a drawing-room do not naturally talk one at a time. On the stage they must. An actor who spoke as loudly in his home or on the street as he should on the stage would be a man one would cross the street or dodge into a doorway to avoid. He raises his voice in the theater to be heard. Inaudibility is the curse of current acting. There is no more serious offense in the theater. Of what avail to be realistic if the unfortunates back of F can not hear what you say? Some time ago I had a last-minute opportunity of seeing one of the best of the younger actresses

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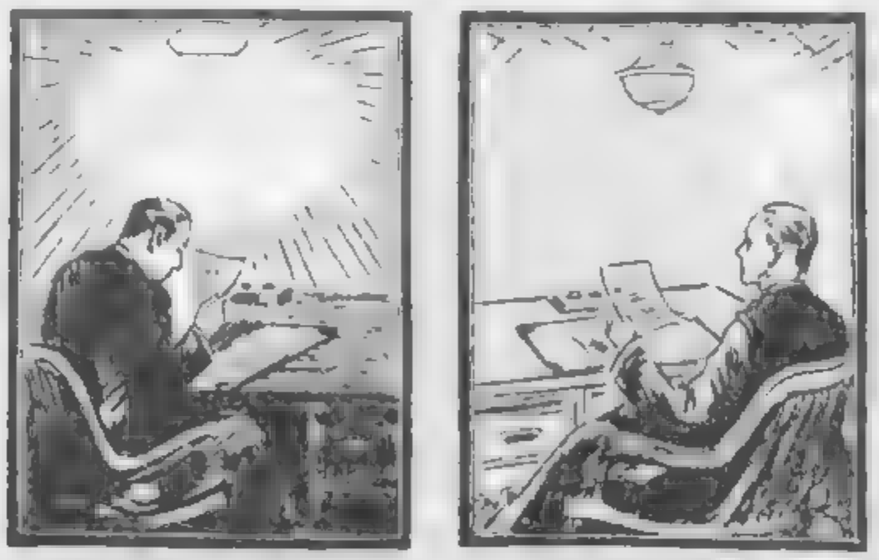

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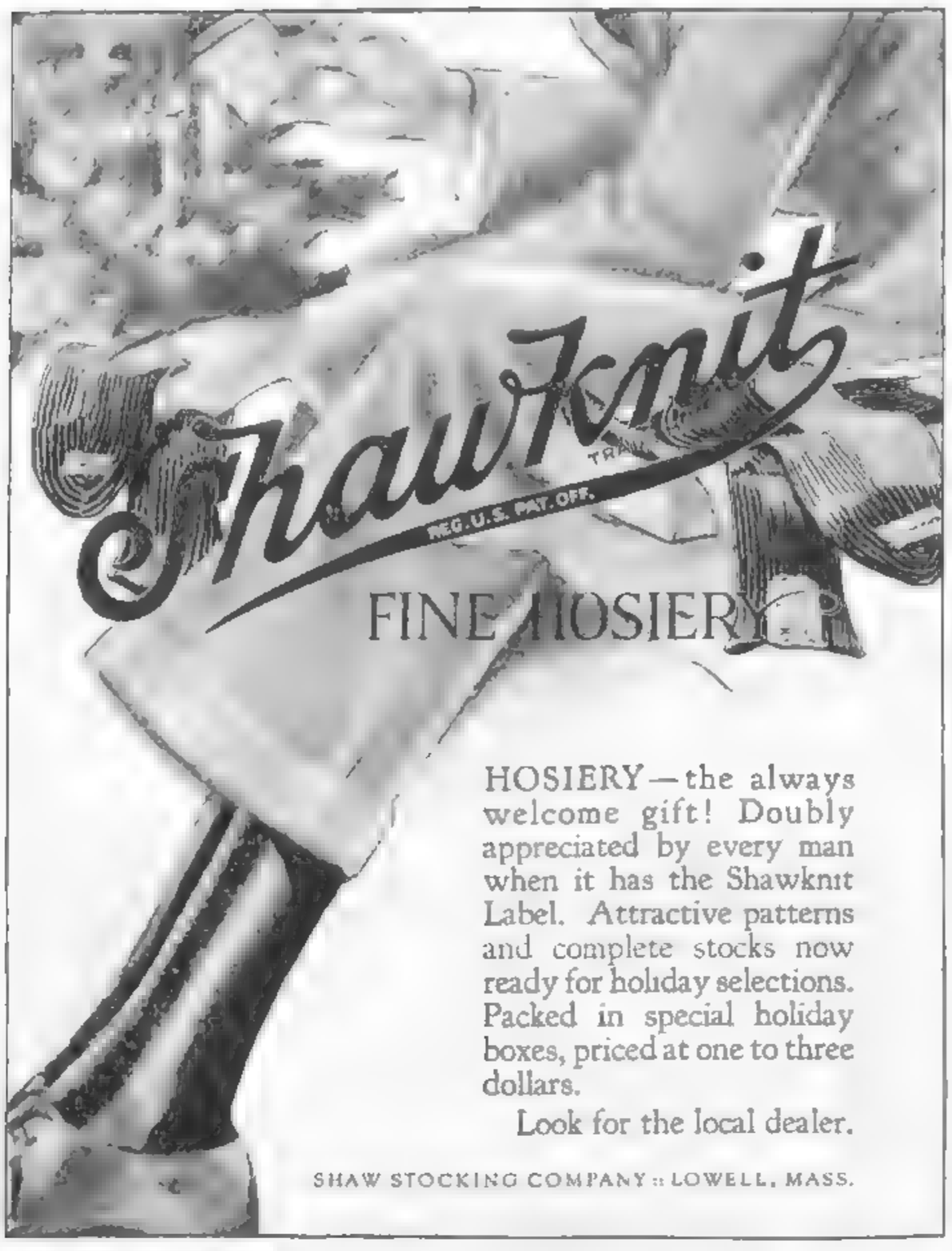

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in an interesting rôle. The best seats remaining were in the sixteenth row. She played a repressed girl and in her effort to be natural she kept her voice at a pitch that barely carried across the footlights. She was an actress of sufficient ability to enable me to read in her face something of what I could not hear, but as the play was not billed as a pantomime, my irritation and that of the bulk of the audience was justifiable.

A writer of fiction may let his characters stray over the face of the earth without restraint of space and little of time. When he attempts the same story on the stage he is in the predicament of an artist in colors restricted to black and white for his effects. The story must be told within the limits of three hours, the narrow frame of the stage, a practicable cast, the mechanical resources of the theater and the fact that the spectators cannot take the play home with them and finish it in bed.

To quote Mr. Arliss again, and I know no better authority:

"It is impossible to maintain absolute reality while writing a good play. It is quite feasible if you are content to write a bad play. If you cannot get drama and realism at the same time, as you seldom can, then there is nothing to do but to discard the realism and hang on to the drama. But it must be real at the time, under the illusion of the theater."

Or as William Winter wrote of Booth:

"He left nothing to chance. There was no heedless, accidental quality in his art. There was neither hesitation, uncertainty, excess nor error. The perfection of his acting lay in the perfect control that he exercised over his powers—his complete understanding of himself, his minute and thorough perception of cause and effect on the stage, and his consummate skill in deducing the one from the other. He acted with the ease that makes the observer oblivious of the effort and the skill which alone can produce such effects of illusion and enjoyment.

"He did not adopt the foolish theory that the true art of acting consists in doing upon the stage exactly what people do in actual life. He knew that art is romantic and that the moment romance is sacrificed to reality, the stage is as impotent as a paper flower. An actor may be natural without being literal. He is a commentator upon life in the realm of the ideal as well as in the realm of fact. He reveals to the public the complex mechanism of human nature and the magnificent possibilities of spiritual destiny."

Jefferson as a Teacher

Often I have heard the highest compliment that may be paid an actor spoken as a belittlement. I have heard it said of John Drew, for instance, "He's not an actor; he just goes on and plays himself."

Mr. Drew could ask no finer tribute to the perfection of his art. If, in the highly artificial environment of the stage, one can seem oneself, there is an actor.

J. C. Nugent wrote in Variety recently of a clash between James A. Hearne and an actor at a rehearsal of Shore Acres. The man had spoken a rhythmical line in the mouthing elocution of the "reading actor."

"What are you singing for?" Hearne asked.

The actor replied that the passage was poetic and that he was attempting to exploit its beauty.

"It is a good line," Hearne admitted, "but I am sorry that you appreciate it. Otherwise you might make it sound human."

At the next rehearsal the beautiful line was spoken with all the feeling of "Please pass the potatoes."

When Hearne protested the actor defended himself, saying, "I am speaking it naturally, as you instructed me to."

"So I see," said Hearne. "The next thing you should learn is the difference between acting naturally and natural acting."

As Mr. Nugent pungently put it, "The stage hand who sets a chair out and ducks for the shelter of the wings is acting naturally, but he looks like a fleeting pair of pants just the same."

I learned more of what I may know of acting in a brief association with Joseph Jefferson than in all my time in the theater previously. Mr. Jefferson arranged a benefit at the Fifth Avenue Theater in the middle 90's for Charles W. Couldock, the original Dunstan Kirke in Hazel Kirke, whom I have mentioned earlier. Couldock was growing old after thirty years in America without a visit to his home in England. An extremely good actor, he had been improvident and was in need, a tragedy then more commonplace in the theater than now.

Jefferson selected The Rivals as the bill and chose a cast beside which even the fine company now playing Sheridan's great comedy so successfully on tour may not be compared. He played Bob Acres; William H. Crane was Sir Anthony Absolute; Henry Miller, Captain Absolute; Nat Goodwin, Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Thomas W. Keene, Falkland; Viola Allen, Lydia Languish; Mrs. John Drew Sr., Mrs. Malaprop; Nellie McHenry as Lucy, and myself as David.

I was playing in contiguous territory at the time and would come into New York by train for occasional rehearsals. On the way from the station to the theater one afternoon I met Mr. Jefferson on the street. He took my arm and we walked together.

"People are going to expect you to clown this part," he told me, "but I know that you are not going to"; that being his gracious way of saying, "Now please don't clown it."

Rehearsing a Part

Most of what I have said of acting here I first heard from the lips of that gentle genius, or first realized from studying his delicate art. At one rehearsal Crane and I stood in the footlight dip not more than five feet from Jefferson as he worked over a scene with Nat Goodwin just ahead of the duel. The play demanded that the two stand at opposite sides of the stage. If he wished to make a suggestion to Goodwin, Jefferson would step out of the rôle for a moment, walk across the stage, confer in a low voice with Nat, then return to his acting position and instantly become Bob Acres again.

Many actors find it impossible to do more than walk through their parts at rehearsal. Lacking the inspiration of the audience, the applause, the laughter, the lights, and conscious of their fellow professionals standing critically about, they are awkward and constrained. I had been a notoriously bad rehearser. When Mr. Jefferson had finished I spoke to him of this, and asked how he was able to be so oblivious of the actors about him and the cold and empty house.

"Oh, my boy," he corrected me. "That is all wrong. You must not know what self-consciousness means. An actor must be superior to any circumstance. Inspiration is well enough. Avail yourself of it if it comes, but how are you to be inspired by a thirty-dollar matinée? And yet if you have any sense of obligation as an artist you must give that thirty-dollar matinée as good a performance as a $3000 house. You must know so well just why you make a certain gesture, what you will accomplish by that gesture, that you will employ it instinctively, whatever the distractions. You must be able to leave the character for a moment for something totally foreign and pick up the threads again as if you never had dropped them."

In the scene where David pleads with his master, Bob Acres, not to fight the duel, Acres sits with his back to the audience to center attention on David. In his earnestness David leans farther and farther across a table until his face almost touches that of his master. As I completed this speech at the first rehearsal, I drew back, thinking to heighten the effect.

"Oh, don't do that," Jefferson whispered. "You nullify the effect. When you get an

(Continued on Page 233)

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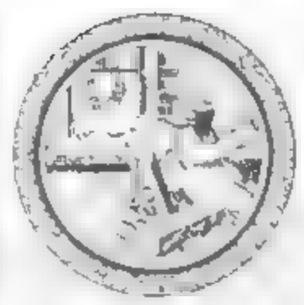

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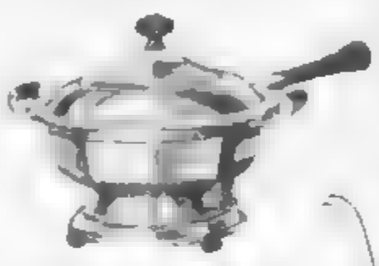

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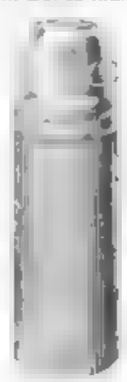
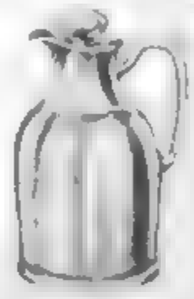
It is suggested you write Landers, Frary & Clark (Dept. "319") New Britain Conn., manufacturers of the "Universal" products, to mail you a complete booklet "Practical Gift Suggestions" which provides for all members of the family, at prices to suit every purse or you can see "Universal" Gifts at any of the best electric, hardware or department stores

"Universal" Vacuum Goods make Gifts that [illegible] appreciates

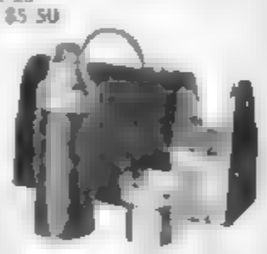


Vacuum Bottle with nested cups and handles. Price $2.25
Others $1.25 to $5.50

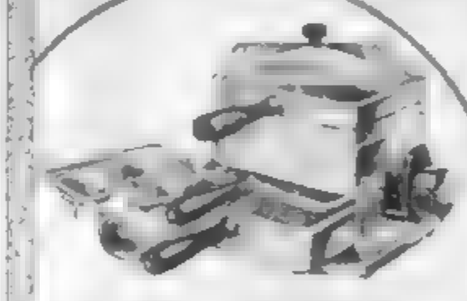


Vacuum Pitchers
$8.50 to $15.50

Vacuum Carafes
$6.50 to $11.00



Lunch Kits
$2.00 to $3.50

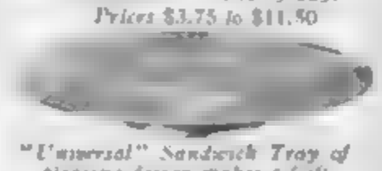


For Electric Table Cookery this "Universal" stove makes a wonderful Gift. A grid, toaster, chafer, and double boiler (a distinctive feature), all in one
Three Heat Price $15.00
One Heat Price 11.50

For uniform and constant good luck with coffee-making a "Universal" Percolator makes a Gift to [illegible] be used every day.
Prices $3.75 to $11.50

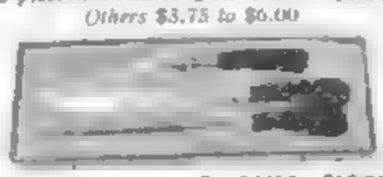
This "Universal" Colonial Loving Cup Urn is a most popular pattern and makes a Gift sure to appreciation
Price $22.50

No more trips to the hairdresser's for the recipient of your Gift of one of "Universal" Electric Curling Irons
Prices $3.75 to $5.00

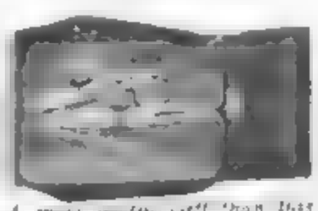


"Universal" Sandwich Tray of pleasing design makes a Gift that is always useful
Price $2.50

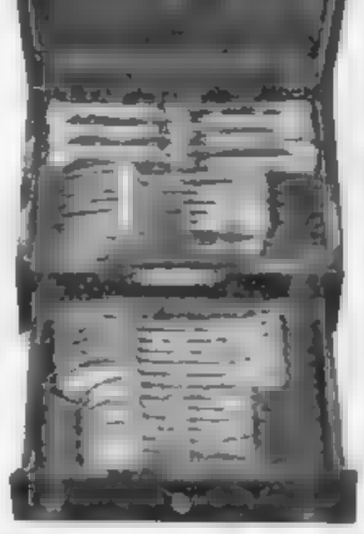
2-piece Steak Carving Set 04390—$5.00
Others $3.75 to $6.00



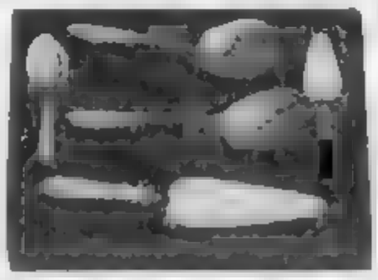
3-piece Beef Carving Set 04390—$10.00
Others $6.00 to $20.00



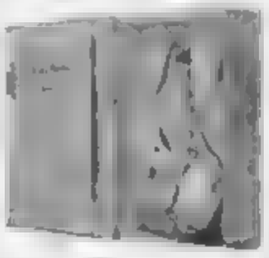
A most useful Gift than this "Universal" Shear Set is hard to find. 3323 Price $7.00



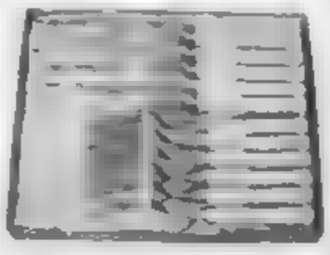
Every woman loves good Silverware. A Gift sure to please is a set of the Colonial Farmington pattern shown above. This high quality "Universal" Silver Overlaid Table Service, with Stainless Resistain Steel Blades, is guaranteed for 50 years
62638K 26-Piece Set $35.00



Another Gift that is sure to please—the 5-piece Service Set in Old Colonial Saybrook. Price $13.25



Baby Bundy Silver Set for the Baby makes a delightful Gift in "Universal" Silver Overlaid Ware. Price $1.25

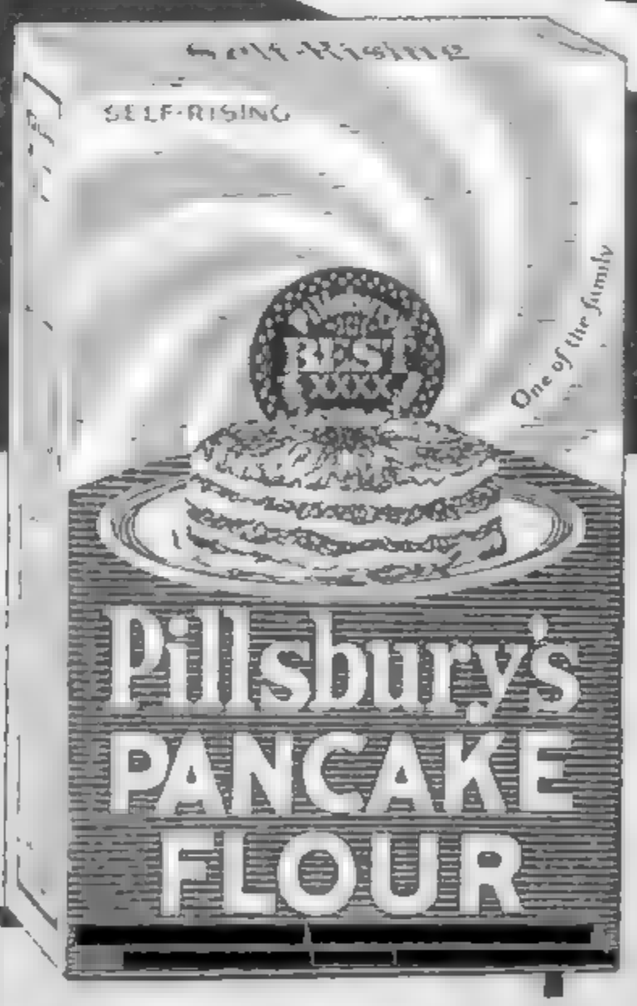


A [illegible] Knife and Fork Set of Stainless Resistain Steel with Ivoroy Handles makes a handsome Gift and one of great utility. Price $15.00

Pocket Knives for men and boys are always appreciated
A wide choice for any taste

Pearl Handle 73277 Price $4.00

Stag Handle for Boy Scouts
04662 Price $1.25



HERE'S an idea for a Christmas gift! The sort you like to give, and friends like to receive. Beautiful, useful, lasting. A fine aluminum griddle—extra large, extra heavy, with *heat-proof wood handle* that cannot turn in your hand. 11½ inches across; weighs two pounds; heavy 8-gauge aluminum. Requires no grease—makes fluffy, golden-brown pancakes without smoke or odor.

It is possible now to save nearly one-half on this welcome gift. First buy one large or 3 small packages of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, which entitles you to buy a griddle for $1.69. If your grocer can't supply the griddle with the pancake flour, mail us $1.69 with his name and address, as well as your own, and griddle will be sent you postpaid.

Are you familiar with the wonderful old-fashioned flavor of Pillsbury's pancakes? If not, you will be astonished to see how quickly you'll use the Pillsbury's Pancake Flour purchased with each griddle. Hungry mouths just can't seem to get enough of these tempting, tender cakes! Delicious, wholesome, digestible, and so easily, *quickly* made! Just add water or milk and bake. Only six minutes from package to table! If your grocer does not sell Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, use the coupon. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.

My grocer does not sell Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Send me aluminum griddle and three packages Pancake Flour postage prepaid. I enclose $2.30.

Name _____

Address _____

Grocer's Name _____

Address _____

One of the family

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

Made by the millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour

(Continued from Page 230)

effect, hold it, hold it! Focus all attention upon it. Your leaning forward helps the force of your lines. If you pull back at your climax you pull the audience back with you. Watch now when we play it. If you do what I say you will get a round of applause."

I had made an amateurish blunder, but I was able at least to appreciate the wherefores of such a tip and to act upon it. I did so and the burst of applause came.

While it lasted Jefferson said to me, "Splendid, and you deserve it. Isn't that a reward?"

The greatest comedian our stage has known, Mr. Jefferson was the most sympathetic and helpful of men to his associates, and the most self-effacing. We repeated this performance for one night in Boston. The audience demanded curtain after curtain and at each Jefferson forced all of us to remain on the stage to share a triumph that was his own. The house wanted him alone and would not stop. Finally we rebelled and Goodwin, Crane, Miller, Keene and I literally forced him in front of the curtain by himself, but when he spoke it was only of his joy in the privilege of appearing with such a company.

At the same performance I was crossing the stage behind the scenes when I saw Jefferson looking through a crack in the center doors of the set, sizing up the audience, I assumed.

"That's a sight worth seeing," I commented.

"I was not thinking of the audience," he replied. "Stay a moment and watch this laughing exit of Mrs. Drew's." I stood behind him, peering over his head as Mrs. Malaprop closed her scene. When she had finished he took my arm to walk around to make our joint entrance. "I have had the honor of playing with that lady hundreds of times, and I never have failed to watch that scene," he said.

A Harrowing Make-Up

Jefferson was dining at the Players the day after the Couldock benefit with a group of six or seven fellow actors, including John Drew, and everyone else in the club crowding about his table felicitating him on his performance.

Mr. Drew did me the kindly and generous service of bringing me the news that Jefferson had remarked, "Gentlemen, I have had a very pleasant experience; I have seen a part played as well as it could be—young Hopper's David."

Mr. Jefferson's words are not to be taken literally, but even as hyperbole I cherish them, along with the praise of Mrs. John Drew, above all else. Few will remember it, but I once played Sir John Falstaff to Mrs. Drew's Dame Quickly at a special *al fresco* performance in the court of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga. Rose Coghlan was the Mistress Ford; Blanche Walsh, Mistress Page.

I committed the part in six hours distributed over three evenings. Billy Crane, who had played Falstaff the previous season and found himself unequal to it physically, lent me the elaborate pads that are a part of the make-up, his wigs, and the benefit of his long research and study of the rôle, making the condition that I would spend three days at his place at Cohasset tutoring under him, another instance of very great kindness shown a young actor by a great one.

We spent most of those three days on his yacht. Crane explained to me that Merry Wives of Windsor was a very imperfectly constructed play, and how Shakspere had written it in three weeks at the royal behest of Queen Elizabeth, who had enjoyed Falstaff so hugely in Henry IV that she demanded a play showing the rascal in love.

"You have an impossible thing to do," Crane told me. "Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have deliberately had you dumped into the Thames. Dame Quickly comes to lure you back, and within her speech of eight lines you must evidence, plausibly, a change from bitter determination never to see Page and Ford again to an eager willingness. Dame Quickly can help you tremendously in making this incredible mental switch seem convincing. By the way, who is she?"

"Oh, just some amateur Saratoga chip," I replied breezily.

"Then God help you," he groaned.

"On the contrary, Dame Quickly is none other than Mrs. John Drew herself," I reassured Crane.

"My boy, you won't have to do a thing but stand there," he exclaimed. "Let her do it."

It was true. Speaking those eight lines slowly, Mrs. Drew, with her changing facial expression and consummate art, drew me out of my sulks into a comical eagerness, without my doing anything beyond following the cues her face gave me.

Falstaff is a strenuous rôle apart from the make-up, and the make-up is the most harrowing in the theater. On a warm night it can be a torture. Crane built himself up to Sir John's bloated figure with heavy woolen leg pads, a false stomach of inflated rubber, a heavily padded coat and other stuffing that gave all the effects of the steam room of a Turkish bath. With my youth and physique, I found it an ordeal for one performance.

There was a supper at the Grand Union following the play, at which Mrs. Drew and I, among others, spoke.

The Greatest Actor of Them All

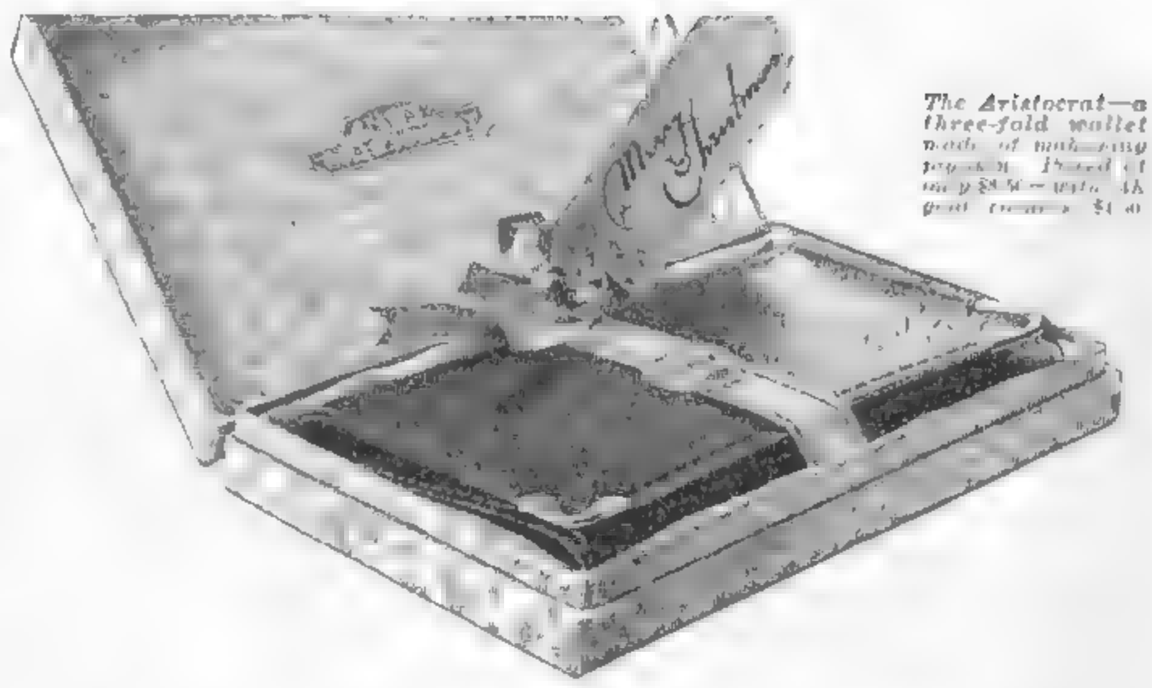
"Mr. Hopper has said that this is his first time to play Falstaff," she said when she rose. "Oddly, this is the first time I have played Dame Quickly. It is my part; I am built for it, but when I last was seen in Merry Wives of Windsor I had not this contour and I played Mistress Ford. But it is a pleasure for me to say that I never have played with a better Falstaff, and I have had the honor of appearing with Mr. James K. Hackett in his famous impersonation of that rôle."

This was not the less sweet to my ears even though it was quite possible that Mrs. Drew was being more generous than critical. Two strangely diverse men agreed with her; Edward Everett Hale and Pat Sheedy, the gambler. Sheedy was so enthusiastic that he wished to back the company for a summer engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, his only stipulation being that "the old woman" play Dame Quickly, Percy Winter play Slender, and I, Falstaff.

No actor who has reached the age of anecdotage can escape the question: Who was the greatest of them all? My answer, and that of anyone who has been on the stage as long as I, must inevitably be: Edwin Booth.

Booth rescued our stage from the mock heroic. Our tragedians had ceased to be actors and become impassioned elocutionists, thundering blank verse in the stilted, florid, declamatory style still burlesqued in the stock low-comedy character of the ham Shaksperean actor. When our architecture and our interiors were at their rococo worst, Booth, following the roaring Forrest, led the classic stage back to simplicity, just as David Garrick a century earlier had deposed Quin and his fellow elocutionists of the English theater. The example of Booth still prevails and has been exemplified splendidly in modern time by Forbes-Robertson's and John Barrymore's Hamlets, by Walter Hampden, Lyn Harding and Miss Jane Cowl.

I suppose there never was such a scene in the theater as that which marked Booth's return to the stage after the voluntary retirement that followed the assassination of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth. That mad act cast a somber shadow over Edwin Booth's remaining twenty-eight years. Only the necessity of supporting his family brought him out of retirement, and he never again played in Washington. The old Winter Garden in lower Broadway was the scene. I was a child at the time and not



The Aristocrat—a three-fold wallet made of [illegible] leather [illegible] $4.00

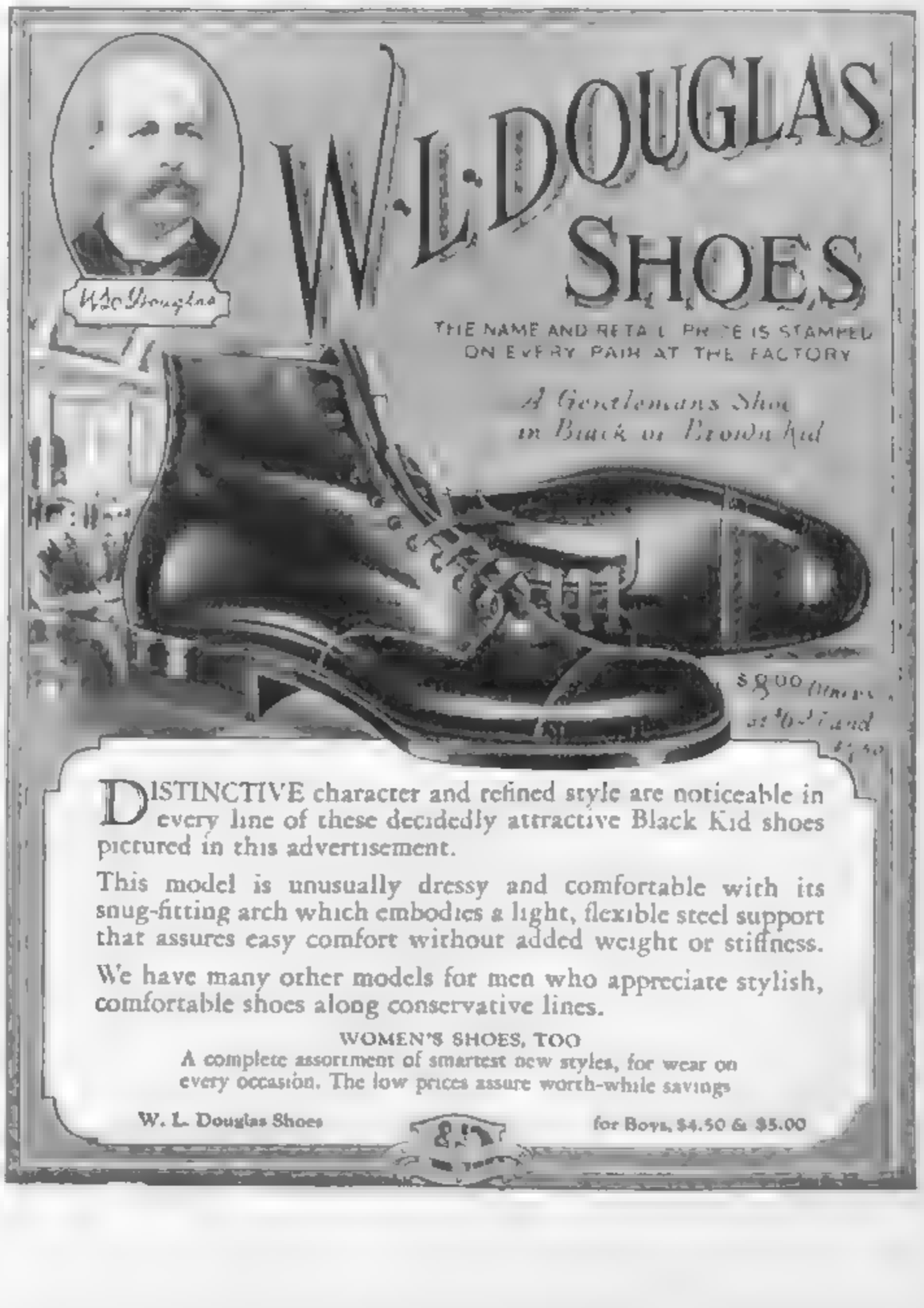
A gift that stands the test of time like true friendship

About this time each year the same question begins bothering you . . . "What shall I give *him* this Christmas?" . . . It cannot be an ordinary present. . . . Something that will express your true feelings and at the same time give him pleasure.

Why not a gift fashioned from real leather! An Amity pocketbook. Age will only mellow its beauty. It is made from the finest leather by craftsmen skilled in their art. A gift that will carry your message to him, not for a day nor a year—but for a lifetime.

The store you patronize will show you an Amity pocketbook of a style to suit his tastes and of a price that will satisfy you. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wis.

if stamped **AMITY** *it's leather*


W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOES
THE NAME AND RETAIL PRICE IS STAMPED ON EVERY PAIR AT THE FACTORY
A Gentlemans Shoe in Black or Brown Kid
$8.00

DISTINCTIVE character and refined style are noticeable in every line of these decidedly attractive Black Kid shoes pictured in this advertisement.

This model is unusually dressy and comfortable with its snug-fitting arch which embodies a light, flexible steel support that assures easy comfort without added weight or stiffness.

We have many other models for men who appreciate stylish, comfortable shoes along conservative lines.

WOMEN'S SHOES, TOO

A complete assortment of smartest new styles, for wear on every occasion. The low prices assure worth-while savings

W. L. Douglas Shoes for Boys, $4.50 & $5.00

KREMENTZ CORRECT JEWELRY FOR MEN

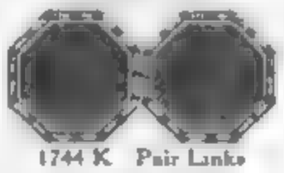
Want to please him --- especially?

Then make him a present of Krementz jewelry! There are many distinctive designs from which to choose. Superior quality is assured in the Krementz guarantee which covers a lifetime of wear or replacement free.

Krementz jewelry enables you to give widely and wisely. For instance, a gift box holding two Krementz collar buttons in 14 kt. solid gold costs but $3.75; in 10 kt. solid gold $2.75; in 14 kt. rolled gold plate $.75. Beautiful links, attractively cased, may be had from $3.00 to $6.00 a pair. Correct Evening Dress sets from $7.50 up. Each piece has the name "Krementz" stamped on the back.

At the better stores. Write us at Newark, N. J., for folders of new designs.

Full Dress Set, White Metal Rims, Black Mother of Pearl Centers

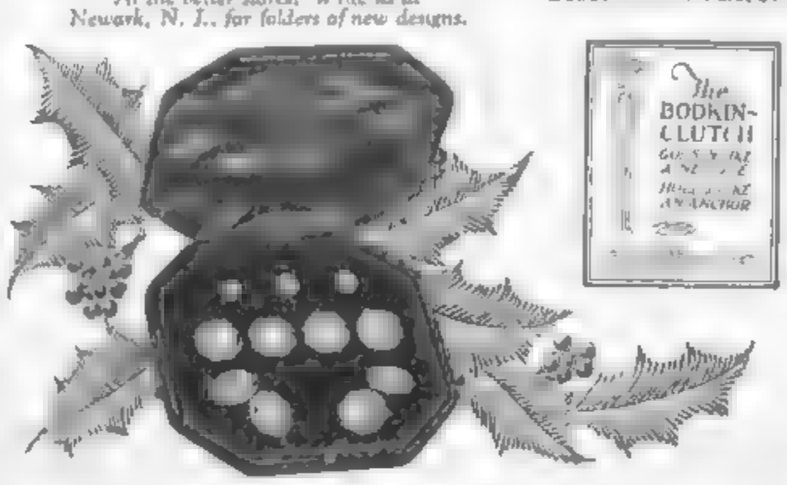


1744 K Pair Links

1745 K
Vest Buttons

1746 K
3 Studs

Above Complete Set in Beautiful Gift Case, $14.00



Krementz
COLLAR BUTTON
Newark New Jersey

Of Course I'd Like To Have More Money

I've seen your ads in *The Post* time without number and I've wished at least that often that I had more money—but wishing is all I've done so far. This time I'm going to put a two-cent stamp on my wish and ask for your story. Send me the whole story! I warn you in advance I may decide not to accept your plan, but if you can prove to my satisfaction that other beginners have found the work easy and pleasant and have earned up to $1.50 or $2.00 an hour for such spare time as they have to sell—why, I could use some more of Uncle Sam's legal tender too!

Very truly yours,

Send Only This Coupon

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Note: Clip and mail this coupon to The Curtis Publishing Co., 944 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Penna., publishers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You'll receive our whole more-money-in-spare-time story by return mail—no one will call on you.

present, but Digby Bell, who was there, never ceased to recall it.

The statement that "the demonstration lasted five minutes," or three minutes or twelve minutes is a commonplace of newspaper exaggeration. It is analogous to "the parade of 30,000 marchers." No parade used to be thought worthy of the name with fewer than 30,000 in line, until some one in the New York World office made a few calculations as to how long such a procession would be in passing a given point. That newspaper then sent out checkers to tally the longer parades. On actual count they dwindled sadly; 4000 was discovered to be an impressive procession, 10,000 almost endless.

Actually the longest demonstration of record lasted one minute and thirty-three seconds, if I am not mistaken, and was inspired by Sir Henry Irving's return to the stage of the Lyceum after a long illness. I ignore, of course, those purely artificial contests of endurance that mark the modern national political convention. They belong with the six-day bicycle races. Our imaginations have been so debauched that a minute and thirty-three seconds has a tame sound; but count ninety-three slowly, or better still try to clap your hands continuously that long, if you would appreciate what it means.

This reception of Booth, born of sympathy, love, idolatry and hot partisanship, continued for seventeen minutes, Bell said, rising and falling, but never stopping, and stimulated by the muffled roar of a mob rioting outside and the hoots and cat calls of a bitter minority in the theater. The majority wished the actor to know that they held him blameless for the insane act of his brother. Booth repeatedly tried to stem the demonstration and continue with his lines. Failing, he finally sank to a bench and wept with bowed head, the hysterical spectators sobbing with him.

The Saving Grace of Humor

Edwin Forrest, his contemporary, was touched with genius, but he was physical, while Booth was intellectual and spiritual, and Forrest, too, was of the declamatory school, his acting marred with mannerisms and elaborate artifice. While Booth was essentially a tragedian, Hamlet his greatest rôle, he was a comedian of the first rank. No one ever played Petruchio in The Taming of the Shrew with a finer, defter comic touch.

For that matter, no man ever was a truly great tragedian who lacked the comic sense. I doubt that a man ever reached the full measure of greatness in any vocation without that saving grace of humor. Contrariwise, too robust a sense of humor has kept others from greatness. Excess in any emotion is disastrous.

Louis James was a case in point. Mr. James would have been recognized as one of the very great actors of our stage, I believe most earnestly, if he had not been the constant victim of his own mischievous humor. He could not resist a practical joke. James was leading man of the California Theater stock company in the days of visiting stars. Edwin Forrest was about to appear with the stock company in Metamora, a heroic drama of the noble redskin, in which he had won his greatest popular success. As was the custom, the stock company rehearsed the play in advance of Forrest's arrival.

The cast included a child of eight, who played the part of Metamora's sister.

James drew the little girl to one side at rehearsal and said to her, "Now, my little darling, the brutal manager of this theater is not going to let my little sweetheart make the success of her life, but Papa Louis is going to tell her how she can foil brutal manager. Immediately after Mr. Forrest's first speech, speak this line, my dear, but speak it not before the first performance; or wicked manager will take it away from you. Then once you have delivered it, the country will ring with my darling's name."

The child, thoroughly persuaded that she was the victim of the manager's jealous dislike, rehearsed in private the line James had given her. Just previous to Metamora's first entrance his Indian mother wonders what was become of him.

Forrest strode on the stage, a superb physical picture, and his mother, with a cry of welcome, asked, "Where have you been, my Metamora?"

"Out slaying the paleface!" rumbled Forrest in his deepest bass tones.

The child had no response at this point, but up she piped in a thin treble the line that Papa Louis had taught her: "When snow comes I'm going sleighing too."

The Tears That Spilled

History does not record the fate of that aspiring but misguided young actress.

James was just as ready to make a performance of his own ridiculous. He was playing Virginius, another popular set piece of the grandiloquent school, with his own company one season and had with him as property man, Jimmy Johnston, as painstaking and sober-minded a man as ever jingled a cowbell offstage.

Virginius kills his daughter with his own hands to save her from some mighty Roman noble, if I remember the play. In Richmond, James went to Johnston and told him that he wished to simulate tears in his big scene.

"You must help me," the actor said. "I want you to get a milk pan, fill it to the brim with water and stand in the first entrance, just out of view of the audience. Hold the pan level with my face. Remember, the pan must be brimful and you must not spill a drop or you will destroy the scene. At the proper moment I can work my way to where you stand, turn my back momentarily and splash the water on my face. Better take up your position at the beginning of the act, as I am not able to say just when I shall be able to employ the tears to best advantage."

The literal-minded Jimmy was motionless in the first entrance at the rise of the curtain, a brimming pan held shoulder-high. James nodded approvingly.

As the act went on, paralysis rapidly set in in Jimmy's arms and the pan began to sink bit by bit. At every falter James would signal "Up! Up!" with a flirt of the wrist. The property man would raise the wavering pan, his face purpling with the effort, and James enjoying the prank like any schoolboy, all the while declaiming the noble periods of Virginius.

At the very climax of the scene and the play, the pan wavered again. Jimmy made a mighty try at recovery, but agonized muscles would not respond and the brimming pan fell with a horrible splash and crash. And with a much louder crash, the high-flown drama came down in a nose dive into the custard pie of the ridiculous.

The good people of Richmond did not award the mantle of Edwin Booth to Mr. James.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Hopper and Mr. Stout. The fifth will appear in an early issue

How Erla Engineers Discovered a New Radio Principle

In it scientists see the end to many present-day troubles. Now a new-type radio is built on it. Four vital improvements result

Free You are invited to enjoy this amazing set for an evening, free . . . right in your own home. Listen to results few people realize are possible. Simply send the coupon

A GROUP of Chicago engineers has made the year's outstanding radio discovery. It embodies a new and revolutionary principle that offers astounding results in all broadcast reception

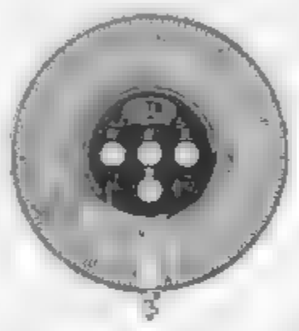
Greater distance is secured. Coast to coast in winter. 1000 to 1500 miles in summer

Supreme clarity is attained and tones become so life-like they deceive the human ear

Volume increases to concert proportions. And selectivity is so sharp that stations differing only a few meters in wavelength are separated with amazing ease.

On this revolutionary principle a new-type radio has been built. It is not for sale. First we ask you to test it in your own home under actual conditions. This is the safe way to select a radio.

Simply return the coupon immediately.



New Erla "Balloon "Circloid Coupler and Transformer

Old-time coils proved the weakest spot

Erla engineers have designed and invented parts for every circuit known. Many standard refinements now found in all receivers were pioneered by them

Before starting to build a set of our own we tested every well-known receiver made and noted opportunities for improvement. One last was outstanding. Old type coils caused considerable trouble

We found the reasons for this. Then we built a new kind of coil that corrected these faults. The result was phenomenal.

Four great advantages

This amazing coil—the Erla "Balloon "Circloid—is the heart of the new-type receiver. It is found in Erla alone. No other set, no matter how costly, can give it to you. Four tremendous improvements result

1. *Greater Distance.* Circloids offer nation-wide reception in winter. 1000 miles on reasonably clear nights in summer. Because they have no measurable external field to interfere with adjacent coils and wiring circuits, proportionately higher amplification is permitted in each stage. Hence increased sensitivity and range

2. *Better Selectivity.* Stations separated by only a few meters wavelength can be tuned in or out with surprising ease. Find any station previously logged in 20 seconds. Because circloids have no pick-up qualities of their own, as have ordinary coils, only signals are built up to which the antenna circuit is tuned

3. *Increased Volume.* Higher radio frequency amplification gives concert volume to signals but faintly audible with ordinary receivers

4. *Finer Tone.* Ends completely fuzziness and blurred tones. Circloids self-enclosed field eliminates stray feed-backs between coils and hence does away with mushing and distortion. Even the highest tones are full and crystal clear, with the truest shades perfectly reproduced.

See how little this finer receiver costs

The price of Erla receivers is as surprising as their performance. Read the descriptions under those shown here. You can see why we say, Add $50 or $100 to the price of any Erla receiver, then compare it with others.

Erla Circloid Five De Luxe Console

As radio pioneers we have maintained supreme mechanical excellence. Merged with the world's largest chest and cabinet manufacturer we save the cabinet maker's profit

By making 95% of the parts that go into Erla our price includes *only one* profit

Now a tremendous demand proves the soundness of low price policy where beauty of the furniture and scientific excellence are paramount.

Here is the safe way to select a radio

So that there will be no inconvenience with your evening's entertainment, an Erla Circloid Five is installed for you. An expert briefly explains its unique advantages and shows you how to secure the best results. Then you and your friends are left alone to listen without annoyance.

This is a daring way for any manufacturer to display a radio—by letting it demonstrate itself. Few receivers today could stand the test.

But it is the safest way to select your radio. Test it in the spot where you are going to enjoy it. Then you know beforehand how it is going to perform.

Let us show you today why thousands say this radio is phenomenal. Take the coupon to your nearest dealer or send to us direct

Add $100 to its price, then compare it with others

The Erla Circloid Five De Luxe Console, in quartered and matched French walnut. Loud speaker built in. Without accessories, only $142.50. Standard Console of similar design in two tone walnut, $113.50. On Pacific Coast, $150 and $119 respectively

Erla cabinet model in rich two-tone walnut finish, $69.50. In quartered French walnut, $77.50. Pacific coast prices, $73 and $82 respectively

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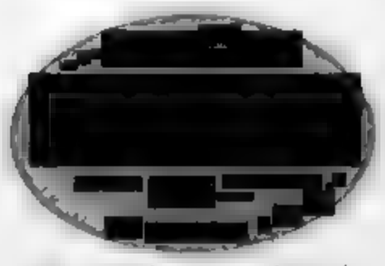

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DIANA "Stuft" Confections are as essential to the success of the holidays as the Christmas Tree itself. ¶A gift for all the family. These thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells "stuft" with pure . . . *luscious fruit-jams . . . nuts and marmalades* . . . are the ideal candy for the holidays and every social occasion. ¶The ideal Christmas packages are the 2, 3, and 5 pound air-tight tins, or the 1 pound air-tight glass jar. ¶Get the original, genuine Diana "Stuft" Confections wherever good candy is sold.

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DIANA "STUFT"

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WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

1200 Kinds From Which to Choose

FLYERS AND STORMS

(Continued from Page 19)

generally bred in thunderstorms of the most violent type. The characteristic form is that of a funnel-shaped cloud hanging from its parent cloud, a dark and forbidding cumulo-nimbus, or thunder, cloud. This funnel-shaped portion is caused by the violent uprush of the air as it spirals around the axis of the vortex. Its diameter is usually small, from less than 100 feet to 1000 feet, or possibly slightly more, being greater near the base of the overhanging cloud. It moves generally in an easterly or northeasterly direction with velocities of twenty to forty miles an hour, so that it affects a given spot, such as a house or barn, for only a few seconds at most. The winds near the axis of this vortex are the swiftest known, having been estimated as about 250 miles an hour in the case of the St. Louis, Missouri, tornado of 1896; but frequently objects a quarter of a mile from the center of its path remain unaffected by its winds. It has been described as the smallest, briefest and severest of all storms. Tornadoes occur most frequently in the central Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, generally in the late spring and early summer months.

It is doubtful whether any airplane or airship caught in one of these violent disturbances could escape. The concentrated power held in the unknown velocity at which the air moves is certified to by the ruin left in the wake of one of these terrors. An airship caught in one of them will be thrown about; carried up and then down; actually wrenched apart, as was the case with the Shenandoah, which got into the very center of one; or dashed to the ground and destroyed. The one into which the Shenandoah stumbled or was drawn was of very limited area, and probably of small violence as such twisters go. Nevertheless, it carried that ship upward to 6000 or 7000 feet against every effort made to keep her down; flung her downward at a rapid rate which seemed certain to end only at the earth; checked this descent in a few seconds and started her upward again; changed its intentions, and twisted her into three parts which were then carelessly flung aside.

The Ways of Waterspouts

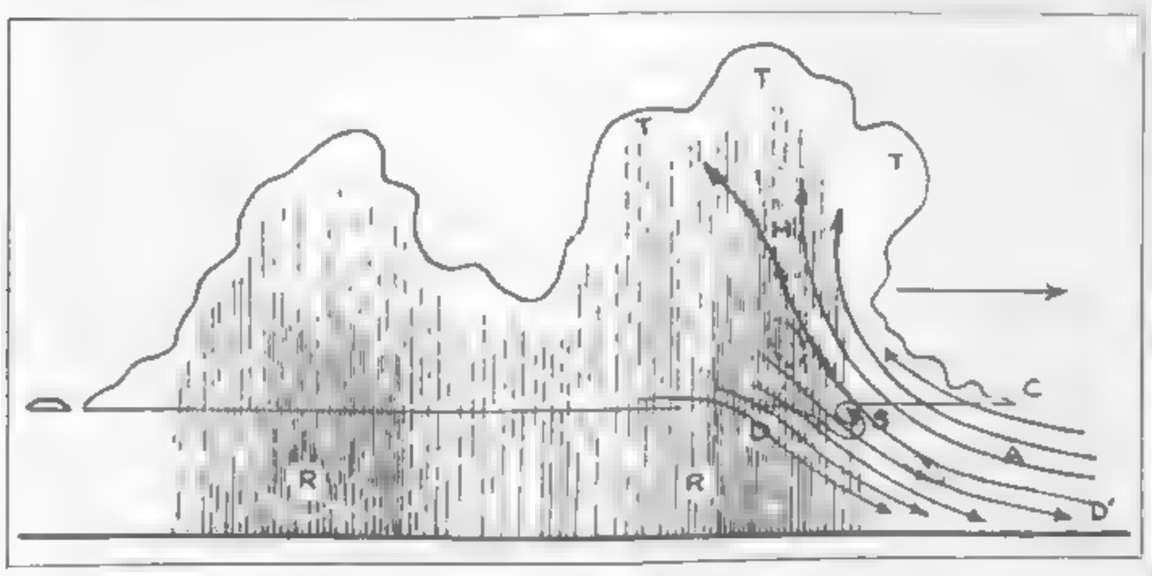
A special case of the tornado, and one growing, as a rule, out of certain unusual effects in a thunderstorm, is the waterspout. This is a phenomenon occurring, of course, only at sea. Waterspouts are seen more frequently in the tropics than in higher latitudes. Their formation appears to follow a certain course. From the lower side of heavy nimbus clouds a point like an inverted cone appears to descend slowly. Beneath this point the surface of the sea appears agitated and a cloud of vapor or spray forms. The point of the cone descends until it dips into the center of the cloud of spray; at the same time the spout assumes the appearance of a column of water. It may attain an estimated thickness of twenty to thirty feet and may be 200 to 350 feet in height. It lasts from ten minutes to half an hour, and its upper part is often observed to be traveling at a different velocity from the base, until it assumes an oblique or bent form. Its dissolution begins with attenuation, and it finally parts at about a third of its height from the base and quickly disappears. The wind in its neighborhood follows a circular path around the vortex and, although very local, is often of considerable violence, causing a rough and confused, but not high, sea.

Thunder and Lightning

The true thunderstorm is the well-known storm of summer, which advances across the country, usually in an easterly direction, at a rate varying between twenty and fifty miles an hour, causing heavy rain, much lightning and thunder and sometimes hail and strong winds. It is always accompanied by its characteristic towering cloud, called cumulo-nimbus, which as a matter of fact marks the region where the activity of the storm is greatest. The height of the cloud from its bottom to top, the commotion observed in the cloud and the experiences of aviators and aeronauts who have penetrated such clouds, all indicate that these clouds are the results of rapidly rising currents of warm, moist air. As this air rises, it enters regions where the air is lighter, or where the atmospheric pressure is less, so its volume becomes greater, a process which always results in the cooling of the air itself. During this cooling a temperature is reached at which the water vapor begins to condense into water drops, thus becoming visible, first as a white foglike mass and later as a definite cloud which, as it becomes thicker, shuts out more sunlight and thus becomes darker and darker.

At first the rising air holds the water drops well within the cloud, but as the drops are in constant agitation they strike one another and form larger ones, ultimately resulting in drops sufficiently heavy to fall to the ground as rain. If the atmosphere is in proper condition for the continuation of the rising currents of warm moist air, a thunderstorm results. To produce lightning it is believed that the air within the cloud must be rising with a velocity of at least twenty miles an hour, or about 1600 to 1700 feet a minute. As the storm becomes more violent the velocity of the rising air increases. In storms where violent ascending currents are found, hail usually is formed and falls to the ground accompanied by violent squall winds at the earth's surface and intense lightning and thunder.

Some idea of the velocity of the vertical winds which blow in a thundercloud may be formed from the size of hailstones. Hailstones fall only when they reach such sizes that ascending winds are unable to support them. Hailstones half an inch in diameter, for example, require a twenty-five-mile wind to support them; those as big as hen's eggs,



An Ideal Cross-Section of a Typical Thunderstorm. A—Ascending Air; D Descending Air; C—Storm Collar; S—Roll Scud; D'—Wind Gust; H—Hail; T—Thunderheads; R—Primary Rain; R'—Secondary Rain

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down to her FEET!

FASCINATING by that subtle charm of grace: lithe and vigorous of step—the world instinctively ADMIRES such women.

What a contrast is the woman who limps along in stiff-arched, bone-distorting sorry makeshifts for shoes—every step a TORTURE!

Take your feet out of bondage! Free your circulation! Wear GROUND GRIPPER SHOES and you'll regain your alert, buoyant, free-flexing foot action. You'll find them a revelation of COMFORT, coupled with an elegance of style that will please you immensely.

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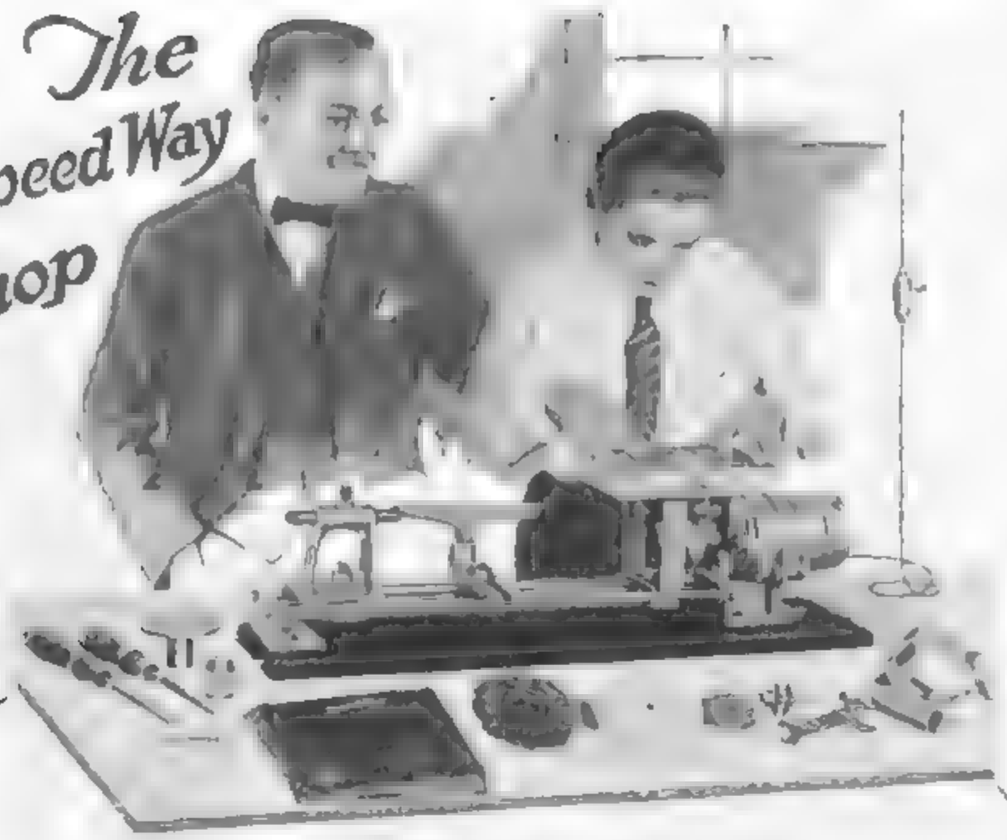

"Aw, Dad! Lem'me work a little longer—"

Meals, movies, bedtime are all forgotten when the young man of the house is working on his SpeedWay Shop. And when he finally quits, Dad picks up the tools.

This compact outfit operates from any electric light socket—snap! and away you go. Designed for mechanics, tool lovers and their sons. Powered by the famous SpeedWay Motor, which has been in commercial use for years.

Does sawing, turning, grinding, polishing, cleaning, drilling

Motor and tools are all packed in the pressed steel case (not shown above) with the lathe bolted to platform

All This Equipment in the SpeedWay Shop

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11. Base 25 in. x 6 in.
12. Saw Table
13. 5 in. Circular Saw
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15. Arbor and Flanges
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The most useful thing in the world for the "handy" man and a source of constant pleasure for every boy under ninety who likes to make things, and at a price within the reach of all.

Write for free copy of booklet and name of nearest dealer who sells the SpeedWay Shop
Attractive terms can be arranged

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1826 South 52nd Avenue Dept. 1819 Cicero, Illinois [Adjoining Chicago]
Sales and Service in all principal cities

A New Day
A New Car

See Pages 112, 113 and 114

not at all uncommon in many parts of the world, require very high velocities. Consider the fate of an airship or an airplane caught in such rising currents, especially when thought is given to the fact that for unit of volume such a craft weighs greatly less than a hailstone.

In every fully developed thunderstorm there are rapidly descending currents as well as ascending ones, particularly in the portions where rain and hail are falling. As these descending currents reach the earth they rush forward toward the front of the storm cloud and cause the squall wind which so often precedes the heavy rain of an oncoming thunderstorm. This action of the descending air—air which is always colder than that of this area before the storm approached—causes the ascending air to be drawn in from well in front of the huge cloud. This causes the often-observed fact that as the storm advances the winds for a while blow directly toward it, a condition referred to as "the cloud moving against the wind." In such storms the rising and falling air columns are often very close to each other and cause horizontal whirls which frequently are marked by a cloud roll, called the squall cloud or squall roll, near the front of the base of the towering cumulo-nimbus cloud.

The size and intensity of thunderstorms vary from the small storm which approaches slowly on a hot summer afternoon with rain and a moderate amount of lightning and thunder, but no strong winds near the ground, to those which cover hundreds of square miles, causing hail as well as rain, and winds which uproot trees and blow roofs from buildings. In general, however, these storms are always more or less rectangular or crescent in shape, and move more or less parallel to their longer axis, it being seldom that the distance from the front to the back of the cumulo-nimbus cloud is as much as fifty miles, although the distance from the right side of the cloud to its left side may be 100 miles or more. The base of the cloud is generally within 2000 to 4000 feet of the ground, while its top is often as much as 15,000 to 25,000 feet.

What Is a Hailstone?

Lightning is an electrical discharge caused by an electrical potential set up as a result of the rising air currents blowing the edges off of the larger water drops in the cloud and carrying the smaller drops, or spray, away from the larger drops which remain. Thunder is the noise that follows a flash of lightning, and is caused by the vibrations set up by the sudden heating and expansion of the air along the path of the lightning. One thunderstorm of average violence, lasting for two hours, could supply the entire state of Pennsylvania with electrical power for one month. Several of them occurring together dissipate more energy than is used by the entire industry of the world.

Hail, which is often a by-product of a thunderstorm, is not just a raindrop which has frozen. It is physically impossible for raindrops to reach the sizes of very ordinary hailstones. Hail comes from a thundercloud which is trying to rain or to snow, but in which the vertical winds drawn into this cloud, like the draft up a chimney, are so high that they carry the drops or flakes up into freezing altitudes. The drops then fall, gathering more snow and other films of water, only to be again shot upward. This process continues until the results above described follow.

If a plane or airship flew into the regions where hail forms, it would be quickly covered with ice particles, and probably so much weighted it would eventually fall to the ground as a hailstone does.

A line squall, as the name suggests, is a storm condition where a line of squalls sweep broadside over a given territory. They are caused by a great mass of cold air rushing into a region of warm moist air; the cold air is the heavier and forces the warm air along its front edge to rise rapidly to great heights. In doing this, clouds of the cumulo-nimbus type are produced, together with a long roll cloud, or squall cloud, similar to the squall cloud referred to in the more severe thunderstorms.

This roll cloud of the line squall is very characteristic and once seen cannot be forgotten or mistaken. In a well-formed storm this squall cloud can be seen approaching as a great arch extending, in the United States, from the northern to the southwestern horizons, with towering cumulo-nimbus clouds just behind. As the roll approaches the observer, great commotion can be observed in it, for it marks the dividing line between the warm air in front and the cold air behind. Closer observation will show that the front of the roll is being affected by rising air while the rear is falling with the strong down currents.

The Aviator's Worst Enemy

In the Northern Hemisphere the wind in front of the roll is from a southerly direction, while that following is from the northwest. In a severe storm of this type the southerly winds are frequently quite strong, twenty to thirty-five miles an hour; as the roll passes overhead there is a temporary lull, or even a calm, then a violent rush of air from the northwest, which sometimes attains a velocity of fifty to seventy miles an hour, or even higher. Following the shift of wind, with a marked fall in temperature, come heavy downpours of rain or hail, and usually severe lightning and thunder.

The line-squall cloud is usually quite narrow from front to back, but extends often in a solid line for several hundred miles. It moves almost at right angles to its long axis at rates of thirty to fifty miles an hour. Since it is caused by the cold air rushing rapidly into a region of warm moist air, it is the home of violent ascending and descending currents.

Because of its great length, great height, and violent vertical currents, it is doubtless the greatest enemy the aviator has to meet. Unlike the thunderstorm and the tornado, which are both of limited extent, it is seldom possible for the flyer to dodge around such a squall. He must run away from it, or land and wait for it to go by.

Within a line squall the velocities of air currents met with are greater than in the typical thunderstorm; and, of great significance to the flyer, the turbulence or gustiness is much greater.

It is doubtful if any type of aircraft—an airplane, an airship, or a balloon—has ever been in the center of disturbance, or the vortex, of any one of the kinds of storm described and has not been destroyed. There are records of such craft going through storms of these sorts and fortunately escaping the centers; there are also records of a number which have reached the centers and in every known case tragedy has resulted.

In July of this year, the Shenandoah, returning from maneuvers with the fleet at sea, found herself headed off from her base at Lakehurst, New Jersey, by a line squall. For some hours she hung off shore and waited for it to dissipate, which such squalls usually do over the sea, but running low in gasoline she finally had to go through it. It was well on the road to dissolution, and she did not hit the main disturbance, but even at this the ship was severely mauled. In September her luck deserted her, and she struck the vortex of a twister.

Three German airships of the same type as the Shenandoah have been destroyed as the result of being drawn into thunderstorms, or line squalls; the Deutschland VII on June 28, 1910; the L-1 on September 9, 1913; the L-19 on July 2, 1916. All three were carried to great heights, then dashed to the surface and to destruction. Many balloons have entered the centers of such storms, and few are their passengers who have lived to describe their experiences. A few airplanes have had the same unhappy experience. With regard to such storms, from the viewpoint of the flyer, it is appropriate to paraphrase an old couplet:

He who flies and runs away
May live to fly another day.

ILLUSTRATION shows how easily and comfortably and safely Unipower fits inside the console of your radio set.

For millions of radio sets

a new kind of "A" power—*continuous and unfailing*

UNTIL now, "A" battery failure has been the most frequent cause of poor radio reception. But now, the millions of radio sets in use can have the kind of "A" power they deserve! No longer need their operation be uncertain or imperfect on account of run-down "A" batteries—wet or dry.

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Power de luxe for de luxe radio sets!

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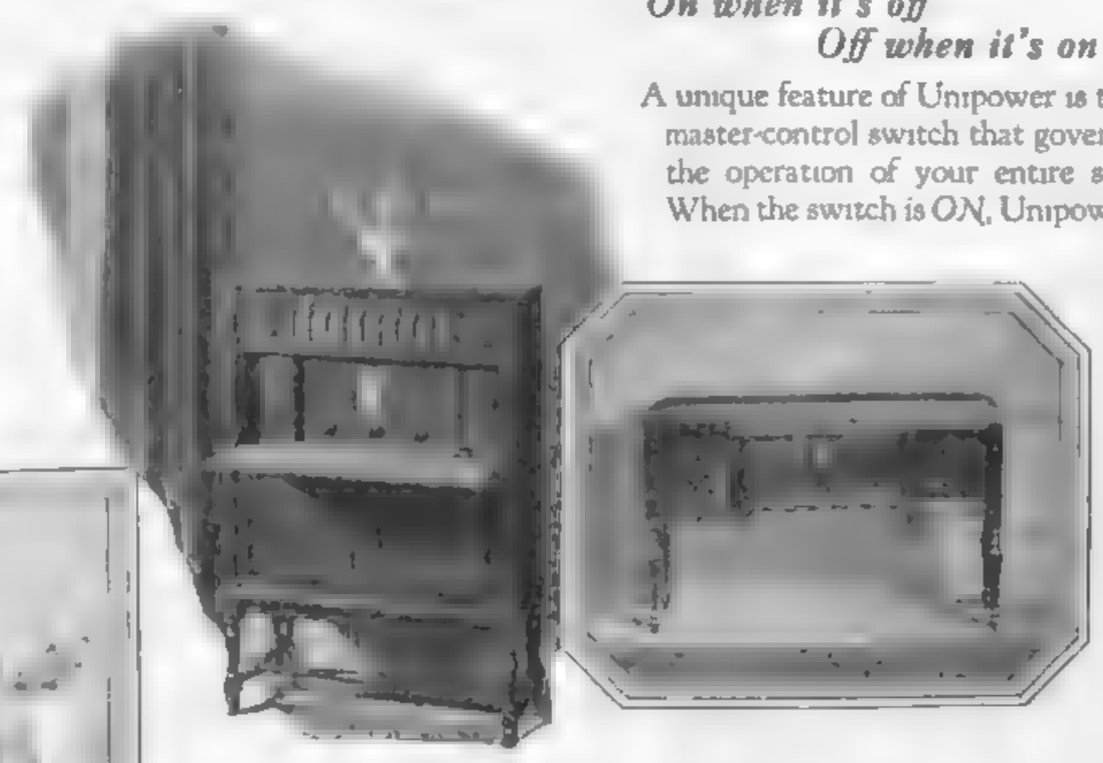

Unipower is *not* a battery eliminator and should not be confused with any other power device. Unipower is a scientifically designed "A" current supply which automatically converts house lighting current into radio power.

On when it's off
Off when it's on

A unique feature of Unipower is the master-control switch that governs the operation of your entire set. When the switch is *ON*, Unipower feeds your set rich, quiet power that gives ideal reception, with neither hum nor noise. When the switch is *OFF*, Unipower *automatically* replenishes itself on a low trickle charge and with a minimum consumption of current—a few cents a month.

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If you are proud of your radio set and if you want to keep it up-to-date, equip it with Unipower.

Night after night, month after month, year after year, Unipower will feed it the rich, quiet, full "A" power that means ideal reception and longer life from your tubes.

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THE GOULD STORAGE BATTERY CO., Inc.
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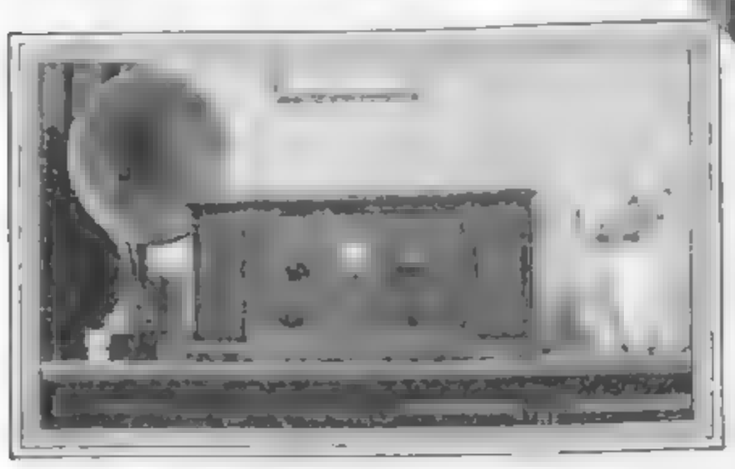

The standard Unipower operates from alternating current, 110 to 120 V-60 cycle. It is supplied in two types. The 6 volt type for sets using UV 199 tubes or equivalents retails for $35.00. The 6 volt type for sets using UV 201-A tubes or equivalent and retails for $40.00. West of the Rockies, prices are slightly higher. (Special models 25-50 cycle, are available.)

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ARVIN
HEATER
Keeps You Warm in Your Car

GOOD OLD GRANDPA

(Continued from Page 11)

let them know. The dance doesn't come until nine tomorrow evening, so there will be plenty of time."

Horace told them, and they seemed to quiet down a bit.

"All right, Horace," I said. "That seems to be settled. How would it be if you told the old folks to go upstairs now so we can have some fun with the girls?"

"No use at all," said Horace. "They wouldn't go. In a French family like this, if you call on the daughters, you call on the whole bunch."

"What are we gonna do then?" I asked. "Sit here all evening like dumb-bells, enjoying the beautiful family life?"

"I guess so," said Henry, sort of sad and mournful.

"I tell you what," I said, "let's take Marcelle and Antoinette to the movies. There is a nice movie theater just around the corner, and the old dame couldn't object to her daughters' going out alone with us if we only went a block. You ask 'em, Horace."

So Horace asked the two girls, and right away they jumped up, very much pleased, and got their hats and coats. But that wasn't all. Madame Renaud got out her hat and coat, and the aunts got theirs.

"Here," I said, "we didn't ask all this bunch. Tell them they can't come, Horace."

"It's no use to argue with them," said Henry. "If they've decided to come, I suppose we'll have to take them."

So the whole mob of us marched over to the movie theater and me and Henry paid for the tickets. Eight tickets at four francs; total, thirty-two francs. When we got inside, the old ladies pushed us along into the seats in such a way that I sat on the inside between the two aunts. Henry and Horace sat next, with Madame Renaud and the pug dog on the other side of them, and Marcelle way off at the end where we couldn't even see her. I was so sore that I told them two aunts what I thought of them right to their faces.

I said, "You old scrag birds think you are awful smart, getting us to buy you tickets for the movie this way, but if you was to ask me I would say that you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for horning in on a party this way where you ain't wanted, and absolutely ruining the evening for everybody else."

They smiled and nodded their heads and said "*Oui, oui.*" So it is possible they didn't quite ketch my meaning. But it did me a lot of good to tell them anyway.

The movie may have been all right, but I was in no shape to enjoy it. After it was over we took the mob of females home. And when we reached the house we found waiting for us a big Frenchman with a black beard, who turned out to be Marcelle's father, Monsieur Renaud. Apparently the old guy had been out with the boys for the evening, and possibly he may have had a certain amount of refreshments. Anyway, he seemed very talkative and sociable and invited us in. The rest of the family began jabbering at him in French, and as they kept looking at me and Henry, I guess they were telling him how we were going to take them all to the dance. After they had talked a while, he began asking questions and talking very loud, and finally he got hold of Horace and talked with him. Then Horace came over to us and said, "Monsieur Renaud wants to know whether he is invited to this dance."

"Hell, no!" I said.

When Horace had passed this on to the old guy he got all excited and seemed to be giving Horace a piece of his mind. Horace turned to us.

"Monsieur Renaud," he said, "absolutely forbids any of his family to go to this dance unless he can go himself. He wants to know what kind of a party this is, anyway, where a man's wife and daughters are invited, but where he is not allowed himself. He says it sounds very suspicious to him."

"Holy Moses!" I said. "It gets worse all the time. What'll we do now?"

"Tell him," said Henry, "that we'll see about his ticket at the same time we see about the tickets for the rest of the gang, and we'll let him know when we come around at five o'clock tomorow afternoon."

Horace explained it to them, and they seemed satisfied, so we said good night.

"In some ways," said Henry, as we walked along toward home, "I almost wish I hadn't asked Marcelle to this dance."

"What do you mean—almost?" I said. "Holy Moses, the best thing you can do is drop the whole bunch—leave them alone, never go back, forget all about them as fast as you can."

"No," said Henry, "I can't do that. I promised Marcelle I would take her to the dance, and as long as she wants to go I can't go back on her."

"Gosh," I said, "I wish she'd change her mind! Have you bought the tickets yet?"

"No."

"How much money you got?"

Henry counted up. "Forty francs," he said.

"And I ain't got that much," I said. "Since this movie holdup I got just thirty-nine francs. That makes seventy-nine between us. And listen, if we get dance tickets for you and me"—I began counting on my fingers—"and the little queen and the pug dog, and *père* and *mère*, and one *tante* and the other *tante*, it will cost eighty francs—one more than we got."

"We could borrow one franc from Horace here," said Henry.

"And then probably they'll expect us to hire a taxi to haul them to the dance. It might even take two or three taxis."

"They can walk," said Henry. "Do them good. It's only about a mile."

"But what about our trip to Monte Carlo and Nice? We can probably dodge the conductor and save our railroad fare, but we got to have a little money to take along."

"That's right," said Henry. "And I sure want to take the trip. It's just like I said, in some ways I almost wish I hadn't asked Marcelle. Girls are marvelous things, but they certainly are a strain on a feller's nerves."

"Especially these decent French girls," I said, "that has such beautiful family life. We better shake this Renaud bunch while we can. First thing you know you'll find you've married Marcelle, and you'll take her home, and about forty of her relations will get on the next boat and come to live with you."

"Oh, I ain't going to marry her," said Henry. "But I am going to take her to this dance." And all my arguments was useless.

The next morning me and Henry went around to see the dance committee, and they was pretty near tearing their hair. It seems that practically every French girl that had been invited to the dance was trying to drag along half a dozen members of her family. Everybody in Montpellier was just dying with curiosity to see what a real American dance was like.

"The whole affair is ruined," said one of the committee. "There will be so many people jammed in the hall that we'll be lucky if we can breathe, let alone dance."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "We can't afford to insult the whole town. If they insist on bringing their families we'll have to let them. But don't drag in any more than you can help. And remember, each extra ticket is ten francs."

As we walked out I said, "Henry, don't you buy a single ticket until the last minute. It's possible we can shake off a few of these hangers-on."

I had three classes that day, but instead of getting a good rest in them like I usually did, I pretty near wore myself out trying

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to figure up some way of getting rid of all that mob of chaperons. But I couldn't hit on any plan that seemed reasonable.

In the afternoon Horace went off to Palavas to go in swimming. So me and Henry had to make our five-o'clock call without an interpreter. Marcelle and her mother come down to see us when we arrived, and Henry started explaining right away

"Très bien, très bien," he said. "Tout le monde can come—us two, Marcelle, Antoinette, père, mère, two tantes, everybody Eight altogether. Très bien, nicht wahr?"

You would have thought that this would of satisfied them, but right away they began talking very fast about something else. They seemed all excited, but we couldn't make out whether they was sore about something, or just a little crazier than usual, or what. It seemed like they was trying to say something about "one more," and finally we caught the word "grandpere." They said it over and over—"grandpère"

"Holy crackers!" I said. "That means grandfather, don't it?"

"I'm afraid it does," said Henry.

"All right," I said, "this is where I quit. If they think we are going to drag their old grandfather to this party, they'll have to think again. Let's tell them it's all off, and let's get out of here."

"Wait a minute," said Henry, "till I find out for sure." He yawped at them a while more, and they chattered back at him, but with no results at all. So finally Henry said, "Il faut an interprèteur! I go pour chercher Horace. I will get ze interprèteur."

We beat it back to our boarding house. It was now almost six o'clock. Horace was back from Palavas and supper was ready. After we had eaten, Henry asked Horace if he would help him out again as interpreter, and Horace yawned and said he would.

"All right," said Henry, turning to me, "let's go."

"Not me," I said. "I told you I was through, and I mean it. Grandpa is the last straw. If you still want to go, go ahead. And if you need any more money you can borrow it from Horace—if he'll give it to you. But I ain't going to let mine go for no such foolishness."

"What you going to do?" asked Henry.

"I am going down," I said, "to one of them tables out under the trees in front of the Café de l'Université and sit there in peace and quiet all evening, far away from this beautiful French family life. I am going to buy myself one or two fifty-centime glasses of good beer and save the rest of my money so I can go to Nice and Monte Carlo next week. And if you take my advice, you'll forget that regiment of Frogs and come down to the café with me."

"By gosh, I wish I could!" said Henry. "But I told Marcelle I would take her to the dance, and I can't go back on my word. If you won't help me out, I'll have to manage it myself somehow." And the stubborn old cuss went off down the stairs with Horace.

A few minutes later I strolled over to the Café de l'Université and spent about a half an hour lapping up a tall glass of the best light beer in Montpellier. I was just starting on the second glass when Henry arrived

He sat down opposite me at the little table and had the waiter bring him a glass of beer to match mine.

"What's the news?" I said.

"Everything is all fixed up fine," he said.

"How?"

"It wasn't what we thought at all," said Henry.

"It wasn't their grandfather they was talking about?"

"Oh, it was their grandfather all right. And I tell you he is the best sport in the whole country. He has fixed it so we can both go to Monte Carlo after all, and I didn't have to go back on my word to Marcelle either."

"You don't mean he is going to pay for the dance tickets?"

"No," said Henry. "He has fixed it so we don't have to buy no dance tickets. The old sport has just died down at his home in Marseilles, and the whole family has to go to the funeral. They was just starting for the train when we left. Ain't it marvelous?"

We raised our glasses high in the air and clinked them together.

"Good old grandpa!" we said.

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PLUPY AND FAMILY MIGRATE

(Continued from Page 13)

be there nites after he got home from Boston and in the day time i drove the pony in a dingle cart and old Mike Mahony and Bill Hartnett loded the cart and 2 times the pony went into the yard so fast that she hit the cart on the gait post and tipped all the things out and broke a good menny and the cart and harness. so father has had to by a lot of new firniture and crockery and hoaps he will never have to move again as long as he lives. my father he says that he gesses he needent wurry about moving again because after he has paid for the new firniture and the dingle cart and the harness and Mike and Bill he wont ever have money enuf to move acrost the street.

well the thing that maid us move was this. me and old J. Albert Clark was mad because when he tried to suck a sifon pipe in the rain water barrel i stuck my thumb in the other end of it and waited until he was all sweled up like a football when i took my thumb out and most haff a barrel of rain water went down his gozzle and nerely drownded him. he woodent speek to me for a week. he is diferent from Beany because once when me and Beany undressed in the barn to squirt water on eech other with a rubber pipe and i got a chance i pushed Beany out into the yard and locked the door and Beany had to pull up some burdock leeves that grew behind the barn and hold them round him while he run home. it was my falt and i admit i done verry rong and deserved the licking father give me that nite after he got home and found Beanys father wating for him with Beany and the burdocks. mister Watson, Beanys father sed he brougt the burdocks to prove what Beanys condition was when he went acrost the street.

Beany was all rite after i got licked. he sed it done him good to hear me holler. so we called it squair and desided to do it to Pewt. we owd Pewt for getting us to go down to old Getchells store to buy a left handed monkey rench. old man Getchell thougt we was maiking fun of him and walked us both out by the ear and lifted us up so that we had to walk on our tiptoes. Pewt was waching us through the window and nerely died laffing when old Getchell came out with me and Beany dangling by the ear and throwed us into the street.

well anyway mother had told me to dig up the burdocks long ago and it was lucky i dident do it. fer what Beany would have did without them i do not like to think. that is one of the times that i done rite to disobey mother. for if i hadent disobeyed her what wood Beany have did? and ecco answered what? as it says in bucks

well it was because of what we desided to do to Pewt to get even with him that made the trouble with old J. Albert and got him mad with me agen. only this time he is mad with Beany two and me and Beany wasent a bit to blaim. we was only tring to get even with Pewt for what he had did to us and we dident know that old J. Albert was going to have a party. if we had gnew that we wood have got even with Pewt sum other day. but i coodent make old J. Albert beleeve it althoug i crossed my throte and hoped to die. so finaly i gave it up.

well you see old J. Albert wasent satissfide to have a crokay sett and to play crokay like other people because he likes to be the first in evrything, so he bougt a le cercle sett. le cercle is something like crokay. you have wickets and wood malleta and wood balls all painted and striped but the wickets are all stuck in a circle and a small ball is hung on each wicket. i dont know how to play it becaus old J. Albert kep the book whitch told how to play it and red it evry nite. you see old J. Albert was going to have a party and show off and lern them how to play.

he put the wickets up 2 nites after supper. Keene and Cele wanted to lern but old J. Albert he sed it wood be time for them to lern after the groan folks had lerned. we all went out to see the shiny balls and malleta. Aunt Sarah she sed it is so very interesting Albert and father he sed he dident beleeve the gaim cood amount to ennything because there wasent haff as mutch chanct for peeple to get mad as there was in crokay. then old J. Albert he sed he coodent see why people coodent play crokay without getting mad. then father he sed that moar happy homes had been broke up by crokay then by the demon rumm or the gaim of seven up or hilo jack. he sed he gnew whole church sosieties to be rent in twain from turrit to foundation stone by a gaim of crokay.

he sed he gnew a old couple whitch had lived a long life of congugle hapiness. the old man had gave her evrything she wanted a piano, horses to drive, silk dresses, ostritches fethers in her hat, bronze boots chicken and mince py evryday and ice creem evry Sunday in summer. well when they was old enuf to know better she wanted a crokay sett and he bougt one. well they lerned to play but before long they was playing one day and he hit her ball and of coarse had the rite to gnock her ball the rong way and so he put his ball up agenst it and put his foot on it and hit a auful whack with his mallet and he missed the ball and hit his bunion a auful whack and while he was holding up his foot in one hand and hopping round with the other she laffed and they never spoke to eech other again and when they dide they was both berried in diferent cemetories so the quarril woodent last throug all eternity.

old J. Albert he sed he dident see any reeson to maik so mutch fun of a innocent gaim and father he sed far be it from him to maik fun of eny innosent deversion but he was jest warning old J. Albert as a patriottic uprite and loyal sitisen of his natif town the danger of interducing in a piecful community a inovation that mite perduce sumthing akin to civil war and fraternal strife, gosh father can talk when he feals like it.

well old J. Albert wasent quite sure wether father was goking or not. he thougt he was goking and he dident like it but he dident dass to get mad becaus father wood lick 1 of him with 2 hands. no i ment 4 of him with 2 hands whitch being divided by 2 maika 2 of him with 1 hand whitch was what i ment to say in the first place. so old J. Albert pulled up his wickets and put all the balls and mallits into a box and luged them into the house.

well one Saturday afternoon mother sed i cood take my bath in a big tub in the barn with Beany if we wood be cairful to lock the door, so we thougt it wood be a good time to get even with Pewt and we told him he cood come. so mother she sed that if all three of us was to have a bath in the saim tub i must have the first tirn. she told me she shood look me over later to see if i was cleen so we all sed all rite and mother she gave us a wash boiler of hot water and haff a coconut of soft soap and sum new towels whitch looked jest like tripe and we went into the barn and locked the door and undressed and filled the tub and put in enuf hot water to maik it jest rite.

then we had fun. we held our heads under water to see whitch cood hold his breth the longest and i beet. then we put sum little stones in the water and tride to see whitch cood open his eys under water and pick up the most in his mouth and Pewt beet becaus his mouth is the bigest. then we squirted cold water from the rubber pipe on eech other and then we washed the horse. father always likes to see Nellie look shiny and we washed her all over with sope and warm water and braded her main and tale.

i got sum sope in her ey when i was washing her head and she kicked Beany but she dident hirt him verry mutch but she left the mark of a horse shue with 7 nales on his back. well after that we took our baths. the water was pretty smelly and had a auful lot of hair in it but we put on lots of sope and done the best we cood. well after that i hapened to think of what we was going to

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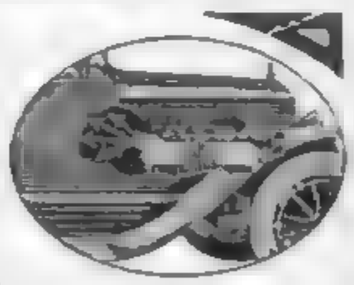

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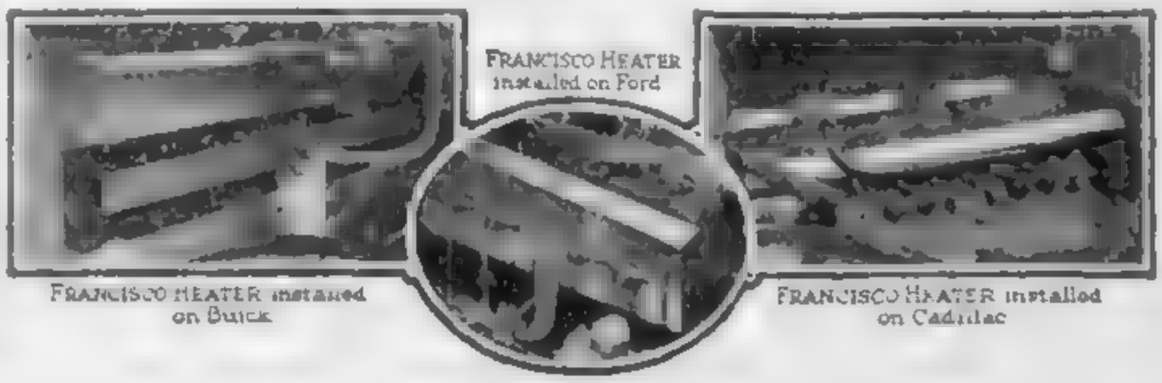

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do to Pewt and i wispered to Beany. and we got Pewt to open the back door to pour the water out and he done it and jest as we was going to push him out and lock the door Pewt grabed me and gave me a sling and out i went and they locked the doar on me. well there was sum peeple on South street and i ran round on old J. Alberts side so they woodent see me and what do you think? i ran rite into most all the peeple in town whitch was at old J. Alberts party playing le cercle. well there was the reverent Mr. Larned of the Unitarial Chirch and the reverent Mr. Barrows of the First congregational chirch and Chick Chickerings father of the upper chirch and the reverent Noar Hooper of the baptist chirch and their wifes and Mr. Clap and Mr. Fonce of the quire and lots of girls and wimmen whose naimes i do not feal at liberty to give and they all screemed and put their hands over their faces and the men sed get out of here you little devil and i put for the back door as hard as i cood but 2 or 3 men hit me sum auful spanks when i went by. gosh it hirt.

well i never was so ashamed in my life and i run upstairs to my room and piled into bed and pulled the cloths over my head. bimeby mother come up and sed old J. Albert was mad and sed it spoiled his party. but i dont beleeve that becaus they all stayed and played le cercle and hollered and laffed and et ice creem and creem cakes and drunk lemonaid until most dark.

well when i told mother how it was she sed she gessed father woodent lick me. she went down to the barn but Pewt and Beany had went. well old J. Albert come in after supper and sed he had stood moar than mortal man cood stand from me and sumthing must be did about it or he shood apply to the orthoritys. he sed that the ladies were mortifide most to deth and father sed they wasent haff as mutch mortifide as i was. and if he dident beleeve it he had better try it once. then old J. Albert sed it wasent eny use to argue with him and father set he gessed that was so so old J. Albert sed he never wanted to see or speek to me again and father sed he gessed that wood suit me. so old J. Albert went off mad and is mad yet. mother maid me take another bath. i wonder what i can do to get even with Pewt.

So that is why we moved. Keene and Cele sed they was disgraced and father sed he was tired of being in a cussed row with the nabors all the time and it was about time to pull up stakes and he woodent let me xplain and so what is the use?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a new series of papers by Judge Shute. The next will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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LH

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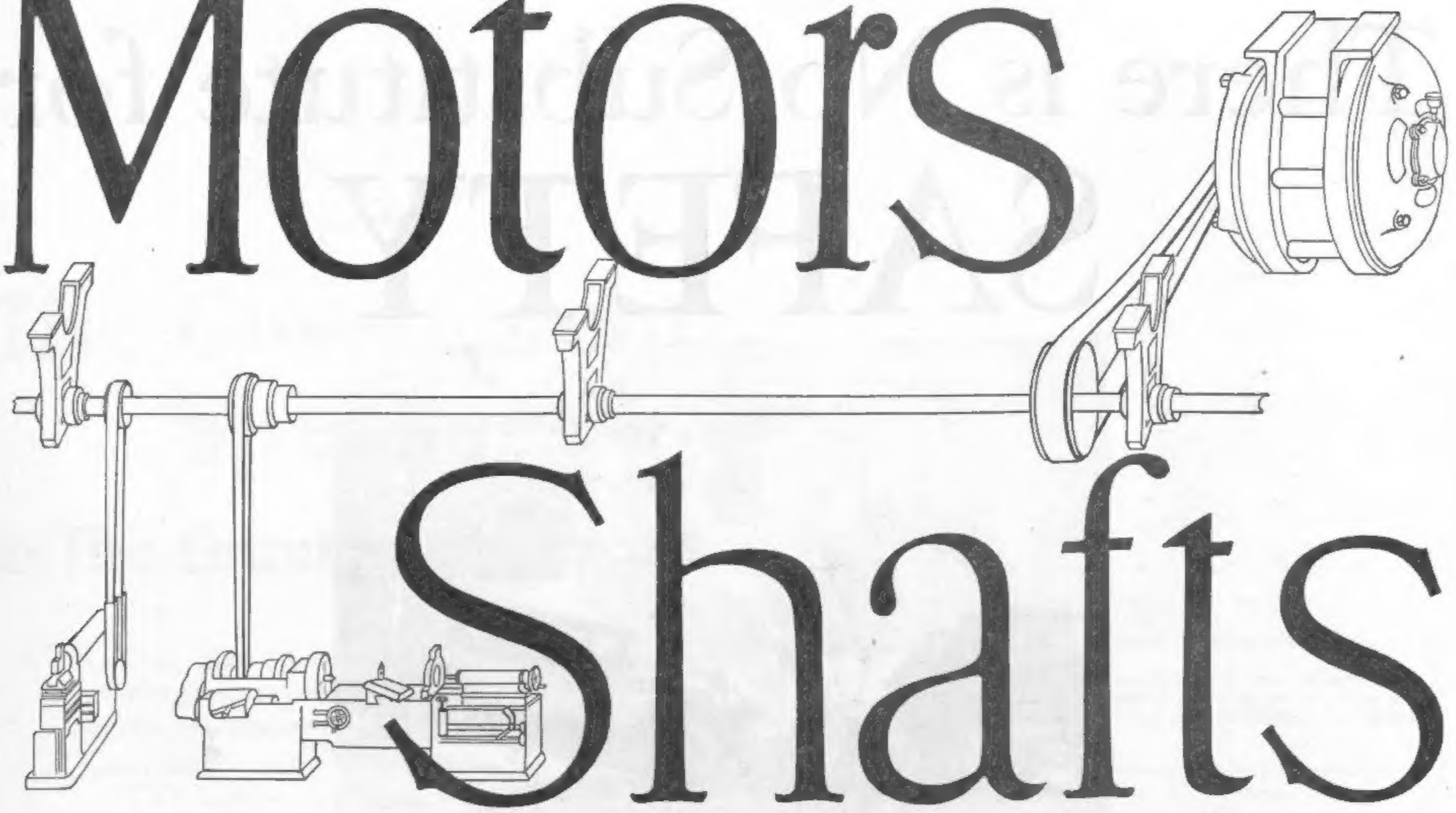

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Shave every day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

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YESTERDAY

There are certain logical reasons for the disappearance of the whiskers that used to ripple o'er the bilateral conformations of the manly countenance.

When the best people invested money in buggies and tin bathtubs it was neither dangerous nor uncommon to display facial outcroppings in didymous wads; but this is an age of speed, and there are some things that cannot conveniently be associated with velocity.

Proceeding at thirty miles an hour, a man with swishing side-whiskers might easily become involved in embarrassing entanglements. With his pilary encumbrances flapping like pennants in a storm, he would offer an immediate challenge to any motorcycle cop who might be inclined to pull him in.

That being understood, it may be said in all fairness that the man who permits a handful of whiskers to get him into the clutch of the law has only himself to blame.

There was a time when the proprietor of a rippling beard was justified in regarding it as a measure of self-defense; but that was back in the dim, dark past, when shaving was justly considered a major operation.

In those dolorous yesteryears there was nothing like Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for making lather. The advantage of shaving every day becomes apparent when a picture of the man of affairs balanced between his former side-flaps is brought into contrast with the smart appearance he presents today.

TODAY

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